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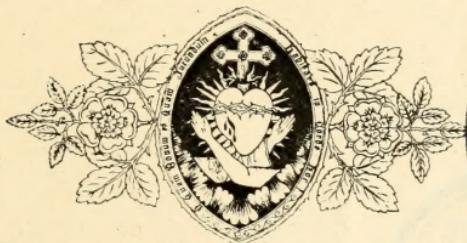
A Monthly Magazine

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Edited and Published in the Interest of the Third Order  
and of the Franciscan Missions

— By The —

Franciscans of the Sacred Heart Province



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Volume VI

1918

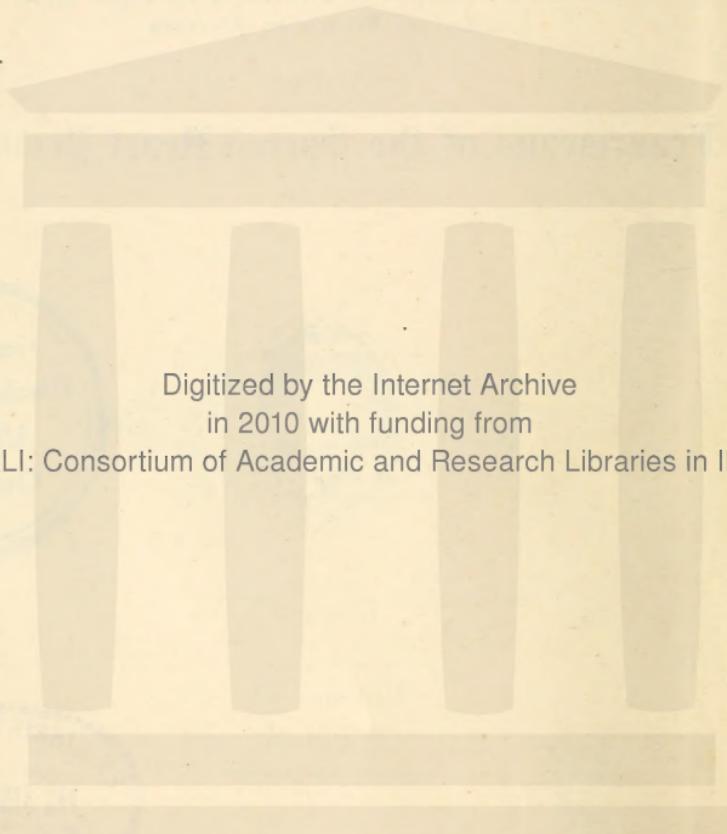
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Specht Pinx

Our Father, who art in heaven

# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. VI.

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## Editorial Comment

### "OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

As the Apostles' Creed is a digest of all that we must believe, and as the ten commandments of God are a summary of all we need to do in order to be saved, so the Our Father contains all things that we should and can pray for. Our petitions deal either with God's glory, or with the welfare of our neighbor or with our own utility, and of all these mention is made in the Our Father. It has been called the most perfect prayer because it is the essence of all others. "When we pray in the proper manner," says St. Augustine, "we never say anything else than what is contained in this prayer, even if the words we use are different." What a wealth of thought in this formula, that exhausts in a few words all that has ever been asked for and that the Seraphim themselves can pray for. This is not surprising when we consider that it is the Lord's prayer. For "he who gave us life," says St. Cyprian, "also taught us this prayer, that we might be heard the more easily." The prayer consists of seven petitions and an address. Of each of these parts we shall bring, from month to month, an illustration together with an explanation.

The words of the address are, "Our Father, who art in heaven." We are taught to address Almighty God with the endearing title of "Father," because he is indeed our Father; first, in virtue of the creation. "Is he not thy father," asks the Prophet, "that hath possessed thee, and made thee and created thee?" Second, God is our Father, because he has loved us with an eternal love and given his only-begotten Son for our salvation. "For," says the Apostle, "you have not received the spirit of bondage again in fear; but you have received the spirit of adoption of sons whereby we cry: Abba (Father)." Third, God is our Father in virtue of the "future glory that will be revealed in us." Says St. John, "We are now sons of God; and it hath not yet appeared what we shall be. We know that when he shall appear, we shall be like to him."

The second reason why God wishes to be called "Father," is because he wishes to inspire us with confidence in him. The Old Law was one of fear. To the Israelites Jahve was the Lord of hosts and King of kings, and to them his name was holy and terrible. In the Law of Love we are privileged to call God by the sweet and affectionate name of Father. "O royal word," exclaims a pious writer, "O most endearing term, full of the sweetest consolation and of the tenderest devotion. Who would have dared to call thee, the Almighty Ruler, Father, if thy Son had not permitted it?" Indeed, if God is our Father, it lies in the nature of things

that he should provide us with everything necessary, that he should lead and support and defend and counsel and instruct and, if necessary, punish us; that he should receive us again as his children and reinstate us as his heirs. As children of God, therefore, we should confide in him; we should love him by keeping his commandments; we should fear his anger; we should grieve when we have offended him; we should accept his punishments; we should imitate him "as most dear children," by striving to become holy as our heavenly Father is holy.

God wishes to be called not simply "Father" nor "my Father" but "our Father," to indicate that we are all adopted children of the same "Father who is in heaven, who maketh his sun rise upon the good, and bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust," who has created us all, redeemed us all, loved us all, and destined us all for eternal glory. If God is the common Father of all, then we are all brothers and sisters. Hence, St. Augustine says, "The Lord's prayer is universal and embraces all the faithful, inasmuch as, being brethren of Christ, they are at the same time children of the same heavenly Father." We are admonished, therefore, to think not only of our own interests but of the welfare of others and to aid them by our prayers.

The word "Father" is modified also by the clause: "who art in heaven." This reminds us that, especially at the time of prayer, we should direct our minds and hearts to heaven, which is our true home. Truly, if God our Father is in heaven, then there must be our home, and this earth is only a place of exile. He himself assures us that we have here no lasting dwelling-place but like the Israelites in the desert we must journey to the land flowing with milk and honey. How vain, how perverse, therefore, are the endeavors of those who are bending all their energies to convert this vale of tears into a garden of delights, as if this were their true and only fatherland. Socialists and materialists alike have made it a matter of reproach to the Catholic Church that she directs the minds of her children heavenward instead of teaching them to make the most of this world's goods and happiness. Is not their quarrel rather with God himself who wishes to be thought of as in heaven, and who has commanded us to seek first his kingdom and its justice?

Such then are a few thoughts suggested by the address "Our Father, who art in heaven." If the Lord's prayer were made up of only these words, it would still be a rich mine of spiritual thoughts. "Indeed, a beautiful, a heavenly address," says a devout writer, "for in it are expressed the three divine virtues of faith, hope, and charity. The word 'Father' is an expression of faith in God; the word 'our' indicates the holy love that should reign among us all as his common children; the clause 'who art in heaven' awakens in us the hope that our heavenly Father will one day take us into his own dwelling of celestial bliss."



### THE THIRD ORDER CONVENTION

Since the last appearance of the *Herald*, an important event in the history of the Third Order in these parts has taken place. The first convention of Directors and members of the principal fraternities in this section of the country has been held. A detailed account of the proceedings will be found elsewhere in this issue. This is the place to indulge in pleasant reflections on the meeting.

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In the first place, we were pleased to note that the Tertiaries had come to the conference, many from distant places, in such numbers and with such readiness. This is proof—if proof were needed—that our Tertiaries are interested in their Order and are willing to make sacrifices for it. During the days of the convention, we had numerous occasions to observe that the delegates were animated with a genuine enthusiasm for things Franciscan and united by the bonds of true fraternal charity. Indeed, it was this Franciscan family spirit that pervaded the convention and helped to make it successful. For that it was successful, no one will doubt that had the good fortune to attend it.

In fact, if the convention had done nothing else than endeavor to meet the most pressing need of the Third Order in this country, namely, organization and federation, it would still have to be pronounced a decided success. For years, we have urged the necessity of organization and federation for the Order; again and again, we have pointed out in these columns that the one source of its weakness is the lack of cohesion and centralization. It is with a feeling of gratification, therefore, that we look back on the first Tertiary convention and pronounce its work eminently satisfactory, inasmuch as it attempted to give the Third Order what it so sorely needed—a centralized government.

The beginning has been made, let the good work proceed. Much yet remains to be done before the Order can claim anything like a complete or even thorough organization. If this first attempt is not to prove abortive, the single fraternities must now lend their assistance. It would be a pity, yes, a calamity, if for the lack of insight and interest on the part of the Directors or for want of appreciation and cooperation on the part of the members, the work so auspiciously begun, would come to naught. Every member should be made to feel that he is part of the machinery that has been set in motion, and every part, the wheel as well as the cog, should be ready to do its share. "It is now the hour to rise from sleep."

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### MILITARISM VERSUS DISARMAMENT

In the conscription bill, as passed by both houses of Congress, there is a provision, specifying that the law making military service universal and compulsory shall be effective only for the duration of the present war, and that it shall cease with the declaration of peace. The provision is a wise one, which, we think, has done much to reconcile the country to the law itself. For, while the people are ready to admit the necessity of conscription as a war measure, and to give it as such their hearty support, they are not prepared to accept it as an unmixed blessing—and thus far the Government has not asked them so to do. The great mass of common people, who are bearing the country's burdens and defending its honor, rather regard conscription as a necessary evil—*necessary* so long, but only so long, as our Government, in the present titanic struggle, is obliged to meet force with force, and an *evil*, because of the many economic, social, and moral disadvantages connected with it. Hence, although the country is willing to submit to the inevitable and accept conscription as an emergency measure, it has expressed no desire to extend the time-limit of the law, so as to be permitted to enjoy its blessings even after the war.

We have little sympathy and still less patience with that small, but

powerful clique of men—jingoes, junkers, militarists, munition-makers, war-profiteers, or whatever else they may be called—that are agitating for a permanent military establishment in this country, after the present war. It is the will of the people and not the interests of these pseudo-patriots that should be consulted in so important and far-reaching a decision, which will be effective in American life for many years. Besides, is it not premature to legislate now for the time after the war? In all serious peace discussions, constant mention is made of universal disarmament. This proposal was foremost in the Holy Father's peace note. It was accepted unreservedly in the German reply. It was heartily endorsed by the Austrian Government. What if these two powers should actually disarm after the war? Will not public opinion in the other European countries force their governments to do the same? Will we alone continue to make the world unsafe for democracy? Or, will we not rather be the first to discard the monstrous war-machine now building as soon as it has done its work?



#### BOOK REVIEW

*Moseteno Vocabulary and Treatises* published by the Northwestern University from a manuscript of Benigno Bibolotti, is a valuable contribution to the philology and ethnology of the Moseteno-Chumano Indians of Bolivia, as well as to the history of the Franciscan missionaries who in past centuries brought to those savage tribes the blessings of Christianity and civilization. The work is edited by Professor Walter Lichtenstein, Librarian of the University. But the material has been gathered by Dr. Rudolph Schuller, who also writes the introduction. The author manifests throughout profound erudition, painstaking research, and intimate acquaintance with his subject. After very interesting details on the manuscript and its author, on the Moseteno Indians and the Franciscan missions, together with a critical analysis of previous writings on Moseteno and notes on phonetics, the writer makes a thorough study of the Moseteno language, its vocabularies, and its grammatical processes. A feature of the introduction is a valuable map of Bolivia. The three appendices are polemical, statistical, and bibliographical in character.

The second half of the volume contains the vocabulary and treatises of Fra Benigno Bibolotti, O.F.M., who from 1857-1868, labored in the Franciscan missions of Bolivia. The friar's work written for the use of his fellow missionaries is invaluable inasmuch as it throws new light on the aboriginal tongue of a fast vanishing Indian tribe. It is interesting and inspiring to read in the footnote on page xvii: "Among the Franciscan friars at La Paz there are undoubtedly many capable members who could be intrusted with this important task (of publishing the history of the Franciscan missions of Bolivia). The Fathers would thus not only free themselves from an old and sacred debt to their Order, but at the same time they would render an inestimable service to all those scientists who have consecrated their ambition and life to the study of the complicated history of the New World and its aboriginal inhabitants." We think *Moseteno Vocabulary and Treatises* will be of interest and profit to the students of South American history, language, and ethnology.

*Moseteno Vocabulary and Treatises*, by Benigno Bibolotti, Northwestern University, Evanston and Chicago.

## BL. GILES OF LAURENZANA

*By Fr. Silas, O.F.M.*

**B**L. Giles was born at Laurenzana, a town in the kingdom of Naples, in 1443. He received in Baptism the name of Bernardine. His parents were of humble station in life, but they were highly esteemed by their fellow citizens, on account of their noble qualities and virtuous lives. They brought up their child in the fear and love of God, and their careful training was amply rewarded. Bernardine, already in his childhood, gave unmistakable signs that he would one day be a great saint. His favorite pastimes were acts of piety and the reading of the lives of the saints. At the age of ten, he was wont to visit the convent church of the Friars Minor, and there he would remain for hours rapt in prayer, enjoying the spiritual consolations reserved for pure and contemplative souls. He was sometimes found raised from the ground, his face shining with a heavenly light. He also performed many acts of self-denial and mortification, and in his desire to serve God as perfectly as possible, he strove to imitate the life of the friars, following the Rule of St. Francis as far as circumstances allowed.

Feeling that he was called to a life of recollection and prayer, Bernardine, to avoid the distractions and dangers of the world, retired to a lonely spot not far from

Laurenzana. Here he divided his time between prayer and manual labor. God rewarded the fervor with which he exercised himself in every virtue by raising him to a sublime degree of contemplation and by granting him the gift of miracles. The fame of the virtues and miracles of the holy hermit spread among the people of the neighborhood, and many came to ask his prayers and to witness the wonderful favors which he had received from God.

The humility of the young man took alarm at these marks of veneration. He, therefore, left his beloved solitude, and the more completely to conceal the gifts of God beneath a commonplace exterior, he entered the service of a farmer who lived near the Franciscan convent at Laurenzana. But here again he was visited with supernatural favors. Though he spent more than half the day in the convent church, his work in the fields was always as much advanced as if he had never quitted his post. His master, who was himself an eyewitness of this prodigy, at length released him from his engagement and left him free to carry out his resolve, inspired by God, of consecrating himself to the divine service in the Order of St. Francis. Bernardine at once betook himself to the convent at Laurenzana, and there, at his humble request,

he was clothed with the habit of the Order and was given the name of Giles.

The servant of God now applied himself with renewed zeal to the practice of virtue, and with rapid strides he advanced on the path of perfection. While he performed, with great care and diligence, the duties of gardener imposed on him by holy obedience, his mind and heart were constantly occupied with the thought of God and of heavenly things. His superiors, noticing his ardent love of retirement and prayer, and persuaded that he was guided by the spirit of God, allowed him to retire to a little hut which he had built in the garden, that he might give himself up more freely to penance and contemplation. In this solitude, his life was one continuous communion with God. He spent many hours in prayer, during which he knelt immovable and entirely oblivious of his surroundings. Very often he was seen rapt in ecstasy. To continuous prayer he joined prolonged fasts, fatiguing labors, and other austerities; and thus he gained the complete mastery over the inordinate inclinations of nature. God continued to bestow on him extraordinary supernatural favors. He granted him a deep insight into the mysteries of faith, the gift of reading the secrets of the heart, and the gift of prophecy.

The fame of the humble Brother's holy life and of his power with God spread beyond the walls of the convent, and the people came in great numbers to recommend themselves to his prayers and to find relief in

their afflictions. Though he sought to remain hidden and unknown to men, the charity of his heart made him ever ready to leave his beloved solitude to come to the assistance of his needy and suffering fellow men. He provided for the wants of the poor, and by his prayers frequently obtained relief and complete restoration to health for the sick. All who were troubled with anxieties and temptation found in him a sympathizing friend and an enlightened counselor. His burning words dispelled their sadness, removed their doubts, and filled them with new hope and confidence. Sinners, too, came, under his influence, and of these, many were led, by his prayers and earnest exhortations, to abandon their evil ways and to embrace a life of virtue and perfection.

Because the soul of Bl. Giles was acceptable to God, he, like all the saints, was severely tried by temptation. Throughout his life, he was subject to terrible assaults of the evil spirit. God, in his hidden designs, even permitted Satan to torment his faithful servant bodily and to inflict on him cruel blows and wounds. But these spiritual combats only served to purify him from all imperfections and to unite him more intimately with the object of his love.

At length the time arrived when Bl. Giles was to receive the eternal reward in heaven for his faithful service here below. He passed away in the convent at Laurenzana, on January 10, 1518. At his death, the bells of the church began to ring of their own accord, and the people

came in great numbers to show their veneration for the servant of God. Six years after his death, his body was found incorrupt, although it

had been buried in a moist place. This increased the devotion of the people, and the town of Laurenzana chose him for its patron. Pope Leo XIII declared him Blessed, in 1880.

### God Knows Best

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars for evermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—

Will flash before us out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue.  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see that while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
And how when called, He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see.

And if sometimes commingled with life's wine  
We find the wormwood and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
Pours out this potion for your lips to drink.

And if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,  
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend.  
And that sometimes the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within and all God's workings see,  
We would interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart,  
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold;  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if through patient toil we reach the land,  
When tired feet with sandals loose may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand  
I think that we shall say that God knows best.

—Fr. Francis Solano Rooney, O.F.M.

## QUEEN CATHERINE OF ARAGON

*By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.*

(Continued)

**F**AR from allowing a sullen and vindictive demeanor to widen the breach between herself and the faithless King, Catherine rather tried to forget her injuries and to soften the heart of Henry. Shortly after her arrival at the More, on New Year's Day, 1532, she sent him a golden cup in token of her undying love and esteem; but the uncivil wretch, though praising its beauty returned the gift saying he could accept none from her; much less did he send her and her ladies the customary New Year's present, and even went so far as to forbid his courtiers to do so.<sup>(1)</sup> About this time, Catherine wrote to her daughter Mary who was residing at Greenwich. In this letter, the careworn Queen does not complain of her wrongs. She merely says that the absence of the King and of her daughter troubles her; that she trusts in God, however, who would "shortly turn all to come with good effect." Then she urges her beloved child to be as assiduous in the study of Latin under her new tutor Bl. Dr. Fetherston, as she had been under her mother's direction.<sup>(2)</sup>

Soon after her repudiation, Catherine informed the Pope of Henry's measures against her. His Holiness, in a private letter, kindly but

earnestly admonished the King to reinstate his lawful wife and to dismiss Anne, till Rome had pronounced sentence. The letter dated January 25, 1532, was sent to Catherine who, however, did not venture to forward it to Henry until the following May.<sup>(3)</sup> The latter entirely ignoring the Pope's fatherly appeal, continued to retain Anne in the Queen's apartments, and, as if to defy the Holy See, had Catherine removed to Buckden (Bugden),<sup>(4)</sup> still farther distant from court. This house, where the Queen lived for some months, belonged to Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, who had formerly been Henry's confessor and who was now an ardent promoter of his cause. Naturally, this circumstance nettled Catherine, while the unwholesome climate greatly impaired her health.

The next September, Anne was created Marchioness of Pembroke, and a month later she accompanied the King on a visit to the French monarch at Calais. Not satisfied with this public insult to Catherine, Henry was rude enough to send a messenger for her jewels, that Anne might wear them for the visit. The noble Queen obeyed, though with reluctance, surmising, perhaps, that she would never see them again.

1. Hope: *The First Divorce of Henry VIII* (London, 1891), p. 237.—2. Strickland: *Lives of the Queens of England* (Philadelphia, 1899), p. 551 sqq. The author brings the letter together with an autograph signature of the Queen.—3. See Hope, l. c., p. 251 sqq. The author translates this beautiful letter as found in Pocock: *Records of the Reformation* (Oxford, 1870), Vol. II, p. 166.—4. According to Strickland (l. c., p. 556), Buckden was a palace four miles distant from Huntingdon. It is not noticed by Timbs in his *Abbeys...of England and Wales*, probably because it was of unimportant, inferior rank.

It must have cheered the troubled heart of Catherine to know that, thanks to the activity of the Franciscan Observants in her behalf, the people sympathized with her. If in brighter days she had a high regard for these zealous friars, how much greater was her esteem now, when they proved the most fearless champions of her rights as wife and queen. Anne on the contrary became an object of popular contempt. In derision, the people nicknamed her Nan Bullen, and on several occasions threatened to take her life. Once she would surely have met a violent death at their hands, had she not received a timely warning and made good her

escape. According to Ludovico Faller, a Venetian visiting England at the time, general discontent with the King's unjust policy ran so high that could they have found a leader, the people would have risen in rebellion and demanded justice for the Queen they loved. On December 16, 1533, Chapuys wrote to the

Emperor: "You can not imagine the grief of all the people at this abominable government. They are so transported with indignation at what passes, that they complain that your Majesty takes no step in it, and I am told by many respectable people, that they would be glad to see a fleet come hither in your name, to raise the people; and if they had any chief among themselves, who dared raise his head, they would require no more."<sup>5</sup>

Nothing, however, was farther from the mind of Catherine than violent measures against the King. But for the rights of her daughter, which she felt in conscience bound to defend, the



Queen Catherine of Aragon

secluded and simple life at Buckden would have been quite to her fancy. As it was, she did not lose courage, but redoubled her prayers and mortifications, and daily implored the Author of light to guide the wayward King. Her Calvary, however, had only begun; greater sufferings were in store for

5. Stone: *Mary the First, Queen of England* (London, 1901), pp. 47, 64. For a more detailed account of the popular feeling regarding the divorce see Hope, i.e., chapter 25.

her. On April 23, 1533, she received a message from the King informing her of his recent nuptials with Anne and forbidding her thenceforth to use the title of queen. At the same time, he commanded that all correspondence between herself and Princess Mary must cease; he knew how fond mother and daughter were of each other and he hoped by this means to break the spirit of both. On May 10, Cranmer, the newly appointed archbishop of Canterbury, convened an ecclesiastical court at Dunstable<sup>(6)</sup>, six miles from Ampthill, where Catherine was then residing. Though repeatedly summoned to appear before the tribunal, she firmly refused, and on May 23, she was declared contumacious. She lay sick on her pallet when, soon after, Lord Mountjoy and his coadjutors formally announced to her the court's decision in favor of the King's new marriage. Calmly, but steadfastly, Catherine objected to being styled Princess-Dowager of Wales, affirming that she was the queen and the lawful wife of the King. Bribes and threats were unavailing. The matter involved the honor and right of her daughter, which she would defend at all hazards. More than that, the salvation of her own soul was at stake, and hence "neither for her daughter, her servants, her possessions or any worldly adversity, or the King's displeasure, that might ensue, would she yield in this cause." Next day, demand-

ing the written account of the proceedings, she took her pen and scratched the words Princess-Dowager wherever they occurred.<sup>(7)</sup> On May 28, Cranmer held court at Lambeth and, to the great scandal of all England, publicly declared that the King had validly married Anne, who was, therefore, to be held and treated as queen of England. On May 29, she left Greenwich in the Queen's barge for Westminster, where on the following Sunday her coronation took place.

Though wantonly outraged in her holiest rights and finest sensibilities, Catherine obeyed the command of her brutal and shameless lord and returned to her miserable abode in Buckden. The people, who had witnessed the events of the preceding weeks with growing disgust and indignation, seized the occasion of her return to Buckden for public demonstrations of loyalty to her. Though they had been forbidden to style her queen, enthusiastic cries of "Long live Queen Catherine" met her at every turn. With tears the people begged her to raise the standard of revolt, declaring they would lay down their lives for her. Catherine, however, though touched at this unfeigned loyalty, recoiled at the mere thought of profiting by it. Henceforth, it seems, the sole object of her anxiety was the welfare of her daughter, whom Henry was heaping with indignities on her account. She knew to what hardships and dangers her dear child was ex-

6. Cranmer held this court in direct opposition to Bull of Inhibition strictly forbidding all courts whatever to pronounce sentence on the cause of the divorce. For a copy of this Bull see Dodd: *Church History of England* (Brussels, 1737), Vol. I, p. 286.—7. Strickland, I, c. p. 355, who adds that this document with the alterations made by the Queen is still extant in the national archives.

Pope Clement VII, who on January 5, 1531, issued a

posed and secretly addressed a letter to her. "Daughter," she wrote, "I heard such things to-day, that I do perceive, if it is true, the time is come that Almighty God will prove you; and I am very glad of it for I trust He doth handle you with good love. I beseech you, agree to His pleasure with a merry heart; and be sure, that without fail, He will not suffer you to perish, if you beware to offend Him. I pray you, good daughter, to offer yourself to Him. If any pangs (of conscience) come to you, shrive yourself; first make you clean, take heed of His commandments, and keep them as near as He will give you grace to do, for then are you sure armed. And if this lady do come to you, as it is spoken, if she do bring you a letter from the King, I am sure, in the selfsame letter, you shall be commanded what you shall do. Answer you with few words, obeying the King your father in everything, save that you will not offend God, and lose your own soul; and go no further with learning and disputation in the matter. And wheresoever and in whatsoever company you shall come. (obey) the King's commandments.....But one thing especially I desire you, for the love you owe unto God, and unto me, to keep you heart with a chaste mind, and your body from all ill and wanton company..... I pray you recommend me unto my good lady Salisbury, and pray her to have a good heart, for we never come to the Kingdom of Heaven but by troubles."

According to Harpsfield, who lived at the time, Catherine in some degree regained her cheerfulness and peace of mind at Buckden. She found delight in the simple manners of the country people who frequently visited her. Like a true child of St. Francis, she loved the poor and, as long as circumstances allowed, she assisted them in their needs. The Franciscan Observants of the neighboring friaries likewise came to pay their respects to her <sup>(8)</sup> whose cause they had openly espoused. From them perhaps she heard that FF. Peyto and Elstow had finally been banished and were now living in exile, still true to her cause. <sup>(9)</sup> Toward Anne she bore no resentment, but rather pitied her. One day, a gentlewoman of her household began to heap curses on the name of Anne. The Queen who had been weeping, quickly dried her tears and said earnestly, "Hold your peace! Curse not—curse her not, but rather pray for her; for even now is the time fast coming when you should have reason to pity her and lament her case." During the court's proceedings against Elizabeth Barton and her adherents, Catherine's prudence completely baffled the attempts of her enemies to draw her loyalty to Henry in question. "It seems," writes Chapuys, "as if God inspires the Queen, on all occasions, to conduct herself well, and to avoid all inconveniences and suspicions; for the Nun had been urgent, at divers times, to speak with her, and console her in her great affliction, but the Queen would

never see her.”<sup>(10)</sup> Gloomy forebodings must have preyed on her heart, however, when she learned that the Holy Maid and her party had been executed and that two Franciscan Observants, FF. Rich and Risby, had suffered inhuman torture and death in defence of papal supremacy.<sup>(11)</sup>

Of the Queen’s life at Buckden we find an interesting account in Harpsfield. “Queen Catherine,” he writes, “spent her solitary life in much prayer, great alms and abstinence; and when she was not this way occupied, then was she and her gentlewomen working with their own hands something wrought in needle-work, costly and artificially, which she intended, to the honor of God, to bestow on some of the churches. There was in the said house of Bugden a chamber with a window that had a prospect into the chapel, out of the which she might hear divine service. In this chamber she enclosed herself, sequestered from all other company, a great part of the night and day, and upon her knees used to pray at the same window, leaning upon the stones of the same. There were some of her gentlewomen who curiously marked all her doings, and reported that oftentimes they found the said stones, where her head had reclined, wet as though a shower had rained upon them. It was credibly thought that, in the time of prayer, she removed the cushions that ordinarily lay in the window, and that the said stones were imbrued with the tears of her

devout eyes when she prayed for strength to subdue the agonies of wronged affections.”

The following Spring, on March 23, 1534, Pope Clement VII officially approved the decision of the Roman court pronouncing Catherine’s marriage with Henry valid and indissoluble.<sup>(12)</sup> Meanwhile the schism was fast maturing. Before the Pope’s final decision reached the ears of the King, his pliant parliament, wholly controlled by Cromwell, had passed bills that practically severed England from Catholic unity and demanded of all English subjects under penalty of misprision of treason a solemn oath of allegiance to the spiritual supremacy of the King.<sup>(13)</sup> The fearless and outspoken opposition of the Franciscan Observants, and especially the Pope’s subsequent threat of excommunication, roused bitter hatred in Henry’s heart against the Queen, whom he supposed the cause of all these vexations. It is true, as Franciscan Tertiary Catherine naturally loved the Observant friars. In fact she was in communication with them, and she had been frequently advised by Bl. John Forest. Never, however, would she have consented to take public reprisals on the King; much less would the friars have advised such a course of action. The cross was her portion and encouraged by the words and examples of her brethren in Christ, she gloried in it. Regarding the excommunication with which the Pope threatened the refractory King, we know

10. Stone: *Faithful Unto Death*. London, 1892), p. 24.—11. See *Franciscan Herald*, June, 1917.—12. For a copy of this Bull see Dodd, I, c., p. 294.—13. See Lingard: *History of England* (New York, 1870), Vol. V, p. 11.

for certain that Catherine had done all in her power to avert the blow, insomuch that Cardinal Pole could write, "I understand to-day that if the queen had not interfered, the anathema would have already gone out against the King."

In May, Lee and Tunstal received orders to visit Catherine. Laying before her six articles, they tried to show why she ought to give up the title of queen. When, however, they adduced as reason the fact that Anne by the recent birth of Elizabeth had now a right to be called queen, Catherine's patience for a moment failed her and facing her tormentors with defiant dignity she solemnly vowed never to relinquish the title of queen as long as she lived, fearlessly adding that she was the King's wife and not his subject and therefore not liable to his acts of parliament. "Henry's repudiated wife," Lingard remarks, "was the only person who could defy him with impunity: she had lost his love, but never forfeited his esteem."

The uncompromising firmness with which the Queen maintained her rights, gradually drove Henry and his party on to severer measures against her. Early in 1534, the Duke of Suffolk received orders for her removal to Somersham in the Isle of Ely, "a place surrounded with water and marshes, the most pestilential spot in England." At this juncture, Chapuys wrote to the Emperor: "The Duke of Suffolk, as I am informed by his wife's mother, confessed on the Sacrament, and wished some mischief

might happen to him, to excuse himself from the journey. The King, at the solicitation of the Lady, whom he dares not contradict, has determined to place the Queen in the said house, either to get rid of her, or to make sure of her, as the house is strong; and besides it is seven miles from another house, situated in a lake, which one can not approach within six miles, except on one side; and the King and the Lady have agreed to seek all possible occasions to shut up the Queen within the said island, and failing all other pretexts to accuse her of being insane." Catherine knew what was in store for her and refused to leave Buckden. She told the King's commissioners that to remove her they would have to break open the doors and take her by force. Not daring to do this for fear of the people, the commissioners departed. When the King heard of their failure, he was furious and began to heap new insults and indignities on the helpless Queen. She was robbed of her royal income and forced to content herself with what had been allowed her as Princess-Dowager. Servants and dependants who still insisted on her royal title, were summarily dismissed and replaced by such as were willing to embitter her life, as the King ordered. Her house at Buckden practically became a prison with Sir Edmund Bedingfield as gaoler whose duty it was to observe the Queen closely and to report regularly to headquarters regarding her conduct. Henry hoped to find something that would justify legal

proceedings against her. From Chapuys's letter we learn how anxiously the godless King was waiting for her death. In fact, it seems that he even took direct measures to hasten her end. For the imperial ambassador writes: "He (Henry) has great hope in the Queen's death. He lately told the French ambassador, that she could not live long, as she was dropsical, an illness she was never subject to before. It is to be feared something has been done to bring it on." Catherine, it seems, knew all this and even feared she would be poisoned. "The Queen has not been out of her room," again writes Chapuys, "since the Duke of Suffolk was with her, except to hear Mass in the gallery. She will not eat or drink what the new servants provide. The little she eats, in her anguish, is prepared by her chamberwomen, and her room is used as her kitchen. She is very badly lodged; she desires me to write to you about it."

To judge from Henry's inhuman proceedings against others who in days gone by had enjoyed his favor and protection, it is not unlikely that to satisfy Anne he would in

the end have resorted to the murder of Catherine, had not, in the fall of 1534, another opportunity presented itself of sating his vengeance on her. The Queen had spent almost two years at Buckden, and her health had suffered greatly. Probably dreading the coming winter, she asked to be removed to a milder and drier place near the Metropolis. Accordingly, the relentless King commissioned the Duke of Suffolk to convey her to Fotheringay castle on the river Nen in Northamptonshire.<sup>(14)</sup> Besides being notorious for its bad air, this place was especially disagreeable to Catherine, because it belonged to the dower settled on her by prince Arthur. Moreover, by going there she would in some way have compromised her cause. Accordingly, she again objected, insomuch that the Duke was at a loss how to proceed and thought there was no other remedy than to convey her by force to Somersame. She remained, therefore, at Buckden till the end of 1534, when finally she consented to take up her abode in persuance of the King's command, at Kimbolton castle.

14. In this castle, about fifty years later, another saintly Queen, Mary Stuart of Scotland, spent the last months previous to her execution.

(To be continued)

A Happy New Year To All Our Readers

## THE TERTIARY CONFERENCE

A N event of undoubted significance and far-reaching importance for the Third Order in this country took place on November 28 and 29, when the Reverend Directors of ten of the principal Tertiary fraternities of the Middle West and a number of Tertiary delegates—forty-five in number—assembled in conference at St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Illinois. The convention was convoked by Rev. Roger Middendorf, O.F.M., Rector of St. Joseph's College, who last summer was appointed to the office of Commissary and Visitor of the Third Order for the Franciscan Province of the Sacred Heart, and it is due to his indefatigable zeal that the conference was made possible and finally carried to a successful close. The members of the college Third Order fraternity had been untiring in decorating the hallowed halls of "Old St. Joe's" for a worthy reception of the conventionists and in rehearsing the portion of the program assigned to them. Their efforts elicited many favorable comments from the distinguished visitors.

The conference was inaugurated on Wednesday morning, November 28, at eight o'clock, with a solemn High Mass of invocation celebrated by Rev. Fr. Gregory, O.F.M., Provincial Definitor and Director of the parish Third Order fraternity of Teutopolis. He was assisted by Rev. Fr. Silas, O.F.M., of the college faculty, as deacon, and by Rev.

Fr. Maximus, O. F. M., Director of the Third Order in Superior, Wisconsin, as subdeacon. At nine o'clock, the assembly was formally called to order in the college auditorium by the Rev. Commissary. At his request, Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Samuel Macke addressed to the Directors and delegates warm words of welcome and encouragement; whereupon Fr. Commissary read an interesting and cheering report on the state of the fraternities under the jurisdiction of our Fathers. The following is a summary of the detailed report:

Ashland, Wis., has 171 Tertiaries; Bayfield, Wis., 32; Chaska, Minn., 35; Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church, 545; St. Peter's Church, English Division, 2507, German Division, 1904, House of the Good Shepherd, 70; thus Chicago aggregates, 5026; Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church 2200; St. Stanislaus Church, 503; Columbus, Nebr., 20; Dubuque, Ia., 94; Hermann, Mo., 10; Humphrey, Nebr., 60; Indianapolis, Ind., 492; Joliet, Ill., 638; Jordan, Minn., 47; Lindsay, Nebr., 60; Memphis, Tenn., 170; Nashville, Tenn., 90; Omaha, Nebr., 310; Petoskey, Mich., 23; Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church, 300; St. Francis Solanus College, 56; St. Bernard, Nebr., 61; St. Louis, Mo., 4100; St. Paul, Minn., 193; Sioux City, Ia., 20; Superior, Wis., 196; Teutopolis, Ill., St. Francis Church, 90; St. Joseph's College, 61; Washington, Mo., 159. This makes a grand

total of 15,217 Tertiaries under the direction of the Province of the Sacred Heart.

Father Commissary spoke also of the various forms of welfare work in which the different fraternities are engaged, and which cover practically the whole field of Catholic charity. Thus they provide for the needs of their own parish churches, for the poor, for the sick, for the home and foreign missions; they visit city and state institutions for the purpose of instructing the inmates in Christian doctrine; they spread good literature, found libraries, provide books and tuition for needy school children and students. In fine, they are always ready to support every work of charity to the best of their means. The report was followed with great interest by all present and applauded with enthusiasm.

At the close of this meeting and again in the afternoon of the same day, the Reverend Directors and the Father Commissary met in special session. Very Rev. Fr. Provincial was kind enough to preside at these meetings and thus to add the weight of his authority to the resolutions adopted. The most important questions brought up for discussion were: 1. Is it possible to establish a uniform direction of the Third Order in the parishes of our Province? and 2. Is it advisable for this purpose to form a central board or committee? After mature deliberation, both questions were answered in the affirmative by all present. The immediate result of this was the federation of all the

Tertiary fraternities under the jurisdiction of our Fathers, to be known officially as the "Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart." It was then determined to place at the head of this province a central board of seven officers to consist of a commissary and a vice-commissary appointed by the provincial authorities of the First Order; one secretary-treasurer elected by the Reverend Directors; and four consultors from the lay Tertiaries chosen by ballot by the Directors and the delegates. The term of office of the secretary and consultors was limited to three years, that of the commissary and vice-commissary was left to the discretion of the provincial superior of the First Order. The commissary was empowered to fill any vacancy that might occur among the consultors. It was further determined that a meeting of these officers should be held annually and that all the fraternities should be informed thereof two months in advance so as to allow sufficient time for preparing yearly reports. Finally, it was agreed that a provincial convention should take place every three years.

Hereupon, Very Rev. Fr. Provincial confirmed Rev. Fr. Roger in his office as commissary, and appointed the Director of the English-speaking fraternities of St. Peter's Church, Chicago, Rev. Fr. Ulric, O.F.M., to the office of vice-commissary. Rev. Fr. Giles, O.F.M., of the editorial staff of *Franciscan Herald*, was elected secretary-treasurer. Meantime, the Tertiary delegates, who had been kept in-

formed of the resolutions adopted by their Directors, were debating various questions and considering the method of electing the consultors. The formal casting of the ballots took place on Thursday morning, with the following result: Mr. Joseph L. D. McCarthy, of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. Edward Walter, of Cleveland, O., Miss Mary Perkins, of Chicago, Ill., and Miss Mary Benz, of Quincy, Ill., were elected consultors on the first ballot and installed at once.

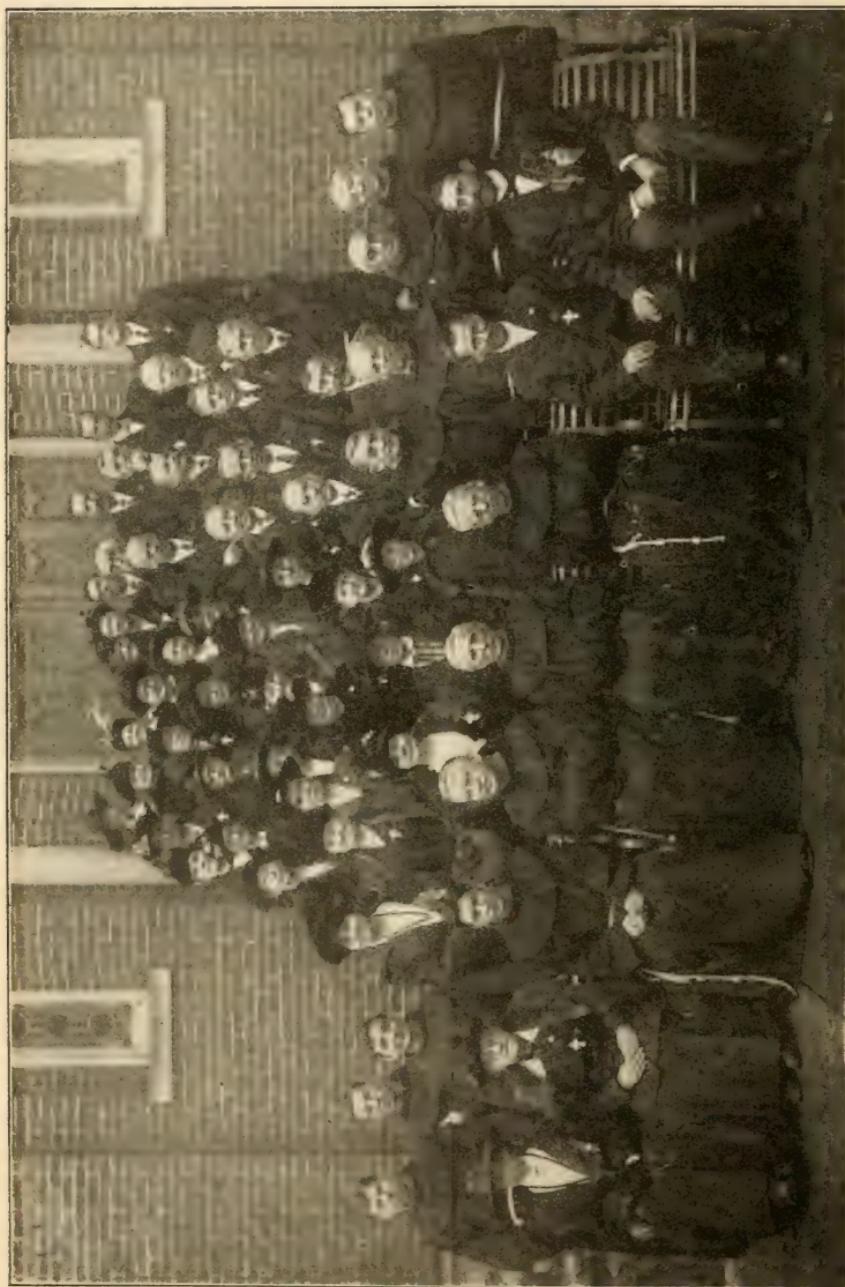
Wednesday evening, at half-past seven, a general meeting of the Directors, delegates, and visitors was convened in the college auditorium and the following program given.

1) Blue Danube (Waltz).....	<i>J. Strauss</i>
COLLEGE ORCHESTRA	
2) Thoughts on Organization, Address .....	<i>Rev. Roger Middendorf, O.F.M.</i>
3) O Columbia the Gem of the Ocean .....	<i>FOUR PART CHORUS</i>
4) St. Francis, a Model for Youth, Address .....	<i>Paul Eberle</i>
5) Life's Dream.....	<i>Lennos-Parks</i>
DUET AND FOUR PART CHORUS	
6) Wenn eine Mutter betet fuer ihr Kind... <i>E. Fry</i>	
FOUR PART CHORUS	
7) The Third Order and Christian Charity, Address.....	<i>Rev. Timothy Magnien, O.F.M.</i>
8) Kaernthner Lieder (March).....	<i>Seifert</i>

The second day of the conference, which, by a happy coincidence, was Thanksgiving Day and at the same time the feast of All Saints of the Three Orders of St. Francis, was opened with a solemn High Mass. Very Rev. Fr. Provincial officiated, assisted by Rev. Fr. Commissary as arch-priest, Rev. Fr. Timothy, O. F. M., as deacon, and Rev. Fr. Vice-Commissary as sub-deacon. After the Gospel, Rev. Fr. Christopher, O.F.M., Director of St. Elizabeth's Fraternity, St. Peter's

Church, Chicago, preached the sermon.

In the afternoon, at two o'clock, a solemn procession with the statue of St. Francis was held. All assembled for this purpose in the spacious study-hall, whence they were conducted by the ministering clergy to the chapel in the following order: cross-bearer and acolytes; altar-boys with torches; the banner of the Third Order depicting St. Francis blessing St. Louis and St. Elizabeth; members of the college fraternity in the large Tertiary habit; statue of St. Francis borne on the shoulders of four student Tertiaries in habits accompanied by a guard of twelve Tertiaries similarly vested and bearing palm branches; the Directors and religious community of the college; the celebrant, deacon, and sub-deacon; a second Third Order banner bearing the Tertiaries' emblem on a blue shield; the men Tertiaries, and finally the women Tertiaries. It was very edifying and impressive to see so many children of the First and Third Orders joyfully gathered about their Seraphic Father and singing hymns in his honor, with but one wish in their hearts—to become worthy of so great a father and to merit his special protection. When all had entered the chapel, the customary devotion for the monthly meeting of the college fraternity was held, in the course of which the Tertiaries solemnly renewed their holy profession and receive the General Absolution, whereupon Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament was



The Rev. Directors and Tertiary Delegates at Third Order Convention

bestowed.

While the delegates partook of refreshments in the college dining hall, the Directors met for a last special session, during which they adopted a number of important resolutions that had been thoroughly discussed in this and previous meet-

ings. The delegates were then made acquainted with the resolutions, whereupon the officers of the central board of the newly erected Third Order province as well as the Reverend Directors affixed their signatures to the document.

The following is a summary of the resolutions adopted.

### RESOLUTIONS Officers and Meetings

Knowing that the efficiency of every organization depends largely on the character of its office-holders and on the manner in which the meetings are conducted, the First Tertiary Conference urges:

- 1) that only such Tertiaries be elected both to local and provincial offices as commend themselves by their zeal, prudence, and fidelity;
- 2) that the prescribed monthly meetings of a fraternity be held regularly and in accordance with the ritual;
- 3) that business meetings of the officers or of all the members of a fraternity be held at least four times a year.

### Works of Piety

Bearing in mind that the primary object of the Third Order is the sanctification of its members, the Conference recommends the following works of piety to the Tertiaries as being in conformity with this purpose:

- 1) to recite the divine office in common at least once a month;
- 2) to receive Holy Communion daily, if possible, and to hold a general Communion once a month in the parish church;
- 3) to hold retreats for all fraternities of over forty members;
- 4) to spread Franciscan literature, especially by supporting the *Franciscan Herald*, the official organ of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart, by establishing and patronizing free Third Order libraries, and by installing bookracks with Franciscan pamphlets;
- 5) to decorate their homes with pictures and statues of Franciscan saints and to introduce them into the homes of their friends;
- 6) to study the life and work of St. Francis in order to become imbued with his spirit;
- 7) to wear the Tertiary emblem at all times and in all places, if possible;
- 8) to have Masses said for deceased members of a fraternity, and, if possible, to recite in common, at a given place and time "the rosary for the heavenly comfort of the deceased";
- 9) to mention in funeral notices that the deceased was a member of the Third Order.

### Welfare Work

Since according to the express declaration of Pope Pius X "it is a law for them (the Tertiaries) ....to strive to perform all the works of mercy," the Conference recommends the following works in particular:

- 1) to support the missions by alms and by procuring clothing, altar-linens, and other articles necessary and useful for mission churches and schools;
- 2) to aid the poor of their parish either by forming guilds for this purpose or by assisting other societies whose aim is Christian charity;
- 3) to assist indigent aspirants to the priesthood.

#### Miscellaneous

1) Aware that all the Popes from Nicholas IV to Leo XIII have insisted on the section of the Rule (Chap. iii, 2) prescribing the canonical visitation, the Conference urges the local Directors to apply for a visitation of their fraternity in due time and to inform their Tertiaries of the Visitor's coming two months before.

2) Because attendance at the monthly meetings is necessary to keep alive the zeal and love for their Order in the members, isolated Tertiaries are advised to affiliate with some fraternity. Tertiaries who change their address are cautioned to inform their Director of this fact and to have their name and address entered on the records of the fraternity most convenient to their new place of residence.

Fr. Roger Middendorf, Commissary

Fr. Ulric Petri, Vice-Commissary

Fr. Giles Strub, Secretary-Treasurer

Joseph L. D. McCarthy, Consultor

Edward Walter, Consultor

Mary Perkins, Consultor

Essie Maloney proxy for Mary Benz, Consultor

Fr. Christopher Guithes, Dir. Chicago

Fr. Gregory Knepper, Dir. Teutopolis

Fr. Timothy Magnien, Dir. Joliet

Fr. Bartholomew Feldmann, Dir. Chicago

Fr. Aurelius Bruegge, Dir. Quincy

Fr. Josaphat Kraus, Dir. St. Louis

Fr. Protase Kuberek, Dir. Cleveland

Fr. Hilarion Duerk, Dir. Cleveland

Fr. Maximus Poppy, Dir. Superior

Fr. Samuel Macke, Minister Provincial

#### The Visitation

In the course of one of the special meetings of the Reverend Directors, Rev. Fr. Commissary submitted the following paper on the canonical visitation of the Third Order fraternities, that met with unanimous approval.

#### The Necessity of the Visitation

According to the Rule of the Third Order, a visitation of the fraternities shall be held, if possible, every year or oftener, if need be. All the Popes from Nicholas IV to Leo XIII have insisted on this section of the Rule and unless this precept is complied with, a fraternity has strictly no canonical right to exist. Hence, Directors are not free to dispense with it. By this means, the fraternity keeps in touch with the Franciscan Order. Moreover, the Third Order is not a mere sodality but a real order, the greatest lay order in the Church. Since its members are exposed to all the dangers of secular life, they stand in need of a canonical visitation even more than the members of religious orders strictly so-called.

#### The Purpose of the Visitation

The purpose of the Visitation is:

- 1) to promote the observance of the Rule by checking all indifference and the consequent deterioration and decay;

- 2) to strengthen the bond of union between the members, and to maintain their dependence on the First Order;
- 3) to keep the fraternities imbued with the true spirit of St. Francis and to preserve the venerable traditions of the Order;
- 4) to insure unity of aim, direction, and activity, notwithstanding possible changes of Directors;
- 5) to accommodate the methods of the Order to the ever varying needs and circumstances of time and place.

#### The Manner of Holding the Visitation

To secure the best results from the visitation, it should be conducted in the following manner:

- 1) the fraternity should be notified of the visitation two months before it is to take place;
- 2) the officers of the fraternity should prepare to submit to the Visitor: a) the register of the members, b) the enactments of previous visitations, c) the books kept by the secretary and treasurer of the fraternity, d) a report concerning the average attendance at the meetings, e) a statement regarding the exterior activity of the fraternity;
- 3) the Visitor should be invited to inspect the offices, assembly hall, and library of the fraternity;
- 4) the Visitor should hold a special meeting of all the officers of the fraternity, and a public meeting of all the members, besides granting a personal interview to all the Tertiaries who may desire one;
- 5) the solemn public meeting should be conducted in the following manner: a) procession to the church—prayers of the ritual, b) address of the Visitor, c) after the singing of the *Confiteor*, the imposition of a penance, whereupon the General Absolution should be imparted, d) the *Libera* and prayers for the deceased members, e) Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament.

After the resolutions had been formally adopted, Father Commissary congratulated the Directors and delegates on the splendid results achieved by the conference and expressed the hope that on their return home they would impart their enthusiasm for the Third Order to their fraternities and thus cause the influence of the convention to be felt far and wide. As a last suggestion, he recommended that the various fraternities choose a special patron by whose name they should distinguish their fraternity from others. The suggestion was heartily approved and carried out by several Directors im-

mediately on their return home. On a motion of Mr. Joseph L. D. McCarthy, the conference rose to a vote of thanks to the Reverend Fr. Commissary for all he had done for them. All then knelt to receive his parting blessing.

In the evening, at 7.30 o'clock, the students presented Cardinal Wiseman's classic drama "The Hidden Gem" in the college dramatic hall. Owing to the beautiful lessons of self-sacrifice and charity inculcated by the play, it was peculiarly suited to the occasion and admirably adapted to bring the Tertiary conference to a worthy close. The large audience of Tertiary delegates

and friends of the institution were deeply moved by the touching story of the sainted hero of the drama, St. Alexius of the early Christian days, and were profuse in their praise of the performance. Following is the cast of characters and of the musical numbers that added much to the evening's entertainment:

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Euphemian	William Wernsing
Alexius	Paul Eberle
Carinus	Charles Eberle
Proculus	Antony Glawher
Eusebius	Alphonse Linnecker
Bibulus	Ralph Patterson
Gannio	Edward Voss
Ursulus	Justin Diederich
Verna	Bernard Rust
Davus	Alphonse Schladweiler

MUSIC BETWEEN THE ACTS BY THE  
COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

I.	The Return of the Troops	R. Eidenberg
II.	The Lost Chord	A. S. Sullivan
III.	Danube Waves (Waltz)	J. Ivanovics
IV.	Flag of Victory (March)	F. v. Blon

## ADDRESSES AT THE CONFERENCE

## THOUGHTS ON ORGANIZATION \*

By Fr. Roger, O.F.M.

IT bodes well to the first Tertiary convention held in these parts that it should convene in the very place where the Franciscan Province of the Sacred Heart took its humble origin. Some sixty years ago, eight Franciscan friars planted the tender twig of our Province when they founded their first little convent in this village. Although ignorant of the language and the customs of the country, they set to work, undaunted by the difficulties that beset them at every turn. And behold how their labors were rewarded. That little twig, now developed into a mighty oak, spreads its branches from the city of Cleveland in the East to Phoenix in the West, from Memphis in the sunny South to Bayfield at the northernmost extremity of Wisconsin. Yes, even beyond the Rockies its branches have extended and under their protecting shade another shoot has sprung up which bids fair to rival in size the parent tree.

If the Tertiaries here present are but few in number, if they see themselves confronted by difficulties, let them not lose heart. If they set to

work undismayed, like that little band of intrepid friars, God will bless the work, which to accomplish they have here assembled. And what is the work we have undertaken to perform during the days of the convention? It is the work of organizing the Third Order. But is this necessary?

## Need of Organization

I answer with an emphatic "yes." Organization is the foremost and most pressing need of the hour. In this country there are thousands of industrial, professional, political, and religious organizations. Men in every walk band together to achieve some purpose, the attainment of which is beyond the compass of the individual.

When I behold the thirty odd Tertiary fraternities at present under the jurisdiction of the Fathers of our Province, I am forcibly reminded of a certain vision St. Francis once had. The legend tells us that he saw himself surrounded by a number of his brothers who were begging for food. Both his hands were filled with crumbs of bread; but each time

\*Summary of address on this subject.—Ed.

he attempted to give them to his starving brethren, some of the crumbs fell to the ground and he ran the risk of losing them all. Francis was greatly perplexed, when suddenly he heard a voice from heaven saying, "Francis, make a host of the crumbs." He did so, and then he had no difficulty in apportioning it among his brethren.

Among the fifteen thousand Tertiaries entrusted to our care, there are undoubtedly many pious, yes, saintly persons. Yet, instead of being conspicuous and of exercising any special influence on their surroundings, they are almost lost in the throng. How is it that so vast a number of devout Christians, who live a life of prayer and penance, are not better instruments for promoting the personal sanctification of their neighbor and for furthering the public welfare? They lack organization. It is, perhaps, true that St. Francis thought primarily of the personal sanctification of the faithful, when in response to their cry he founded his Third Order. Still, it is a fact that a wonderfully organized and powerful society sprang from that the small beginnings at Poggibonsi, where with his own blessed hands he clothed his first Tertiaries, Bl. Lucius and his wife Bonadonna, in the habit of penance. This is not the time nor place to recall the extraordinary influence that the Third Order of St. Francis, thoroughly organized as it was, wielded on medieval society in Europe. A more opportune and important question demands our attention: Does the Third Order in this country exercise the same beneficent influence over the minds and hearts of the people? It does not, and the reason is because it lacks organization. What the children of St. Francis must do if they wish to realize the hopes placed in them by the Sovereign Pontiffs is to rally about the standard of their great leader and com-

bine their forces in an organization well disciplined and devoted to Holy Church.

#### Method of Organization

How then shall we organize? Needs vary. They may be local, provincial, national, or international. First of all, the local fraternities must be placed on a firm basis. Next, we must bind together the various fraternities of an entire province. If then, in the course of time, similar federations of the fraternities in other provinces arise, we may hope to meet some day in a great national convention. And, finally, may God grant that after the war the Franciscan Tertiaries of the different nations stretch out their hands in sanctified brotherhood across the seas and be the first to help banish hatred and rancor from the hearts of men.

Perhaps, these are only dreams of a bright and rosy future. But let the future take care of itself. What must and what can be done in the living present? As already stated, the local fraternities must be thoroughly organized. To achieve this, three things are especially necessary: to secure worthy recruits, to officer the fraternities properly, and to hold the meetings regularly.

If Tertiaries are aware of the many spiritual and material benefits that membership in the Third Order confers, they will strive to attract others to their ranks by their good example, by encouraging words, and by their ardent enthusiasm for the Third Order. Let them openly wear its emblem, spread Franciscan literature and make the name and the spirit of St. Francis known to all the world.

In the second place, each fraternity must be properly officered. The efficiency of a fraternity depends largely on the character of its staff. Unless the Reverend Director enjoys the hearty support of the offi-

cers—men and women who are devout, zealous, tactful, and thoroughly imbued with the Franciscan spirit—the fraternity, after eking out a listless existence, will finally go to ruin and perhaps bring irreparable discredit on the Third Order at large. Hence, bear in mind that the election of officers is not merely a matter of form but a grave and holy duty. Moreover, you should remember that stagnation and ultimate ruin of a fraternity will inevitably result from the practice of appointing and reappointing the self-same officers in an offhand way, just to escape the trouble connected with the election.

Finally, let each fraternity hold its meetings regularly, and let all the Tertiaries attend these meetings faithfully. One of the best signs of the condition of a fraternity is the manner in which the meetings are held and attended. If they are postponed, cut short, poorly attended, or even omitted entirely for slight reasons, the fraternity is doomed to die an ignoble death. The monthly meetings are the surest means for fostering the Franciscan spirit, for imparting the necessary instruction to the novices and newly professed members, and for secur-

ing by common prayer God's blessing on the fraternity.

Fraternities organized in this manner are bound to exert a most benevolent influence on their environments. But is this local organization all that can be achieved at the present day? Evidently not, my dear Tertiaries, otherwise this conference would never have been called. As you heard this morning, there are many fraternities within the limits of our Province that are already enjoying the blessings of such an organization, and it is for the purpose of uniting these organizations into one great provincial federation that we have assembled to-day. To unite the various fraternities of our Province by the same bond of love and interest that binds the members of each fraternity is the goal we have set for ourselves. And to-night, after the strenuous work of this first day of the conference, I am proud to be the bearer of a message that I fain would announce to you in the words of the angel: *Ecce annuntio vobis gaudium magnum*—Behold I bring you tidings of great joy, for to-day has been born to us the *Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart!*

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## ST. FRANCIS, A MODEL FOR YOUTH

*By Paul Eberle, Tertiary*

WHILE I deem it both an honor and a pleasure to be permitted to address you this evening, I must confess that I enter on my undertaking with a slight feeling of reluctance. Indeed, before an audience so learned and so distinguished, what orator, no matter how old and experienced, would not hesitate to appear? How much more a mere stripling, unskilled in the art of

speaking. I know that whatever I may be able to say, can be said much more effectively by others here present. Hence, I fear I shall over-presume on your good will and patience. If I venture, notwithstanding, to address you, it is because the nature of my subject has tempted and emboldened me to do so. To depict St. Francis as a model youth, I felt would be a labor of love—of love the greater, the

more arduous the labor; and I was unwilling to deny to him the praise that might proceed even *ex ore infantium*—from the lips of untaught youth. Should I be criticized for being over-bold, it will be comforting to know that the love I bear to St. Francis was at fault.

Youth is the time of vast plans, high ideals, generous resolves, and soaring aspirations. It is the time of life when the breast of every noble young man is stirred by an ardent desire for excellence. In order not to be led astray, however, in this search for excellence, the young man must have proper standards of greatness; and where shall he find them if not in the lives of great men. For, says the poet:

Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime.

Now, a great man has been defined as one who has always preserved his youthful simplicity. If this is the case, then St. Francis is eminently great. For who has so truly all his life preserved the simple grace of youth as this most lovable of saints? That we, by following in his footsteps "can make our lives sublime," goes almost without saying. Yet, for our edification, let us pause a while before this striking image of greatness and contemplate its beauties. Let us examine which are the most prominent traits of St. Francis's character, and see whether they square with our notions of an ideal youth.

#### His Innocence and Simplicity

What is it that appeals to us above all in the character of youth? What is at once its most ennobling and endearing trait? It is innocence; and innocence is a special characteristic of St. Francis. St. Bonaventure tells us that although Francis "was brought up in his youth among the vain children of the world, and was employed by his father in the pursuit of worldly gain; yet,

with the help of God, he never suffered himself to be carried away, like the lawless youths around him, by sensual pleasure, albeit he was of a gay and joyous spirit, nor did he set his heart and hopes on money." Another chronicler affirms that he passed through the perils and vanities of his youth without soiling his soul; and in the midst of an age noted for its corruption, kept intact the precious treasure of purity. In his later life, St. Francis preserved this innocence of soul by exercising the severest discipline over all his sensual appetites. He ate the poorest kind of food; went about thinly clad in the coldest winter; made the bare earth his bed, a stone his pillow; and often plunged in winter-time into a pit of ice and snow, the more perfectly to preserve the lily-white garment of his purity.

This innocence of heart was joined in St. Francis with childlike simplicity. Though he was the son of the wealthiest merchant of Assisi, a general favorite in the social circle of that city, and the idolized leader of his companions; still he always remained the same simple Francesco, simple in manners, simple in speech, wholly free from pride and ostentation. And in his later life, how charming and childlike was his simplicity! So childlike, indeed, was St. Francis that he would often address the birds and beasts and flowers as his little sisters and brothers. He well understood those sublime words, "Unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Faithful follower of the Savior, who himself became a child to confound our pride, he remained childlike in his simplicity and lived perfectly the life of spiritual childhood.

Pure and childlike Francis is a fitting model for the youth of our day. Ours is a materialistic, sensual, pleasure-loving age, and many are

the dangers that threaten the innocence of youth. Our age, in fact, has very much in common with that of St. Francis. Therefore, his example is as much needed to-day as it was in his day, and by none so much as by our youth. If the youths of to-day are not to suffer irreparable loss, they must be ennobled, inspired with a taste for simpler and purer pleasures than those of the senses, and a love for higher things than glittering gold. They must be taught to prize innocence above all things as the jewel of their soul, if they do not wish to put rancors in the vessel of their peace. And who can teach them all this better than St. Francis, who, though taking part in the pleasures of his age, never lost sight of the higher things of life and always preserved his charming simplicity and purity of heart?

#### His Cheerfulness

Not less charming than his innocence and simplicity is his cheerfulness. He was a most pleasant companion. His vivacious and ready wit, and tireless energy, and exceeding good nature made him a boon companion and a general favorite. A certain bizarre fancy and originality, and a great daring gained for him a willing following of gay city youths. These young men put him at their head; he was the soul of all their reunions, the king of all their feasts, their leader in every adventurous exploit. The inhabitants of Assisi, in their enthusiasm, proclaimed him "the flower of youth." We can easily imagine Francis at a feast with the "gilded youth" of Assisi. As he passes round "the cup that cheers but not inebrates," his racy speech and animated song lend spice to the merriment, and his kindling look and charming smile diffuse the warmth of genial fellowship to all. And when at night the gay youths sally forth through the streets, sing-

ing to the accompaniment of flute or violin, Francis is again at their head, the gayest of all this merry band of troubadours.

This genial, cheerful spirit never failed him. Even when he was captured in battle and confined in prison, he remained as light-hearted as ever. His fellow-captives grew depressed, but he sang songs and made merry. Indeed, so characteristic of St. Francis is this cheerfulness that he is called the "Saint of holy joy." His cheerfulness appears especially in his love for song. In his later life, he never tired singing the glories of the Creator and of his works. He wished his disciples to be ever cheerful, and loved to call them "God's troubadours." With them he would go about chanting hymns and cheering all with joyful strains. And Francis retained that sweet, heart-lifting cheerfulness even amid the severest pains of mind and body and during all his terrible trials and austerities. In the last years of his life, when his health was already broken and his suffering well-nigh unendurable, Francis one day burst forth in that beautiful song of praise "The Canticle of the Sun." And when his inevitable hour had come, he raised his feeble voice to chant once more the glories of the Lord; and thus he joined the choirs celestial.

What a beautiful example for us not only to admire but to imitate. If at any time in life man has reason to be cheerful, it is in the time of youth, when his temper is yet unsoured by disappointments and his spirit yet unbroken by reverses, when love and hope still have power to charm, when care and sorrow can not depress. In the young, therefore, we naturally look for geniality, vivacity, friendliness, and all else that makes for agreeableness; and in the genial, warm-hearted Francis we find all these traits. Cheerfulness is an aid to



Fr. Bartholomew,    Fr. Josaphat,    Fr. Maximus,    Fr. Protase  
 Fr. Hilarion,    Fr. Christopher,    Fr. Timothy,    Fr. Aurelius  
 Fr. Roger,    V. Rev. Fr. Provincial,    Fr. Ulric

holiness, while sadness causes the eternal ruin of many souls. Particularly, in youth, we should cultivate true Christian cheerfulness, and who is there so well-versed in this gentle art as the "Saint of holy joy"? To him therefore, let us go to imbibe the spirit of true cheerfulness and the secrets of happy companionship.

#### His Generosity

Could one so genial and warm-hearted as St. Francis be anything but unselfish and generous? To his friends Francis was indeed generous to a fault. He gave them rich repasts and lavishly spent his un-

stinted allowance for their amusement, so that people said, "One would take him for the son of a king rather than the son of a merchant." But open-handed as he was toward his comrades in pleasure, he was no less generous to the poor. According to St. Bonaventure, he was filled with such benignity that, in obedience to the words of the Gospel, he gave to everyone who asked of him. Now, one day when Francis was busily engaged, a poor man asked an alms; contrary to his usual custom, he passed him unheeded. But he speedily recollected himself; and with repentance in his soul and tears in his eyes, he

ran on after the beggar, relieved his wants and from that hour made a firm resolution never to refuse an alms when asked for the love of God — a resolution to which he remained faithful to his last breath. On another occasion, when Francis was setting out on his first military adventure, delighting in the glory of his newly bought equipment, he met a knight whose shabby dress betokened great poverty. Straightway he gave over his own gorgeous mantle and tunic and costly armor to the poor knight. Thus we find Francis ever ready to help the poor, sharing a few crumbs with a beggar or parting his own scanty clothing to help someone in need,—and all this he did for love of the poor Christ.

In this respect, too, St. Francis may serve as a model for youth. Older and wiser men than I am have been heard to complain that the young people of to-day are egotistic and unsympathetic. Wrapped in their own petty selves, they are unable to cast off the slough of their selfishness and to enter into the thoughts and feelings of others, especially of the poor and suffering. What they need is to be made acquainted with some inspiring example, like that of St. Francis. Youth is naturally generous, and I have no doubt that the example of this lovable saint will appeal to every young man whose heart is not wholly set on worldly goods nor altogether closed by selfish aims and sordid interests.

#### His Idealism and Chivalry

In still another respect St. Francis may serve as a model for the youth of modern times — in his idealism. St. Francis was nothing, if not idealistic. His ideal was to lead the poor and lowly life of our Savior, or, to follow the poor Christ. That he was loyal to his ideal, his life of absolute poverty attests.

From the moment his mission was made clear to him, he entered on it with all the devotion and enthusiasm of his spirited nature. Throwing aside his princely garments for the beggar's tattered garb, he braved with true heroism the ridicule of his townspeople, the contempt of his former friends, and the bitter attacks of his father. Thenceforth, Francis sought Christ in poverty, and in poverty sought to live with Christ.

With this idealism Francis combined a spirit of chivalry. From his early years, he displayed a very romantic temperament. His young heart was stirred by the tales of knightly adventure sung by the troubadours. He eagerly drank in the spirit of chivalry that dominated the age, and dreamed of doing knightly deeds and of attaining high military honors. And later, when Heaven was pleased to dub him knight of the poor Christ, Francis with his exalted sense of chivalry chose as his ladylove holy poverty. And what knight-errant was ever so jealous of his lady as Francis of his "Lady Poverty"? Of his chivalry one biographer says, "To the end of his days this dream of romantic chivalry will remain with Francis and be the chief secular influence on the shaping of his story. He will outgrow his early crude ambitions of secular achievement, and change his ultimate purpose, and take to himself other weapons of combat; but to the last he will always think of himself as a knight-errant, and the governing law of his life will be the knightly code of fearless courage, worshipful love, and gentle courtesy. Always he will feel a knightly scorn for the compromise and the by-ways of diplomacy; he will be quick to obey the call of the quest and will deem disloyalty the blackest of sins."

What is a young man without

idealism, without chivalry? A young man must have lofty ideals if he wishes to excel. It is a youth's ideal that elevates his mind above the commonplace, that directs his steps up rugged paths to "the heights by great men reached and kept." A youth with high ideals will seldom go astray. His mind being habitually turned to noble things, will not easily become engrossed in things material. Thus, an idealistic and romantic spirit is an aid to virtue; and who will doubt that St. Francis in his youth owed the preservation of his innocence to just such a spirit. Could not the youth of our age be imbued with this same spirit? Why is it that so many of our young people are steeped in materialism? It is not because they lack that idealism and romanticism that were so prominent in Francis's character?

#### His Charity

But of all the striking and beautiful traits of his nature there is none so much so, as his love—of God, of man, and of nature. His love forms, as it were, the golden back-ground of the charming picture we have been contemplating. St. Francis is called the "Seraphic Saint," and well he deserves that name. "Who can express," asks St. Bonaventure, "the fervent charity which burnt in the heart of Francis? For he seemed to be absorbed, as a live coal in the furnace, in the flame of divine love. As soon as he heard the love of God spoken of, he was moved, excited, and inflamed, as if the chords of his heart within vibrated to the sound without." "My God and my all," was his constant prayer; and it expresses the perfect love that consumed him. All the actions of his most saintly life are so many testimonies of his love for the Crucified. And our dear Savior, never to be outdone in love, rewarded Francis already in this

life with that great privilege and token of divine love, the sacred stigmata.

So full of charity was his heart that it over-flowed on men. Toward the poor especially Francis showed a remarkably tender affection; for in them he beheld the image of Christ. His soul melted within him at the sight of poverty and sickness; and the comfort which his hand was unable to bestow, he gave by the affection of his heart. But more than this, Francis was filled with an ardent zeal for the salvation of souls and the conversion of sinners. This was ever the object of his prayers; this the burden of his sermons; this the purpose of his austerities.

His charity went even further. It extended to all things created. The consideration of the common origin of creatures filled him with overflowing tenderness for all; and he called them by the name of brother and sister. But he bore the sweetest and strongest affection to those creatures whose natural qualities set forth the meekness of Christ. Thus he entertained a special love for lambs and sheep, on account of the innocence and loving simplicity they betokened. He would frequently redeem lambs being led to the slaughter, in memory of the most meek Lamb, who to redeem sinners vouchsafed to be led forth to die. And creatures, on their part, were so charmed by his simple piety that they showed the greatest docility in his presence. On one occasion, a flock of sheep left their rich pasture to frolic about him. A wild hare, by nature so timid, nestled fearlessly in his lap till bidden to leave. And the birds of the air, whom the holy man called his little sisters, would, at his command, remain hushed in silence, or send forth sweetest songs from their tiny throats in praise of the Creator. With unspeakable joy he would con-

temple the sun, the moon, the stars, the firmament, and the fair things of earth and rejoice in the glory they gave their Maker. Thus Francis looked "from nature up to nature's God." In the words of St. Bonaventure, "In all things fair he beheld Him who is most fair, and by His footsteps in created things he found a way to the Beloved, making a ladder of all things by which to ascend to Him who is to be desired above them all."

In his glowing love for God and man and nature, may not the Seraphic Saint serve as a guide and model to the young men and women of to-day? Youth is the time of love. During this time of life, the heart of man expands and his sensibilities are awakened. Indeed, to live and to love are almost synonymous terms to every youth. It is all-important, however, that his affections center on their proper objects, lest he love "not wisely but too well." If his heart goes out to low and unworthy objects, his love will be base and sensual. If he bestows his heart on things worthy of its affection, his love will be noble and spiritual. Now the worthiest object of our affection is God. Him, therefore, every young man, after the example of St. Francis, should make the center of his life. Him he should love above all things, and all things only for his sake. If the youth of our day would endeavor so to act, how many a one would preserve the purity and peace of his heart instead of suffering moral shipwreck and bringing disgrace on himself and on his family.

#### An Appeal

My dear friends, I am conscious of having detained you all too long. Only one word more, and I shall have done. While following my remarks, some of you may have been struck by the thought that we students are very fortunate in be-

ing placed in an institution so thoroughly Franciscan as this, in which the example of St. Francis is daily held up to us for our admiration and imitation. Yes, we are extremely fortunate. Most of us, though mere boys, have been received into the Third Order. We are privileged to enjoy the fostering care and constant direction of St. Francis's devoted followers. We are thrice blessed in being permitted to prepare for the priesthood in his holy First Order. Being placed in circumstances so favorable, we could not, even if we would, escape the influence of the sweet "Saint of Assisi."

You may be sure, dear friends, that we, though unable, perhaps, to grasp the full significance of this fact, are nevertheless, conscious of the great blessings we here enjoy. When we compare our lot with that of so many youths in the world, we often wish we were able to make them participants of our own abundant blessings by bringing them under the sweet influence of St. Francis. But, alas, how vain our wishes. Cut off from all the world, young and inexperienced, what can we do for our less fortunate fellows? How we envy you your opportunities.

Reverend Directors, esteemed delegates, the care of youth is given into your hands. You can do much to inspire them with a love for our holy Father. May we not hope, therefore, that you will come to our assistance and do your utmost to make him better known among the young people of your acquaintance and to gain them for the Third Order of St. Francis? What more potent remedy, what surer preservative against the all but universal corruption to which youth is exposed than the Third Order? And should they be deprived of this remedy, this preservative at a time of their lives when they are most in need of it? Ah! surely, you will do all in your power to spread the Third Or-

der of St. Francis among young men and women and even children. For what better model for their imitation could be found than he whom, according to St. Bonaventure, "God has set to be a light to the faithful,

making him a true leader and herald of evangelical perfection, that, bearing witness to the light, he might prepare for the Lord, in the hearts of the faithful, a way of light and peace."

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## THE THIRD ORDER AND CHRISTIAN CHARITY

*By Fr. Timothy, O.F.M.*

THE Third Order of St. Francis is one of the bulwarks of the Catholic Church. Founded by a man who in all things was guided by the Holy Ghost, the Third Order is undoubtedly the work of that same divine Spirit, and has a mission wholly in keeping with its heavenly origin. This mission of the Third Order is two-fold, as was that of the God-man: the uplifting of mankind to God by self-sanctification and the exercise of that supreme and specific law of Christianity — charity. In both our Blessed Savior set the example. Humanly speaking, he sanctified himself in the quiet of Nazareth, consecrating to this sublime task no less than thirty years of his earthly career. Then only did he venture forth, as it were, on the noble field of public service and, as the true Shepherd of mankind, bring the blessings of his mission to every heart and home. For his embarrassed friends at Cana, he changed water into wine. For the thousands who had followed him into the desert, he multiplied the loaves. The blind, the lame, the deaf, the dumb, the lepers, the paralytics, the fever-stricken, all came to him for succor and none left unaided. The hours of night he devoted to instructing a Nicodemus. His much needed noon-hour rest he forwent to save a Samaritan woman. The last words he uttered on the cross brought peace and con-

solation to a dying sinner.

As the divine Master, so his faithful servant, St. Francis of Assisi. In his Nazareth, the poor sanctuary of San Damiano, his youthful soul became so imbued with the spirit of God, that he seemed transformed into another Christ. "My God and my All!"—this became the motto of his self-effacing and world-winning love of God. For his mission among men, like that of his divine Model, was the mission of charity. The wealthy and pampered son of Bernadone, once severed from the world and united with Christ, found pleasure in mingling with the poor and sharing their meager meals. The leper, erstwhile to him an object of horror, he now embraced with loving tenderness. With his own hands, unused to rough and hard labor, he helped repair neglected and dilapidated churches. When Divine Providence prevented him from preaching the gospel to the infidels, he sent his spiritual sons into those regions of darkness and sin that through their word and example new souls might be won for Christ. In short, because he was a lover of God, St. Francis was also a lover of men, an apostle of charity. And this charity his spiritual sons and daughters prize as their dearest heritage. Peruse the pages of history and you will find that for seven centuries the children of St. Francis were conspicuous for their love of the

poor and the suffering. They instructed the ignorant, they protected the weak, they cared for the sick. In every country, in every home, was felt the soothing influence of their spirit of charity.

The Third Order is a child of St. Francis; in fact, it is itself but another manifestation of that all-absorbing love of the Seraph Saint for the welfare of his fellow men. What then is more proper than that its members should strive to imbibe this same spirit of charity, and in this way show that they are true sons and daughters of the glorious apostle of charity? It is true, the first object of the Third Order is self-sanctification of its members. But sanctity is founded on charity, and its first fruit is again charity, as our divine Savior maintained when he said, "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another" (John. xiii. 35).

We often hear the complaint that it is so difficult to gain new members for the Third Order. What, I ask, is the reason for this? Is it not, perhaps, because our Tertiaries, wholly bent on self-sanctification, forgot that other and not less important object of the Order, the exercise of Christian charity? In how many cases is not the entire activity of fraternities limited to monthly meetings and annual retreats? Surely, charity, also in spiritual matters, begins at home; but it must not stop there. The Third Order in the mind of St. Francis is to be a living factor in the world-movement with a definite, specific mission. It is to be that lighted candle placed upon a candlestick, shining to all that are in the house, that all may lead a life not only of personal sanctity, but also of true Christian charity. The Third Order is to be the salt of the earth, seasoning and preserving the practice not only of private virtue

but also of public charity. And this mission of public Christian charity, so eminently the object of the Third Order, will and must make the Third Order attractive to all those who love and serve Christ. For, what appeals more to the heart of man than charity, so rare in this cold and selfish world of ours?

When our divine Redeemer weighed down with sorrow and suffering, carried his heavy cross to Calvary, how imploringly did he not turn his blood-stained countenance to the multitude for someone to help him carry the heavy burden. But alas! only on compulsion did Simon of Cyrene lend a helping hand; and the women of Jerusalem?—tears were all they had to offer. Only one, we are told, took heart and regardless of personal discomfort, gave him her veil to wipe his disfigured face. Christ our Savior is still carrying the cross in the countless poor and forsaken, whose life on earth is in very deed a way of the cross. Of their neighbors, a few have words and tears of sympathy for them, but extremely small is the number of those who like Veronica offer the veil of practical Christian charity. And to this latter class our Tertiaries must belong. Yes, let our Tertiaries step boldly to the front, Veronicas of charity. Let them band together and form a valiant army of good Samaritans. Then and only then will the world learn to love and esteem the Third Order. Then and only then will those thousands of zealous Christians be drawn with heart and soul to that grand organization of Christian charity.

Your duty, then, dear Tertiaries, is clear. What holy Mother Church says of St. Francis, must also be true of every Tertiary: "Led by the love of God, he wishes not to live for himself alone, but also to profit others." You are to profit others. But how? A few brief remarks on

this eminently practical question will surely be in place.

The great veneration of St. Francis for the holy priesthood deterred him from entering this sublime state. He was wont to say that were he to meet an angel and a priest at the same time, he would first pay his respects to the priest as the representative of Christ, the King of angels. This veneration for the priesthood induced him to write an inspiring letter to all the priests of the Catholic Church, and in his Testament, he tells us how he desires to fear, love, and honor them because in this world he sees "nothing corporally of the most high Son of God Himself, except his most holy Body and Blood, which they receive and they alone administer to others."

In this respect, dear Tertiaries, you can become true and practical followers of St. Francis. How many a boy or young man feels himself drawn to the sacerdotal state, but owing to the embarrassed condition of his family, he is prevented from following the divine call and realizing the fondest desire of his youthful and innocent heart. He goes, indeed, to others for aid. But alas! he is repulsed in many cases even by those whose own interests should prompt them to labor for the steady increase of the number of priests. Tertiaries, children of St. Francis, sharers in his love and veneration for the holy priesthood, be up and doing; extend your charity to those needy but worthy aspirants to the priesthood. Where can you find a more noble and more sublime object of Franciscan charity?

Another spiritual work of mercy is to admonish sinners. We know that St. Francis was ready to undergo all the dangers and hardships of missionary life in order to wrest immortal souls from the clutches of Satan. In every parish, yes, per-

haps among your own friends and relatives, there is one or the other who has strayed from the fold of Christ. Ah, esteemed Tertiaries, how much you can do to bring back those erring sheep at Easter time, during a retreat, or on the occasion of a mission? Believe me, a kind word from you will in many cases avail more than all the sermons and exhortations of the priest, toward whom such souls are distant and prejudiced. Tell them what dangerous paths they are pursuing, show them how easy it is to get back on the road that leads to heaven and eternal happiness. In short, be good shepherds, anxious and zealous for the salvation of immortal souls.

Another vast field for the exercise of Christian charity is the corporal works of mercy. The love of St. Francis for the poor and sick knew no bounds. Enlightened by faith he beheld in them his divine Master who for our sake chose a life of poverty and suffering. Poor himself St. Francis gave of the little he had, and it is touching to read what strategems he would employ to relieve the needs of those who were so dear to his heart. In like manner, esteemed Tertiaries, your heart must go out to Christ's poor and suffering. They have a special claim on your charity. And what is more, "the poor," as our Savior says, "you have always with you" (Matt. xxvi, 11). How many a family in your parish, in your neighborhood, is suffering dire want of food and clothing! The father, perhaps, is dead; perhaps he is unable or even unwilling to earn a living for his family; the mother, sick from over-exertion and worry, is on the verge of despair; the little ones are ill-fed and ill-clad; the bread-box is empty and there is nothing in the pantry; the last piece of wood and coal has been thrown on the scanty fire; the home is cold and

cheerless. Dear Tertiaries, this picture is not overdrawn; it is based on sad experiences of which I as well as every priest could tell you more. What is to be done? What, I ask you, would St. Francis have done to relieve such poverty, to feed those hungry children, to clothe those shivering limbs, to brighten that cheerless home? What does he expect of you, his followers on the road of penance and charity? Go, therefore, dear Tertiaries, and discharge your duty. Visit those homes of gloom and distress; with a cheerful smile and an open purse show what Tertiaries are able and willing to do for Christ's poor. Show that in word and deed you are faithful followers of the Poor Man of Assisi. In particular, extend your charity to the aged and infirm. Hospitals, orphanages, poor houses, and homes for the aged are so many places where our Tertiaries can not only relieve the needs of the body but in many cases also bring back a despondent soul to the peace and love of God. Again, dear Tertiaries, do not forget the needs of your own parish, and least of all, the needs of the missions. How gratifying for a parish priest to know that the Tertiaries have formed an altar society to supply the material wants of the sanctuary. And the poor missionary,

laboring among the heathen for the spread of God's kingdom, will he not labor with redoubled zeal for the spiritual welfare of his charges, if he knows that materially his little church and school are well provided for through the charitable efforts of this or that Tertiary fraternity?

In all your endeavors, however, proceed with due discretion and humility. Perform your works of charity with the approval and under the guidance of your pastors and directors. Remember, the aim of the Third Order should be not to dominate but to cooperate. Furthermore, make the Franciscan spirit of humility your own. Let not your left hand know what your right hand gives. In this way, free from self-will and vainglory, your works of charity will be doubly esteemed by men and will draw new workers to your noble ranks. God on high, who knows all and sees all, will reward you a thousandfold. And your holy father St. Francis will extend his hands in blessing over you and one day will acknowledge you as his children and will conduct you in triumph to that blissful place in the kingdom of heaven where his glorious band of true and faithful followers are reaping the fruits of a life spent in penance and charity.

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## THANKSGIVING SERMON\*

*By Fr. Christopher, O.P.M.*

*"Give thanks always and for all things."*  
*Eph. vi. 20.*

SOME time ago, a Franciscan Father was introduced to Archbishop Keane, former Rector of the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., now Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Dubuque. The venerable prelate received him cor-

dially and said, "I, too, am a Franciscan, I am a Tertiary. Every morning when I rise, I kiss my scapular and ask God to give me a little of the holy spirit of the Seraphic Saint. Then, on my knees, I thank God for the great privilege of being a member of the Third Order."

To-day is Thanksgiving Day, the

\* Of this sermon we are sorry to be unable to bring more than a mere summary.—Ed.

day set aside by our Chief Executive as also by our Governor for rendering thanks to God in a special manner. In compliance with this request of our civil authorities, we have assembled here in this chapel to assist at the solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving.

Numberless are the favors which God has bestowed on us and for which we should be grateful. There is one for which you, my dear Tertiaries, should be particularly thankful; namely, that you enjoy the privilege of being members of the Third Order of St. Francis. Consider with me the extent of this privilege.

By becoming members of the Third Order, you become religious in the true sense of the word, a "holy nation," "a chosen generation." For the Third Order is a real and true order. It has a novitiate, a profession, an approved Rule, a habit like other approved religious orders. The members of the Third Order are, therefore, religious living in the world. What a dignity!

Moreover, the members of this Order are in a special manner consecrated to the Sacred Heart; they enjoy the patronage of our immaculate Mother, the patroness of the three Orders of St. Francis; they are assisted by numerous Saints and Blessed of these Orders, who will aid them in the battle of life.

Again, membership in the Third Order carries with it affiliation with all three families of our holy Father. Worthy members partake in all the holy Masses, prayers, penances, and works of piety performed by the members of the three Orders throughout the world. What a consolation to be united with so many thousands of saintly servants of God and to participate in the merits of their good works.

Then consider the immense number of partial and plenary indulgences granted to the members of the Third Order. This treasury of in-

dulgences enables the Tertiaries not only to mitigate the rigors of their own purgatory, but also to assist the souls now confined therein. Besides this, general absolution is imparted to them often during the year and twice a year they enjoy the privilege of the Papal Blessing.

Finally, the Tertiaries have the assurance of life eternal. For it was revealed to a saint that those who depart this life clothed in the habit of St. Francis will be saved. St. Margaret of Cortona, in a vision once saw a magnificent throne in heaven. On it was seated the seraphic St. Francis. Some time after this vision, our blessed Lord addressed to her these words: "Did you observe the wide, empty space about the throne? This space is reserved for the sons and daughters of St. Francis who die clothed in the garb of this saint."

If you call to mind the singular advantages membership in the Third Order procures for you, have you not every reason to thank God for the great privilege of being members of this grand institution?

But how can you manifest your gratitude in the most practical manner? First, by fulfilling the obligations which the holy Rule of the Third Order imposes on you. I say the *holy* Rule, for the Rule is holy in its origin; it is holy in its contents; it is holy in its fruits. The great number of canonized and beatified members testify to its sanctifying power. Therefore, show your gratitude by "walking worthy of your vocation." "Be strong, courageous, and valiant!" as God said to Josue. "Let not this law depart from your mouth. Meditate on it day and night. Observe all it commands you, and it will direct you on the right way to your goal."

Secondly, you show your gratitude to God by helping to spread the Third Order. We need your assistance. You must and can be lay

apostles. There are many means at your disposal of securing new members. Permit me to point out a few.

The first means is prayer. When reciting the words of that incomparable prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," pray that God may multiply vocations to the Third Order. Think of the Third Order when you assist at Mass, when you receive the Sacraments, when you recite your beads. It must be your earnest endeavor to secure as many new members as possible by means of devout prayer.

A second way to obtain new members is to recommend the Third Order to your friends. Tell them of the great spiritual advantages of the Order. Invite them to accompany you to the meetings. Introduce them to the Reverend Director.

A third way to be helpful in propagating the third Order is to circulate Franciscan literature. Secure subscriptions for the *Franciscan Herald*, the official organ of your Order. This instructive and interesting periodical should be found in the home of every Tertiary. When you have read it, pass it on to your neighbors. Follow the example of other organizations, for instance, the Y. M. C. A. Leave the *Herald*

and other pamphlets referring to the Third Order in public places, such as depots, hotels, street cars, trains, stores, factories. Experience shows that many new members have been obtained in this way.

Finally, draw new members to the Third Order by your good example. Words move, examples draw. To you, my dear Tertiaries, the words of Scripture apply: "Let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify the Father who is in Heaven." Therefore, go out into the highways and byways and bring into the fold of the Third Order new members. There is still room.

But I have done. I have shown you why you should thank God for the great privilege of being Tertiaries; I have pointed out to you how you can prove your gratitude. May my words bear fruit. May they ripen in you the resolution to be faithful Tertiaries. May they fill your hearts with new enthusiasm for the Third Order. May St. Francis and the Saints of the three Orders, whose feast we solemnize today, intercede for us, that we may gallantly fight the battle of life, and that, having gained the victory, we may receive the crown of eternal life. Amen.

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## THE CRUCIBLE

*By George Cleveland Maclin, Tertiary*

FROM boyhood, Bill Carr and Larry Hayes had been "pals." Their friendship was strengthened as they reached manhood, but now that Larry, too, was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, they were united by a common purpose as never before. Bill had taken to the Third Order

much as a matter of course; Larry on the other hand, had found it necessary to go through a process of orientation.

"Larry, you've been a Tertiary for some months now. What do you think of the Third Order by this time?" queried Bill as the two neared the end of one of their fre-

quent tramps,

"It's great, but I must confess I'm disappointed with myself. I feel greatly benefited by saying the Seraphic Office each day and delight in knowing I share in the prayers and good works of all the members of the three Franciscan Orders; but beyond giving up dancing I don't seem to have accomplished the definite things I thought would follow my becoming a Tertiary."

"I'll warrant you're looking for something big to do. Too many of us seek the spectacular in life. We forget that most worth while things have a modest beginning and that trivial duties done in the spirit of service often lead to magnificent results. No, Larry, we don't have to equip a Red Cross unit or endow a library to be eminently worth while as Tertiaries and Christians. We would all do well to remember that service is the keynote of genuine living. To me life often seems to be nothing more or less than a crucible in which we put the moments of every day, all of them going to make up a finished product. In expecting something of big proportions to turn up, multitudes miss the joy of service, little kindnesses that can be rendered almost every hour in the day. Come down to the earth, old boy. Be on the watch for opportunities to be of service and you will be astonished at the result."

"Whew! Quite a sermon, Bill, but I believe you're right. Perhaps, I have been chasing the rainbow. I'll try your plan and you can just bet I'll let you in on the result of the experiment. I'll see you later."

Not three blocks distant Larry met an unkempt urchin sucking his finger and crying as if his heart would break.

"What's the matter, sonny?" he called cheerily. But no response came from the dejected figure before him.

"Oh, come on now and tell me what the trouble is; I'll bet you cut your finger. Cheer up, that's easily mended, for I'm something of a doctor when it comes to healing sore fingers, sonny. All you've got to do is look me square in the eyes—and smile!"

An incredulous face peered from the sleeve where it had been hidden from the eyes of the inquisitor, but soon there was the faintest smile traceable at the corners of the little mouth—a reflection from the radiant countenance of the young Samaritan.

"What's your name, laddie, Tom, Dick, or Harry?"

A silence followed during which the lad was visibly trying to fathom the reason for all this solicitude. Finally, catching something of the play spirit, which lurks just under the surface in every normal boy, he exclaimed:

"I'll give yer one more guess, and it ain't Joe neither."

"Let me see," Larry mused, and then as though seized with an inspiration he ejaculated "Dave!"

"Nope, you're a bum guesser," was the rejoinder, with a shade of disappointment at the lack of prescience exhibited by the questioner. "My name's Xavier."

"Xavier!" it was Larry's turn to exclaim. "Why, you're a Catholic then, aren't you?"

"Cat'lick? Wha's a Cat'lick?" at which display of naiveté Larry gave vent to a ringing peal of laughter.

"Where do you live, Xavier?" asked the Tertiary, recalling Bill Carr's recent "sermon" and sensing the possibilities of the situation. At first the youngster refused to divulge such important information, but at last he took the catechist into his confidence.

Larry was of a most impulsive disposition, and he lost no time in putting his recently formed resolution into practice. So it happened

that an immaculately clad young man and a very untidy urchin, who was already regarded in the light of a protégé, were soon on their way to the mill district of the city.

The abode of the Harolsons was typical of the section in which they lived. The porch was sagging at a dangerous angle, strips of what had once been lace curtains were being blown in and out of the front windows by the vagrant breeze, and not a vestige of grass or shrub was to be seen on the premises. A slatternly woman stood with her arms akimbo just within the open door, signs of wonder written on her face as she observed that the stranger was coming to her house.

"How do you do, Mrs. Harolson? My name is Larry Hayes. Xavier and I have become acquainted and I wish to talk with you about him."

"Laws a mercy, Mr. Hayes, let me dust a chair for you," exclaimed the mother when she realized this was neither the probation officer nor a collector on aggravation bent. "Jest come right in and sit down."

"Mrs. Harolson, I'm mighty curious to know how you happened to name your son Xavier. Would you mind telling me?"

The woman's face flushed as she hesitated a moment; but the sympathetic face of the young man gave her confidence to tell the story with frankness.

"Well, we're jest po' folks, Mr. Hayes, ain't never had nothin' and don't never expect to have nothin'. When the boy come we borried the diction'ry from a neighbor fam'ly and looked at every name in the list of men's names, but there warn't none of 'em that I would have. Jest as I was about to give it up as a bad job I found a loose leaf in the book with a lot of saint's names on it—guess it come out of a prayer book—and when I saw 'Xavier' I was mighty pleased with it."

"And no doubt that leaf came from a Catholic prayer book. Do you attend services at any church?"

"Land sakes, Mr. Hayes, I ain't had no new clothes for two years, and churches don't want po' people who can't wear fine clothes."

"Some churches might not want poor people, but there is one church where you would be very welcome, and that is the Catholic Church. In fact, poor people are so welcome that the enemies of the Church make the false accusation that our membership consists mainly of the poor and ignorant. When your son told me his name I was confident you were a Catholic family, but Xavier did not have the slightest idea what I meant when I asked if he were a Catholic."

"I've heard tell about the Catholic Church, but I thought it was like all the rest of 'em. No, we jest never go to any church."

"Let me come after Xavier on Sunday and take him to the Sunday school Mass at the church I attend. I will have an entire new outfit of clothing sent out on Saturday, if you will allow me—"

"Oh, I wouldn't think of letting you buy anything. Why, his dad would have a fit if you done anything like that."

"Please," pleaded Larry with his winning smile. "I'm awfully interested in the lad and have as much spending money as I want. Yes, I'm going to send the clothing and you have him all ready so we can reach Raymond Avenue at ten o'clock. Don't fail me! Good bye until Sunday."

As Larry stepped onto the porch of the Harolson's on the following Sunday he was met by an unshaven man in overalls, who might have been any age between thirty and forty-five. Smilingly the young man held out his hand and introduced himself.

"My name is Hayes, sir. I came

to take Xavier to Sunday school at Sacred Heart Church. Is he ready to go?"

"What're you 'siring' me for?" snarled the man. "What's yer game in takin' the kid to church? You rich guys don't care nothin' about us po' devils. What's the ideah, eh?"

This reception was entirely unexpected, and for a moment Larry could not realize that his motives were being called in question.

"Why, I don't understand, Mr. Harolson. Do you fancy any particular harm will come from taking Xavier to Sunday school? Your wife told me he did not attend any school, either during the week or on Sunday, and I would like to interest him in these things. May I see Xavier and his mother?"

"Naw, you can't see 'em. They're not here. And I jest want you to know, young feller, that you can stay away from around here. You religious guys make me tired. All you want is the nickel or dime we put in the collection basket, and I ain't got no nickel to give you. I want you to stay away, y' understand?"

Larry was inclined to give a heated reply, but his good breeding came to the rescue and he quietly said:

"I am going to convince you, Mr. Harolson, that you are mistaken in your estimate of me. Some day you'll be glad to shake my hand and thank me for my interest in your son. Good morning."

The young Tertiary walked gravely down the street after this rebuff, considering his mode of procedure for the immediate future. These people must be helped in some manner, but how was the gap between them to be bridged and confidence established? Obviously, he must somehow enter into the activities of their daily life.

Early the following morning,

Larry walked briskly into the time-keeper's office at the Simmons Mills.

"Where will I find the foreman?" he enquired.

"Job?" was the laconic reply. "What can you do?"

"Anything,"

"Ever work in a foundry?"

"I have not, but I'll try anything you have to offer."

"Come along, I'll put you with the molderers." And a few minutes later Larry was duly entered as an employee of the plant.

In a very short time, the new overalls were entirely initiated into the mysteries of acquiring grime, and the young fellow's face was a sight to see. In the course of the morning, he came face to face with Harolson, but the latter certainly saw no resemblance between the begrimed individual in front of him and the one he had ordered from his premises the day before. That first day Larry thought quitting-time would never come, and when at last the whistle blew for a cessation of labor, every muscle in his body ached and throbbed.

At the end of the second day, young Hayes found himself sincerely interested in his surroundings and discovered that a real fellowship existed between the men, although a casual observer would never suspect it from their rough exterior. At noon on Wednesday, a couple of young fellows joined him as he ate his lunch perched on the top of an old boiler.

"How're you comin' along, Hayes?"

"All right, thanks."

"Our crowd's going to have the swellest dance over at Tanner's Hall to-night. Come and go along."

"Sorry, but I have cut out dancing. By the way, what do you fellows do with your spare time—when there are no dances to go to?"

"Play pool, most always, down at the corner," was the response, and

while Larry was considering this waste of time on the part of the foundry boys and their lack of special training, the whistle blew for the resumption of work.

Saturday proved to be a rush day. As four o'clock drew near, the foremen urged their men to increased activity in order to finish the work in hand within half an hour, for the employees were paid at four-thirty. At the prospect of the day's end and the pay envelope, a feverish haste could be observed throughout the foundry, and with the rush came a corresponding lack of caution. Like many another foundry, the Simmons Mills were not wholly equipped with the latest mechanical devices, and one of their oldest pieces of equipment was an unenclosed conveyor, which made a circuit of the molding room and thence to structures beyond.

At twenty-five minutes past four, a shout of warning rang above the din, and with a swift glance Larry observed that one of the workmen—it was Harolson—had his clothing caught in the conveyor belt and was being carried up and up towards the roof of the foundry, and thence—but the thought made his blood run cold. With all his energy he raced across the molding room, leaping sundry obstructions like a pursued hare, and with an agility born of frenzy jumped from ladder to ladder with well-nigh incredible speed until he found himself amidst a network of belts and pulleys. Thanks to the circuitous route traveled by the belt, there was still a chance to win. He braced himself in his aerial niche, whipped out his knife and, as he grasped the unconscious man with his left hand, slashed at the jacket with his right.

Below, the workmen were frozen with horror at the spectacle. For a brief second it appeared both men must inevitably fall to certain death. With a superhuman effort, however, Larry retained his footing and his hold on the limp body of Harolson until assistance reached him. As his feet once again touched the floor and he was enabled to relax his tense muscles, the strain of the unusual exertion of the week coupled with the prodigious excitement of the last five minutes, proved too much for him and he toppled onto a heap of iron filings. As he reeled, he heard cheers that seemed to come from a vast distance, but somehow he realized there was a connection between them and himself.

On Sunday, two weeks later, a group of men, women, and children were gathered together in an unused storeroom adjacent to the Simmons Mills. In their midst stood an earnest Tertiary expounding the teachings of the Holy Catholic Church. After the lesson, a young man came forward from the rear of the room, and, grasping the hand of the teacher, exclaimed:

"Larry, you're a wonder! Congratulations, old man!"

"Thanks, Bill. And by the way, let me introduce you to my friends the Harols. This," he added, with a sweeping gesture round the room, "is the result of your sermon on making the most of the little things of life."

As the two left the room Larry remarked, "you're right, Bill, life is a crucible. Believe me, I'm going to try to make every moment count hereafter, for a fellow never can tell the possibilities of a chance acquaintance."

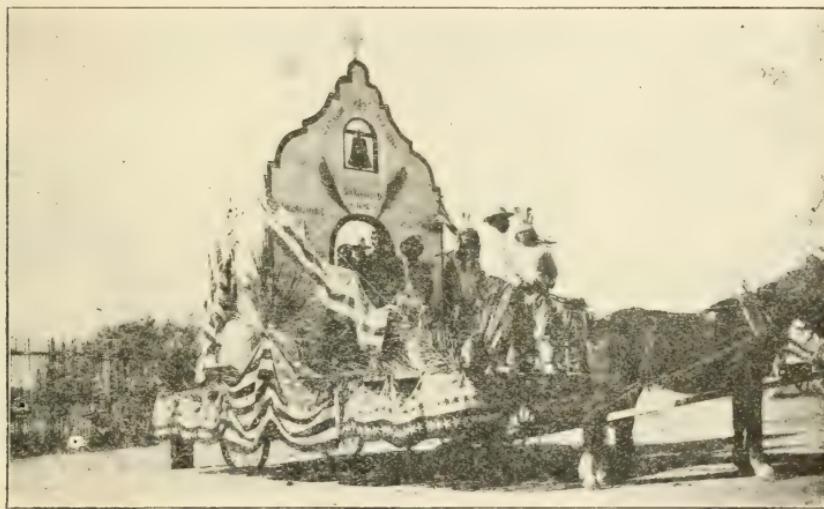
## INDIAN FAIR AT SACATON, ARIZONA

*By Fr. Augustine, O. F. M.*

THE Pima Indians this year held their Seventh Annual Fair at the Sacaton Agency, on October 31, November 1 and 2. The exhibits in the agricultural, stock, domestic, and school departments were numerous and gave evidence of steady progress. There was, of course, also a "Better Baby" contest, and rugby, races, bronco-

keen competition with the Government schools our children captured nineteen first and twenty-one second prizes.

A new feature of this year's fair was the "Float Parade." A few days before the opening of the fair, the officials expressed their wish that St. John's Mission take part in the parade by presenting some



Mission Float at Sacaton, Arizona, Fair

breaking, and other trials of strength and skill furnished the necessary entertainment.

The various grades of St. John's Mission school of Komatke had a large number of exhibits. The children had worked diligently in the classroom and in the sewing room, and they were highly gratified to see their labors crowned with success. For in the face of

phase of religious work. Time was brief, but the opportunity was worth grasping. A plan was soon decided on, and within three days the float was finished.

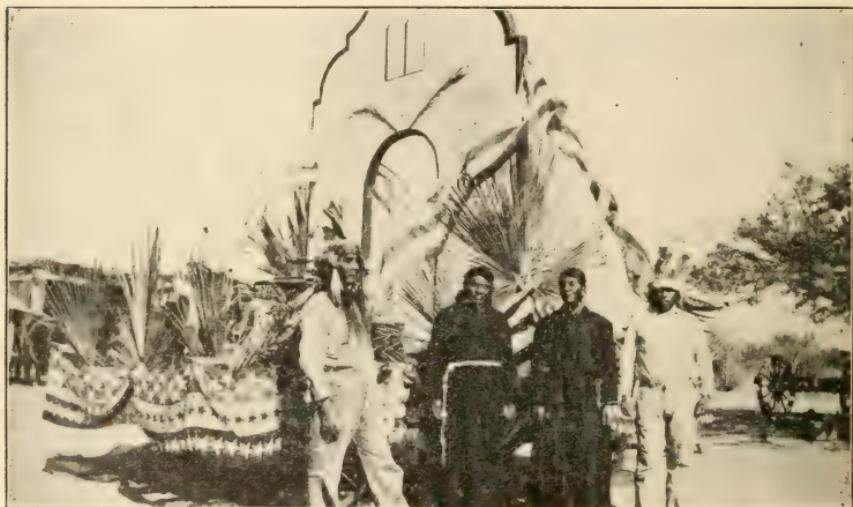
A scene, twelve by nine feet, representing the facade of a mission church (St. John's Mission) surmounted by a cross, divided the float into two equal parts. The front half depicted the old missions

of Arizona, while the other half dealt with the modern missions among the Pimas. Corresponding groups of Indians completed the tableaux. The whole float was beautifully decorated with palms and bunting.

The old mission section was denoted by the names of the five principal missions of the early days: San Xavier del Bac, Santos Angeles de Guevavi, San José de Tucson,

among the Kwahadk Indians, who are closely related to the Pimas and are under the jurisdiction of the Sacaton Agency.

The two groups of Indians on the float were very appropriate and interesting. In the old mission scene a Jesuit missionary was represented instructing several Indian men, women, and children, whose head-dresses of feathers recalled the olden times.



Chief John Kelly and John G. Whittier as Indian Missionaries at Sacaton Fair

San José de Tumacacori, San Cayetano de Calabazas.

The modern mission scene bore the names of those Pima missions that have churches: St. John the Baptist, Komatke; St. Francis, Salt River; St. Anne, Santan; St. Peter, Casa Blanca; St. Antony, Sacaton; St. Michael, Sacaton Flats; Holy Family, Blackwater; St. Augustine, Chuechu; St. Isabella, Waiwawa. The last two missions named are

The other group exhibiting the modern missions, was composed of well-dressed men, women, and children, who were intently following the discourse of a Franciscan missionary. The children were seated in school desks, to signify the activities of the mission schools. One of the men held aloft a large United States flag, thus showing that "God and Country" is the motto of the modern missionaries, just as it was

that of the old pioneers.

The Jesuit Father was given the place of honor in the first group, because the Jesuits were the first in the Arizona mission field, although the mission churches (now all in ruins, except San Xavier) were erected by their successors, the intrepid sons of St. Francis.

The two "Indian missionaries" merited all the attention and congratulations they received. John Kelly, the zealous chief of the Catholics of Sacaton, and his faithful assistant, John G. Whittier, impersonated respectively the Franciscan and the Jesuit. They, as well as the other members of the groups, deserve our sincere thanks for agreeing to appear on the float, thus insuring its success; for it was the common verdict of all unbiased observers, that the Mission float was the most interesting and best

executed of the nine floats that took part in the exhibition.

When the time came for the parade to start, the officials kindly gave the Mission float the place of honor at the head of the procession. It thus happened that the large white cross surmounting the float and glittering in the sunlight, took the lead, much to the chagrin, no doubt, of certain Presbyterian ministers, whose aversion for the cross is beyond comprehension. It is a pity, to say the least, that so many well-meaning Indians are being filled with similar sentiments towards the sign of our redemption,—that sign which was the first thing the pioneer missionaries were wont to erect on entering the villages of their forefathers, and in which their successors in these mission fields place all their hopes for the conversion of the Indian.

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## Evening

The western sky, a rose and amber sea,  
Cloud skiffs adrift, opalesce and pearl,  
A dusky mantle, velvet soft and cool  
Night flings about her shoulders; heart to heart  
In deep'ning gloom, the trees are whispering;  
Somewhere a bird his throbbing soul sets free,—  
A glinting flash of melody a-flame;  
The rose and amber sea dusk sapphire now,—  
O'er placid sky-deeps sudden glimmers bright  
A lighthouse lamp—the trembling evening star.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—For the interest and edification of our readers we cull the following items from the *Revista Franciscana*: "Between the years 1500 and 1882, the Catholic Church has canonized 86 servants of God, while 330 were beatified. Of these, 314 belonged to religious orders as follows: Franciscans, 117; Jesuits, 90; Dominicans, 59; Augustinians, 19; Trinitarians, 3; Norbertines, 2; Brethren of St. John of God, 2; Lazarists, 1; Passionists, 1; Redemptorists, 1; Carmelites 1; other religious orders, 15. The remaining 102 were ecclesiastics or simple lay persons. Of these 416 servants of God (358 men and 58 women), 297 suffered martyrdom, while the remaining 119 practiced virtue in a heroic degree."

**Quaracchi, Italy.**—Despite the unfavorable conditions created by the war, the Franciscan Fathers at Quaracchi are still actively engaged in reediting with critical notes and comments standard works on Franciscan history. Only recently, they completed and published a new volume (the sixth) of the *Analecta Franciscana*. These *Analecta* are a storehouse of Franciscan lore, containing unedited and rare documents referring to the Franciscan Order. The Fathers have likewise made the nineteenth volume of Wadding's famous and valuable *Annales Minorum* accessible to students of Franciscan history. This volume bearing on the early period of the Protestant Reformation had become very rare and no doubt many a student will hail this new critical edition with great joy.

**Constantinople, Turkey.**—The July issue of the *Annales Franciscaines* brings a very interesting account of the confraternity of

women Tertiaries founded in Constantinople. The conference dates from the year 1908 and of late it has received a new impulse through the efforts of Fr. Constant, O.M.CAP., its zealous director. After a retreat preached in October, 1914, Monsignor Pompili, Vicar General of the diocese and a member of the Third Order, had the singular happiness of giving the Tertiary habit to twenty-four postulants. This was surely a fair beginning. Since then, the fraternity has increased, so that at present it numbers sixty-three professed members, forty-three novices and six postulants. Meetings are held twice a month; viz., on the second Friday for all Tertiaries, and on the fourth Sunday for postulants, novices, and such Tertiaries as are professed but one year. In the latter meeting, special instruction is given by the Rev. Director on the ideals, aims, and methods of the Third Order. Every Wednesday, twenty or thirty of the Tertiaries come together to do sewing for the poor. A part of the meeting is devoted to spiritual reading and to the recital of the Franciscan rosary.

**London, England.**—The Duke of Norfolk who recently passed to a better life was a member of the Third Order. Though the first peer of England and hereditary grand marshal of the English Court, the duke prided himself on being a son of St. Francis. He was deeply imbued with the typically Franciscan spirit of loyalty to the Catholic Church and of earnest zeal for the spread and maintenance of Christ's kingdom on earth. Hence it occasioned little surprise among his friends and admirers, when on opening his last will, it was found

that he had bequeathed a considerable portion of his great wealth for charitable and religious purposes. The Bishops of Southwark and Norwich each received 30,000 pounds towards the endowment of churches. Further, the Duke left 10,000 pounds for the education of the Catholic clergy in England and the same amount for the mission schools at Houghton and Angmering in Lussex. The servants who had been in his employ for six months received each a year's wages. Regarding his private life, a friend of the late Duke, who had known him intimately for fifty years, writes in the *Morning Post*: "No happier home ever existed, and a home circle, both above and below stairs, has suffered an irreparable loss. The tonic of his inspiring smile, the contagion of his hearty and natural laugh, his love of children, his delight of seeing those around him happy, his care never to neglect the older or less amusing guests, his anxiety not to hurt feelings—all these elements in that attractive nature of his combined to make one feel and ask oneself the question, 'Shall we ever see his like again?' We are all the poorer for his disappearance; but he leaves a memory behind him which enriches the nation, for we who knew him and loved him can but feel that the only tribute we can pay to his memory is to attempt to follow his example."

**San Fernando, Spain.**—The Royal Academy of Fine Arts in San Fernando has unanimously elected Fr. Isidor Acemel Rodriguez, O.F.M., a member of the Academy. The learned friar has gained this singular distinction through his long and untiring labors in the field of arts and letters.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—The English-speaking Third Order fraternities of St. Peter's Church report the following sta-

tistics for the year 1917. One hundred and three persons were received into the novitiate of the St. Francis Fraternity, eighty-one were professed, and thirty-one professed members and one novice were called to their eternal reward. In the St. Louis Fraternity, one hundred and thirty-nine received the scapular and cord, one hundred and seventeen were admitted to their profession, while twenty-six professed and one novice died.

**Quincy, Ill., Quincy College and Seminary.**—At a recent meeting of the board of officers of St. Francis Solanus College it was decided to change the name of this institution to Quincy College and Seminary. For fifty-seven years, this Franciscan seat of learning has upheld the best traditions of the Order in the education of youth for both the clerical and the secular state under the protecting care of the great Franciscan Apostle of Peru, St. Francis Solanus, and this saint will continue, in spite of the change in name, to watch over the interests of the institution as its chief patron.

That the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi is zealously fostered in the college was evidenced at the last investiture of novices in the college Third Order fraternity, when twenty-five students were clothed with the Tertiary cord and scapular. The solemnity of the occasion was enhanced by the presence of Very Rev. Fr. Provincial who officiated at the service and strengthened the student Tertiaries in their holy vocation by an impressive address on the dignity and prerogatives of the Third Order. On Sunday, December 9, three novices of the fraternity were admitted to their profession by their Rev. Director, Fr. Rupert.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church.**—At the meeting of the English-speaking Tertiaries held December 2, eighty-eight new members were received. In place of the customary

instruction on such occasions, the Rev. Director gave a report of the Third Order conference held the preceding week at Teutopolis, Ill. As he spoke, a wave of enthusiasm passed over the vast assembly of Tertiaries that filled the spacious church to its capacity, and after the meeting many of them expressed their joy to the Fr. Director over the happy outcome of the convention.

On January 1, 1918, the Tertiary fraternities of St. Joseph's Church will enter on their Golden Jubilee Year. Through the kind offices of the Very Rev. Fr. Procurator General of the Franciscan Order in Rome, our Rev. Director received, in honor of the memorable event, a large, beautiful photograph of Pope Benedict XV, beneath which His Holiness himself graciously penned with his own hand (as Fr. Procurator expressly states) the following cordial message in Latin:

To Our Dear Son, Rev. Hilarion Duerk, O.F.M., and to All Members of the Fraternity of the Third Order Secular of St. Francis, Established in the Church of the Friars Minor in the City of Cleveland:

We send sincere congratulations since you are about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of your fraternity, and impart to you all the Apostolic Benediction, imploring the All-good and All-great God that the aforesaid Tertiaries may from day to walk more and more in the footsteps of their Seraphic Father and be yet more solicitous for their own sanctification and for the sanctification of their neighbor.

From the Vatican on the feast of All Saints, in the year 1917.

BENEDICT, P. P. xv.

The precious gift appropriately framed now occupies a conspicuous place in the Tertiary office, a lasting souvenir of our Golden Jubilee.

During the past year four hundred and twenty-two members were admitted to the Third Order in St. Joseph's and three hundred and thirty-one novices were professed. Besides the ordinary activity common to all fraternities, our Tertiaries were especially busy in the apost-

tolate of the press. They contributed thousands of excellent pamphlets, such as *Marion's Dream*, *Fr. Roch's Smoker*, *Friend of the Poor Souls*, and *For Christ's Kingdom*. Books were donated to the U. S. Army and Navy and to several institutions, the most valuable being Roma, by Kuhn, and Stoddard's Lectures (14 volumes). About one hundred new books were added to our Tertiary library during the course of the past year, and some two thousand two hundred volumes were drawn from it. *Franciscan Herald* pays its monthly visit to almost every Tertiary home, and in the last month alone about four hundred and fifty new subscriptions and many renewals were sent to the *Herald* office from Cleveland.

Through the generosity of a local Tertiary and the kindness of Mr. Louis Kenedy, the firm of Kenedy and Sons of New York was persuaded to revise the Life of St. Francis of Assisi by Fr. Candide Chalippe, O.F.M., and to reprint the work in large, clear type. The book will be placed on the market in February, and, although it contains about five hundred pages and is neatly cloth-bound, it will sell for the low price of 50 cents, thus bringing a splendid life of the Seraphic of Assisi within reach of all.

The missionary spirit so prominent in the life of St. Francis found many imitators among our Tertiaries during the past year. This was evidenced by the fact that one thousand and sixty joined the Tertiary Mission Section founded February 12, 1917; nor did their zeal consist in words only; for since then more than \$2,000 was realized for foreign and domestic missions. The apostolate of prayer, too, was not neglected. Thus our Tertiaries strove to assist the dying sinners by their own prayers and by selling twelve hundred cloth-bound manuals of the "Pious Union for the Salvation of

the Dying," to secure the prayers of others for this noble cause. During the year 1917, death claimed twenty-eight of our brothers and sisters in St. Francis, while fourteen Tertiaries left the world to consecrate themselves to God in religion.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.**—The number of Franciscan Tertiaries in this city was recently increased by the acquisition of fifty-four new members, while fourteen novices were admitted to their profession. A special meeting of the Tertiaries was held on December 5, in the course of which our Rev. Di, rector gave a glowing account of the Third Order conference held at Teutopolis, on November 28 and 29, and imparted his enthusiasm for the Third Order to his audience. In pursuance of a recommendation made at the close of the conference at Teutopolis, the English-speaking Tertiaries chose as the special patron for their fraternity the Immaculate Conception, while the German-speaking Tertiaries placed their fraternity under the special protection of St. Antony. The two fraternities will henceforth be designated by these titles. In four other parishes of the city, where the Third Order has a fair representation, arrangements have been made with the Rev. Pastors to grant the Tertiaries a special Sunday each month on which they can assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion in a body. This plan permits the Tertiaries to hold a general Communion every month without drawing them away from their parish and meets with the hearty approval of the respective pastors, who declare that they are much edified by the devotion and zeal the Tertiaries exhibit on these occasions.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Mary's Infirmary.**—On November 21, the feast of Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, ten postulants received the habit and thirteen Sisters pronounced

their vows at St. Mary's Infirmary, the motherhouse of a congregation of Franciscan Sisters known as the Sisters of St. Mary. Right Rev. Monsignor J. A. Connolly, V.G., presided at the ceremonies, while a large number of both the secular and the regular clergy honored the Sisters with their presence on the solemn occasion. The High Mass was celebrated by Rev. H. Jaegering, chaplain of St. Mary's, assisted by Rev. Fr. Herman Joseph, O.F.M., of St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill., as deacon, and by Rev. Mr. Walter Riske, of Kenrick Seminary, as sub-deacon. Rev. John N. Hecker, C.S.S.R., who had conducted the retreat, delivered the English sermon, while Rev. Fr. Herman Joseph, whose sister, Miss Helen Fister, of St. Charles, Mo., was among the postulants received, preached in German.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Hospital.**—A rare and meaningful ceremony took place, on November 21, in St. Antony's Hospital, the motherhouse of the Franciscan Sisters of the Province of St. Clare, when two venerable members of their congregation celebrated the golden jubilee of their religious profession. Sr. M. Longina Sommer and Sr. M. Theodora Brockmann are the first to secure this distinction. The former has taught for many years in St. Clare's Orphanage in Denver, Col., while the latter is superior of St. Francis Hospital in Waterloo, Ia. The solemn services were inaugurated with a procession of all the Sisters from the chapter room to the chapel, where the Rev. H. A. Huckestein, spiritual director, celebrated a solemn High Mass, assisted by Rev. F.F. Jasper and Joseph, of the local Franciscan monastery, as deacon and subdeacon. Fr. Jasper, who had conducted a preparatory retreat for the celebration, preached the German sermon, and Rev. C. Brockmeier, of New Orleans, de-

livered an English address. After the Mass, the two jubilarians renewed their holy vows; whereupon they were crowned with a golden wreath. The ceremony was carried out according to the Franciscan ritual, and it left a deep impression on all present. *Franciscan Herald* extends its heartiest congratulations to the two venerable jubilarians and wishes them many more years of blessed labor in the service of the Master.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.**—During the recent Tertiary conference held at the college, the Rev. Directors and delegates had occasion to note the interest that our student Tertiaries are taking in the Indian missions. A large assortment of altar linens, vestments, and other useful articles for the mission churches procured by their own funds or obtained from benefactors, were on exhibition in the Tertiaries' library. Like St. Francis himself, most of our Tertiaries are compelled to beg first of others in order to give alms, and the naiveté with which they go about this seldom leaves their efforts fruitless. Among the most generous contributors to their Indian Mission Christmas Box are the Ven. Religious of the Sacred Heart, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Wegener, of Humphrey, Nebraska, Mrs. Frances Eberle, of

St. Louis, Mrs. Henniger, of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. Hellstern, of Indianapolis.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.**—On Sunday, December 2, at the regular monthly meeting, twelve postulants were invested, while eighteen novices made their profession. After the services, the Tertiaries repaired to the parish auditorium, where their Rev. Director addressed them on the proposed Third Order Home. The great hall was crowded with the eager listeners and when Fr. Ildephonse unfolded his plans, he was greeted with hearty applause. The Tertiaries of Montreal, Canada, have three Homes, and it is planned to model the San Francisco institution after them. Many donations to the building fund have been made, and many persons have indicated their interest in the movement by offering to buy in. The present membership of the Order in San Francisco is fourteen hundred.

A novena for peace was held before the feast of the Immaculate Conception in St. Boniface Church. Not only the Tertiaries but all the parishioners responded zealously to the invitation to implore the Immaculate Queen of Heaven to use her power in restoring peace to our war-weary world.

## OBITUARY

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**

*St. Francis Fraternity*:—Elizabeth Rogan, Sr. Mary, Anna de la Cour, Sr. Mary: Maria Maher, Sr. Elizabeth.

*St. Louis Fraternity*:—Ellen Neylon, Sr. Clare.

*St. Elizabeth Fraternity*:—John Scherer, Bro. Antony; Josephine Loehrl, Sr. Elizabeth; Maria Langkan, Sr. Antonia; Barbara Rosenkranz, Sr. Frances; Josephine Ruby, Sr. Viridiana.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:**—Catherine Berry, Sr. Mary; Clara Younglass, Sr. Rose; Mary O'Connor, Sr. Elizabeth; Anna Brennan, Sr. Frances; Bridget Gallagher, Sr. Clare; Justina Buehner, Sr. Agnes.

**Fruitvale Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church:**—Joseph E. Laviolette.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:**—Mary Lane; K. Grownay; P. Cooper; Frances Farrall; Mary Doyle.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:**—John Quinn; Em. Stadelmann; M. Rothove; J. Wuschke; Catherine Duffy; Catherine Brayton.

**South Bethlehem, Pa.:**—Clemence Detrixhe, Sr. Margaret of Cortona.

*Requiescant in pace.*



## WORDS OF CHEER

... We would not miss a single number of *Franciscan Herald* on account of its good and valuable reading matter. Wishing you the choicest blessings of the lovely Babe of Bethlehem, we are in J. M. J.

Sisters of St. Francis,  
Ashton, Iowa.

Permit me, while renewing my subscription, to take this opportunity of congratulating you upon your excellent magazine. The day of its arrival is, in a small way, a red letter day for my home. Its coming is always eagerly looked forward to, especially by the children, who are very much interested in Fr. Roch. However, as congratulation is not the kind of support you seek and as deeds speak louder than words, you will please find enclosed one dollar in renewal of my subcription.

M. Hausmann,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

Enclosed find money order for \$1.00 for the renewal of our subscription. We are very much pleased with the *Herald*.

Theresa C. Wernet,  
Nashville, Tenn.

... Assuring you of the pleasure and spiritual gain the *Franciscan Herald* brings us, I am very sincerely,

Anna Ward,  
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find a postal order for the renewal of Miss A. F.'s. and my own subscription to *Franciscan Herald* and a small donation for your Indian missions. I wish the writing of the *Herald* would give you so much pleasure as the reading of it gives us.

M. A. Mullen,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for subscription. I compliment the management and the Rev. Editors of the *Franciscan Herald* for the prompt delivery and for the good reading for young and old. I haven't missed a copy. I recommend this magazine to all. Wishing you all a prosperous and happy New Year,

B. A. Steck,  
St. Louis, Mo.

*Franciscan Herald* is a gem!

Rose V. Mervill,  
Chicago, Ill.

Herewith find enclosed our renewal card for the *Franciscan Herald*. We should certainly feel lost without the *Herald* after being accustomed to it for so many years.

S. N. Wagner,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I am very much pleased with the *Herald* and wish to continue my subscription. I read it to my husband at night after he has been working hard all day. We like especially the articles on the Wisconsin Indians, as we are acquainted with the Franciscan Fathers who write them.

Mrs. Joe DeFoe,  
Cloquet, Minn.

Enclosed please find money order for \$1.00 for renewal to *Franciscan Herald*. We enjoy reading the *Herald* very much and would not be without it.

Mrs. Chas. E. Canavan,  
Cordova, Alaska.

We hand you herewith our check in the sum of \$1.50 in renewal of our subscription to *Franciscan Herald* for the coming year. If the subscription price is more than the enclosed remittance, please advise and we shall be glad to send it. If not, retain this amount as your paper is well worth the money, and more too, in these times of high costs.

Jos. Siemer,  
Teutopolis, Ill.

I think your magazine is one of the best papers that can be in a Catholic home.

Eva Mulvihill,  
Omaha, Nebr.

Enclosed please find subsciption price for the coming year. I enjoy the *Herald* very much, and always look forward to its coming. Wishing you every success and a wide circulation, I am sincerely yours,

Mary Ann Kennedy,  
Oakland, Cal.

I wish to renew my subscription for the

best magazine ever printed—the *Franciscan Herald*.  
Mary A. Leonard,  
Santa Barbara, Cal.

*Franciscan Herald* is an excellent magazine and I enjoy it immensely.

Catherine Cairns,  
Yonkers, N. Y.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 in payment for my subscription to *Franciscan Herald*. I could not do without our little magazine and I read it from cover to cover.

Leo C. Seibert,  
St. Elmo, Ill.

May God bless you and your good work. We always look forward with great pleasure to the reading of the *Franciscan Herald*.

Mrs. T. C. Whelan,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. Antony Matre, Knight of St. Gregory the Great and a Tertiary of St. Francis, in an address delivered to the C. K. of A. at Chicago, praised *Franciscan Herald* as one of the best Catholic periodicals and encouraged his hearers to subscribe to it.

Fr. C., O.F.M.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find one dollar in money order for my subscription to the *Franciscan Herald* for the coming year. I am well

pleased with it and eagerly await each issue. Wishing you God's blessing on your noble work, I am,

Margaret Klein,  
Chillicothe, Mo.

I enjoy the *Franciscan Herald* and its good, wholesome stories. I wish it were a weekly instead of a monthly.

Pauline C. Mohr,  
Keokuk, Ia.

I thank you for reminding me that my subscription to the *Franciscan Herald* has expired and I am sending money to have it renewed, as I would not like to miss a single number. I like particularly the articles telling about the missions.

Kathleen Talbott,  
Spokane, Wash.

You will find check enclosed to pay my subscription. The *Herald* is surely a beautiful magazine. I would not wish to be without it. I remail my *Herald* after reading it.

Jno. A. Wernimont,  
Monticello, Ia.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for the renewal subscription to the *Franciscan Herald*. I enjoy reading it very much and always give it a hearty welcome.

Mary Demmert,  
Rochester, N. Y.



# The Third Order of St. Francis

## St. Joseph's Church, Cleveland, O.

"As hitherto We have always bestowed special care upon the Third Order of St. Francis, so now, being called by the supreme mercy of God to the office of Sovereign Pontiff since thereby We can most opportunely do the same, We exhort Christian men not to refuse to enroll themselves in this sacred army of Jesus Christ. Many are those of both sexes who everywhere have already begun to walk in the footsteps of the Seraphic Father with courage and alacrity whose zeal We praise and specially commend, so that, Venerable Brethren, We desire this particularly by your endeavors it may be increased and extended to many. And the special point which We command is that those who have adopted the insignia of Penance shall look to the image of its most holy founder, and strive to imitate him without which the good that they would expect would be looked for in vain. Therefore, take pains that the people may become acquainted with the Third Order, and truly esteem it."—Pope Leo XIII.

NUMBER TWO "MY GOD AND MY ALL."—ST. FRANCIS FEBRUARY, 1918

### To All The Faithful In Christ

**L**ET US LOVE GOD, and let us adore Him with a pure heart and a pure mind.

To all Christians, religious, priests, laymen and women, and to all who dwell in the world.

Oh, how blessed and happy are they who love God, and who act as Our Lord commands in the Gospel: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Let us therefore love God, and adore Him with a pure heart and mind, for this is what He seeks above all things when He says: "The true adorers shall adore God the Father in spirit and in truth." All who adore Him ought to adore Him in spirit and truth. Farewell in the Lord.

Letter of St. Francis.

### Do Your Bit

The suspense which waits on all beginnings is over for the Cleveland Edition of *Franciscan Herald*. Our Cleveland Edition is meeting with a kind and widespread and enthusiastic welcome, which seems to insure its progress and success. From all parts of the city come friendly encouragement, applause, appreciation, and subscriptions.

So far, however, some of our most zealous Tertiaries have taken no active part in making our official organ widely known. We greatly fear that the golden opportunity to spread the *Herald* will pass by, the subscriptions and solicitations for this worthy publication will be forgotten. Surely, this ought not to be. If there is anything we need at present, it is subscriptions for *Franciscan Herald*. Help to make our subscription list grow! Everybody can spare fifty cents for a good Catholic

monthly. Everybody is invited to subscribe! The Third Order has no secrets. The more non-Tertiaries subscribe for *Franciscan Herald* and read its pages, the better it will be for them and us. Now, since the New Year's festivities are fully over, settle down again to earnest spiritual labor, and in your spiritual work think also of propagating *Franciscan Herald*. Why not begin to-day, this very day, to plan, and to accomplish something definite in this regard. Do not say to yourself: "I will begin to-morrow!"—To-morrow is an uncertain time. What counts, what matters is that you begin at once. The longer you delay, the more vague and shadowy your resolutions will become.

If every Tertiary goes to work now and does his part or her part for our official organ, what admirable results we shall achieve. If any one fails—the failure of that person will mean a great loss to us! All the value of the present, all the promise of the future depend on you giving us your assistance now.

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#### The Special Meeting of Officers

At the special meeting of officers, held January 13, the following resolutions were adopted:

I—All Tertiaries are to take part in the choice of two patrons, one for the English-speaking and one for the German-speaking fraternity. This choice is to take place at some future date by printed ballot.

Patrons so far suggested (by the officers) are:

1—The Sacred Heart of Jesus—The Immaculate Conception;

2—St. Francis—St. Antony;

3—St. Louis—St. Elizabeth;

4—St. Roch—St. Rose of Viterbo.

If you, dear Tertiary reader, have any suggestion to make on this subject, please communicate it to the Rev. Director. Patrons must be selected from the galaxy of Franciscan saints of the First, Second, or Third Order.

II—As a fitting remembrance of the Golden Jubilee year, and as a monument that will be an honor to the Tertiaries and

an ornament to the church of our meetings, two shrines shall be erected in St. Joseph's Church, with the permission of the Rev. Rector; one over the statue of our Holy Father St. Francis, the founder of the Third Order, and the other over the statue of St. Antony, the powerful helper and special friend of Tertiaries.

III—Since there are two large Tertiary fraternities established at St. Joseph's Church there will also be two special Golden Jubilee celebrations. One in May for the German-speaking fraternity, and one in October for the English-speaking fraternity. Particulars about these celebrations will be published in due time.

The meeting closed with prayer.

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#### The Men's Meeting

With the special meeting of men and young men, held January 8, our Tertiary fraternities have made a significant step forward.

At this meeting two important propositions were proposed and carried by unanimous vote. The first is that the men have their meetings separately; the second, that these meetings take place regularly each month—on the Tuesday after the first Sunday, at 8 P. M.

It was put down as the first and foremost task for the present and for a long time to come, to get men interested in the Third Order and to secure their membership. The members present pointed out the great need of asking all Tertiaries to help in this matter. Other ways and means of accomplishing this task were but slightly touched upon and then deferred to the next regular men's meeting, February 5, for discussion.

These men's meetings, it was also decided, will open and close with the prayers before and after the meeting as given in the Tertiary ritual.

The meetings themselves will be informal. Every member present is free to bring up matters pertaining to the men's section of the Third Order and to give his views on topics under discussion.

Non-Tertiaries may also attend even if they do not desire to join the Third Order

in the near future.

Men, however, who wish to join the Third Order, and those who wish to make their holy profession after the first year, are strongly urged to do this at the regular meeting of the men's section, on the Tuesday evening after the first Sunday.

The same is true of the regular attendance at the monthly meeting. It is strongly urged that all men and young men attend the regular men's meeting on the Tuesday evening after the first Sunday, in preference to what will henceforth be known as the "ladies' meetings" on the first and third Sundays, in the afternoon.

The men officers of the Third Order and the servers will nevertheless continue to perform their duties at the ladies' meeting on the first and third Sundays.

For the present, the place of meeting for the men Tertiaries will always be the monastery chapel, the day will be the Tuesday after the first Sunday, the time to begin the meeting 8 o'clock P. M. sharp, the time to close 9 o'clock P. M.

Later on, when the chapel will be too small (we hope this will soon be the case), the men's meetings will be held in the school-hall or like the "ladies' meetings" in the church.

Before the memorable first regular Tertiary men's meeting closed, the Rev. Director proposed that Mr. Bernard McKeon, of 10136 W. Madison Ave., act in future as secretary; the proposition met with approval and Mr. McKeon kindly accepted the position.

The meeting closed with prayer.

### **Wanted**

Promoters for the Tertiary Mission Section. Every promoter will have some 20-30 members of the Third Order to visit. Please read the rules for promoters, published in this issue of the *Herald*. If you see your way clear to help the Rev. Director, kindly offer your services as promoter, giving your name, address, and parish.

### **THE TERTIARY MISSION SECTION**

#### **Dedicated to the Infant Jesus**

February 12 will be the first anniversary of the founding of the Tertiary Mission Section. To commemorate this event there will be a High Mass on that day at eight o'clock, at St. Joseph's Church. This holy Mass will be offered up for the temporal and spiritual benefit of last year's mission promoters and for all last year's members of the Tertiary Mission Section. Promoters and members need not attend this High Mass, but if they desire to do so they will be most welcome. This year, all Tertiaries ought to join the Mission Section. It is the year of our Golden Jubilee and we want to perform golden deeds for the honor of God and the good of the Church.

#### **Purpose of the Mission Section**

The purpose of the Tertiary Mission Section is to perform the most godly work of charity by giving alms for the support and spread of Catholic Missions, domestic and foreign.

#### **Patrons**

St. Peter Baptist and his twenty-five Companions—First Martyrs of Japan—three Franciscan Priests; one Franciscan Cleric, viz., St. Philip of Jesus, born in Mexico; two Franciscan Lay Brothers; seventeen Tertiaries of St. Francis. Among these Tertiaries were: St. Thomas, aged 15; St. Antony, aged 13; St. Louis, aged 11. To these holy martyrs were associated three members of the Society of Jesus. All were canonized by Pope Pius IX, himself a Franciscan Tertiary, on the Feast of Pentecost, 1862.

#### **Membership**

1.—Membership must be renewed each year.

2.—Only Tertiaries may be admitted to membership.

#### **Degrees of Membership**

There are thirty-three degrees of membership according to the donation given.

First degree, twenty-five cents; second degree, fifty cents; third degree, one dollar; fourth degree, four dollars; fifth degree, five dollars, and so on.

### A Child Martyr

In one of the late persecutions in Cochin China, the Mandarins gave up a Christian village to the flames. Their soldiers pillaged the houses they had set on fire. Men, women, and children, with the flames on one side and the sword on the other, fled in every direction with cries of lamentation. Four hundred Christians were taken prisoner, many of whom were cut to pieces on the spot, while others were reserved for torture and martyrdom.

Among the latter was a little child whose father had fallen a victim in the general massacre. The Mandarins, in spite of all their threats and torments, could never bring him to trample the Cross under foot.

"I have lost my father in this world, I have no longer any one but Jesus, the Lord of Heaven, to protect me; and you wish me to forsake him. I don't fear death—kill me! I am impatient to go to the Lord Jesus!"

"We do not wish to kill you," replied the judges. "We will only give you blows with a rattan, until you walk over the Cross."

"Well, strike me as much as you please; when you are tired out, you will have to rest, and then I shall regain my strength also."

The heroic child was finally put to death.

What a lesson does this young martyr give to those Tertiaries who are unwilling to suffer any hardship or privation for the sake of Christ!

### Rules for Promoters of the Tertiary Mission Section

1) Every promoter of the Tertiary Mission Section must record carefully in the promoter's memorandum the name of the donor, the amount given, and also the address. Do not forget the address!

2) All writing done by the promoter in the promoter's memorandum must be in a

clear legible hand. Persons unable to write clearly, can not be promoters.

3) Donations made to the missions should be brought to the Tertiary office, not oftener, nor less than once a month, preferably before or after the monthly meeting.

4) The promoter should give to each person that joins the Tertiary Mission Section, the small mission picture printed for the purpose. At the bottom of this picture record the person's name, degree of membership, and the year (no date).

5) Should a promoter take sick, please notify the Director at once, and if possible propose some one else to do the promoter's work for the time being.

6) All donations should be in at the latest by the first Sunday in June. Zealous promoters will try to have their donations in as soon as possible.

7) If Tertiaries have moved from one parish to another, please notify the Rev. Director at the next meeting, stating on paper the Tertiary's name and the parish to which the Tertiary moved, also giving the new address if possible.

8) Promoters should remember that only Tertiaries may join the Tertiary Mission Section.

Promoters will please observe these rules with the greatest exactness, since they are essential to the well-being of the Tertiary Mission Section.

### Kind Words

Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song, which had lost it's way, and come on earth, and sang on undyingly, smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds, and putting for the while an angel's nature into us.—*Faber.*

### The Director's Mailing List

"Father, do you know I never receive any notice or invitation by mail from the Tertiary office? I can not understand how that happens." Frequently these or simi-

(Continued on page *XIII*)





Specht Pinx

Hallowed be Thy Name

# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1918

NO. 2

## Editorial Comment

### "HALLOWED BE THY NAME"

In these words of the Lord's prayer, we ask that God may be known and glorified; that sins and vices may be removed; that the name of God be not dishonored. To bring about all this, mere pious wishes will not suffice. Our duty is to make these desires efficacious by translating them into deeds. God's name should be hallowed by us in our hearts, in our words, in our deeds.

We honor God in our hearts when we pray and endeavor to acquire such a knowledge of him as will make him appear to us greater and holier and more honorable and lovable. According as our conception of God is great or small, clear or vague, worthy or unworthy of him, we shall be filled either with love and respect or with coldness and indifference toward him. What God is in our intellect, that he is to our heart—everything or nothing, a living reality or an empty name. If we have clear and definite ideas of God's omnipotence, wisdom, justice, mercy, we shall desire these attributes to be known and admired and praised by men. There are those that know nothing of God. There are some that refuse to believe in his divine Son. There are others that deny, in whole or in part, the truths revealed by him. There are still others that believe what God has revealed, but do not practice what he has prescribed. All these do not render to God the honor due to him, and to a loving heart they are so many powerful motives to desire that also by them the name of God may be hallowed.

This interior tribute of our hearts, however, is not sufficient. We must strive to increase his honor by word of mouth. This we do when we bless his name for benefits received, for good works performed, for injuries accepted, for sufferings endured. Like St. Francis, we should behold God and praise him in all things, even in death.

Mere mouth honor will avail little. Our actions must correspond to our professions. We should glorify God above all by leading a virtuous life. Hence, if we avoid sin; if we sanctify our daily actions by a good intention; if we adore the will of God in misfortune; if we do what is in our power for the spread of the Christian faith and for the support of church and school; in fine, if we lead truly Christian lives: then and only then can we say without lying, "Hallowed be thy name." But if we seek our own honor rather than God's; if we abuse by cursing and blaspheming that holy name which even angels pronounce only with holy dread; if we lead a life unworthy of our vocation as men and Christians: how can we say without blushing, "Hallowed be thy name"?

True love and reverence for this holy name will impel us to induce others to increase its honor. The Jewish High-priest carried the name of Jahve engraven on his golden head-band, so that the people at the first sight of him might be reminded of their duty to honor the name of God. We too, should bear this holy name on our foreheads; that is to say, we should present the example of a pure and holy life. For such a life is a silent yet eloquent invitation to others to glorify God. "An ounce of good example," says St. Francis of Sales, "is worth a hundred pounds of words." The good, practical Catholic does more to promote the honor of God than all the learned men by their books and lectures. All the theologians and preachers of the country are not half so successful in their endeavors to stamp out profanity as are the members of the Holy Name Society—God bless them!

Yet, a good word is sometimes quite as effective as a good example. How many there are, possibly of our own acquaintance, who have never been taught to honor God and to reverence his name, who yet have been created to do so no less than we. How we should increase their happiness as well as God's honor if we reminded them of their duties to him. Why not be big brothers to such unfortunates; for are we not all children of the same Father who is in heaven? Above all let us defend God's honor against insults. Whenever we hear others abuse the name of God, we should be animated by the same sentiments as St. Jerome when he said to a blasphemer, "Even dogs bark for their masters; and shall I be silent when God is dishonored? No, I can die, but I can not be silent." If all Catholics were as fearless as St. Jerome, how many a blasphemer would be silenced, and how many a sin against the second commandment prevented. Where it is to be feared that admissions will not profit, there remains nothing to be done but to repair the insults offered to Almighty God in devout prayer. So much at least all can do to hallow the name of God.

Children of St. Francis have a special motive to do so; because the devotion to the Holy Name is a specifically Franciscan devotion, which was introduced into the Order by St. Francis and popularized by such great Saints as Bonaventure, Bernardine of Siena, John Capistran, Lawrence of Brindisi, and others. Surely, the Tertiaries of St. Francis will not be outdone in love and reverence for the name of God by the members of other associations. They of all others should be its most zealous and jealous champions.



#### A WORD WITH OUR READERS

It has been our custom at the beginning of each year to indulge in a little heart-to-heart talk with our readers. Whether this custom is "more honored in the breach than in the observance," we can not say. Anyhow, we do not intend to depart from it as yet, if for no other reason than to ease our editorial conscience.

We have a debt to pay, a debt of gratitude to all who have so loyally advanced our interests and so ably assisted us in our work during the last twelvemonth. They have given cheerfully and generously of their own, and in return we give them all we have—a hearty vote of thanks and an earnest prayer for their well-being. We assure them it has been a pleasure for us to cooperate with them, and we trust the pleasure has been not all our own.

Much as we appreciate the assistance of our friends, we should like

to see their number increase a hundredfold. Yes, if the *Herald* is to grow in influence, indeed, if its existence is to be assured, we must have the cooperation of all our readers. Our circulation manager informs us that his task has become very difficult in these desperate times. We ourselves are unable to give him any aid; because we can not blazon big names and big features. Neither are we in a position to make special offers or to promise attractive premiums to subscribers. All we can do is to offer them a tolerable magazine at a reasonable price; and we are simple (or shall we say conceited?) enough to believe that this method of advertizing will in the end prove the most effective and satisfactory.

It has been our constant endeavor to improve the *Herald* both in make-up and in content, and we take a pardonable pride in being able to point to the fact that, in spite of the prevailing high prices, the quality of our paper has improved rather than deteriorated, so that, as far as make-up goes, we think our magazine compares favorably with the best of them. But as we have said, it is difficult for a publisher nowadays to keep up his standard and to keep down his price. If we wish to do both, we shall have to increase our subscription list by several yards. Considering the fact that there are approximately 100,000 Tertiaries in the country, and that ours is the only magazine published exclusively for them, we should have at least 50,000 subscribers. We are still far from this mark.

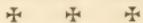
But, what can be done to approach, if not to reach it? In the first place, we shall have to get in touch with those Tertiaries who are not yet subscribers. But, how find them? We ourselves can not seek them out in the individual communities. We must depend on our Tertiary friends to do so or to send us the names of such as are likely to subscribe. Are we asking too much of our readers if we request them to send us at least five such names? There are in every parish still other "Franciscan" souls who are not yet members of the Third Order, but who would gladly subscribe to a Franciscan periodical and read it with pleasure as well as profit if they only knew of its existence. Gentle reader, do you know of any such people? If so, will you be so good as to lend them your copy and ask them to subscribe? If *Franciscan Herald* appeals to you, may it not appeal to others as well? To judge from the flattering communications we receive from time to time—for which, by the way, we must not forget to express our thanks—the *Herald* has numerous friends. If these would prove their loyalty by volunteering to do a little missionary work, they would earn our lasting gratitude and incidentally help to replenish our manager's rapidly depleting money-box.

Regarding the contents of the *Herald*, we prefer to hear the opinions of others rather than express our own. Accordingly, we invite our readers to tell us freely what they think of us. If they like us and take the trouble to tell us so, we shall feel encouraged to keep up the fight. If they dislike us and have the courage to let us know, we shall be inspired to do better. We wish them to understand that this is their magazine not ours, and that whatever they do to improve its contents or to increase its circulation, they are doing for themselves; for it is sure to redound to their own advantage.

There is one department of the *Herald* in which we should like them to take an especial interest, namely, the short-stories. In a popular magazine, there is always room for good fiction, and we are willing to pay the price for it. We ask our readers, therefore, to submit their

manuscripts to us before sending them elsewhere and to encourage their friends to do likewise.

This has been a long talk—much longer than we expected it to be, and yet we have not said half of what we intended to say. We hope our readers will act on our suggestions. For the sake of emphasis, let us repeat that it is a question of vital importance for us to secure the cooperation of every one of our subscribers. Shall we have it?



### HATE TALK.

"I will never again use an article made in modern Germany. I will never look into a modern German book. I favor the exclusion of the German language and literature from our schools and colleges. I would drive every unnaturalized German from this country."

These remarks are not those of a soldier just back from the first-line trench. They were made the other day by an eminent American naturalist and philosopher who probably thinks them a valuable contribution to our patriotic endeavor. We observe that men who have actually been in the trenches scarcely ever waste breath on hate talk. They leave that to journalists, philosophers, and preachers, and, we suspect, rather despise it. Intimate experience with poison gas, whiz-bangs, machine-gun bullets, wire entanglements, and mud naturally develops an impatience with all save practical discussion of how to beat the German in the field."

So says *Collier's* editorially in its issue of January 5.

We suspect that such tirades develop impatience not only in our soldiers, but in everybody behind the trenches who has not gone quite insane on the war. If the aim of such twaddle is to arouse patriotism, it is as wide of the mark as anything of the kind could be. Love of country is a Christian virtue, the practice of which must be based on Christian motives. Love and hatred are diametrically opposed, and we can not hope to become proficient in the exercise of the one by practicing the other, any more than we can expect to learn the arts of peace by engaging in warfare.

Some people seem to think that love of country and hatred of the enemy are synonymous terms. In their own case, this may be true. In reality, however, there is a wide difference. The virtue of patriotism, whether in war or in peace, consists in the willingness to make sacrifices for one's country not in penchant for coining opprobrious epithets and for venting one's spleen on an enemy too far removed to be either provoked or amused by the vaporings of a heat-oppressed brain. Even acknowledged molderers of public opinion in neutral as well as in belligerent countries seem not to be aware of this fundamental difference. It is difficult to understand, otherwise, how they could put their names to such shocking diatribes as one may read in almost every secular newspaper and magazine.

But are all influential Catholics without blame in this regard? To their shame be it said that some Catholic and even Franciscan (bless the mark!) editors among others are laboring under the delusion that the only effectual way to save their country, not to mention their God and their Church, is to instil hatred in others and to hasten the day when the war of all against all shall have become the normal state of mankind. Since these men are so much wiser than we, it would be temerity on our part to try to convince them of their error. We make so bold as to advise them, however, if they wish to be honest with themselves and others, to change either the policy or the name of their publications. What is the use of all this *camouflage*? It serves only to repel and disgust.

## BL. VIRIDIANA

*By Fr. Silas, O.F.M.*

THIS saintly virgin was born, in 1182, at Castelfiorentino, near Florence, of the noble but impoverished family of Attavanti. From childhood, she showed marked evidences of piety, and it was early seen that she was an object of the special designs of Providence. She was remarkable for her spirit of recollection and devotion. When amusing herself with children of her age, she would interrupt her play and seek a quiet place, where she would give herself up to prayer and meditation and to works of penance. She always wore a hair-shirt, fasted strictly, spent many hours of the night in prayer, and guarded her senses so carefully that all her words and actions revealed the beauty and self-possession of her soul. The things of the world had no charm for her. She chose for herself the plainest garments, and when she was told that she ought to wear a dress more becoming the high station of her family, the pious child declared, "The world shall have no part in me, for I have given myself to God. Far be it from me to detract from the sacrifice I have made to him."

When Viridiana had reached the age of twelve, she was invited by her uncle, Signor Attavanti, to his house as maid and companion of his wife and to take charge of the household. This new position, with its many distractions and cares, in no way diminished her fervor in the

exercises of piety. While attending with great diligence to the comfort and need of every member of the household, she strove to sanctify herself by remaining united with God in prayer and making use of every opportunity to grow in virtue, so that she became for all a shining model of recollection, charity, modesty, patience, and self-denial. Her charity toward the poor and suffering, in whom her lively faith beheld her Savior, was extraordinary. She supplied them with food and clothing, and consoled and encouraged them in their affliction. God, who does not let the least act of kindness go unrewarded, showered on Viridiana special graces and favors, among others the gift of miracles.

During a famine, her uncle had stored up a large supply of food. Full of pity for the starving poor, Viridiana, in one day, distributed the entire store, not knowing that it had already been sold by her uncle. When he came to turn the food over to the purchaser and found the chests empty, he flew into a passion and severely upbraided her in the presence of the servants and neighbors. Grieved at what had happened, Viridiana spent the whole night in prayer and called on God to help her in her trouble. Next morning, she called her uncle and said, "Come and see how our Lord has restored to you the food which he received in the person of the

poor." Then Signor Attavanti saw with amazement that his chests were miraculously refilled. Full of wonder at the miracle and of sorrow for his fault, he made known everywhere what had occurred, and thereby helped to increase the esteem and veneration of the people for the holy maiden.

Viridiana was pained at the marks of respect which she received on all sides, and resolved to leave her native town and to retire to a country where she might live unknown. But she was restrained from carrying out this resolve by the protests of her relatives. Hearing that some ladies of Castlefio-

rentino were preparing to set out on a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, in Spain, she requested to be allowed to accompany them. Her request was granted, and on this pious journey she edified all by her devotion. On her return, Viridiana resolved, at the pleading of

her relatives, to remain in her native town, provided they would build for her a cell, in which she might live as a recluse for the rest of her life. In the meantime, she went to Rome, where she spent three years in the exercise of piety.

Returning to Castelofrentino, she at once began to live as a recluse in the cell built for her, beside a small chapel dedicated to St. Anthony. Her biographer has given us a touching account of the ceremony of her enclosure.

When the cell was built, Viridiana went, on a Sunday, to the parish church where the congregation was assembled.



Bl. Viridiana

After assisting at Mass and receiving Holy Communion with many tears, she made the entire sacrifice of herself, pronouncing the customary vow of a recluse before the parish priest, with the promise of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The priest clothed her with a poor

habit and then confided her to one of the collegiate canons, who was to lead her to her cell and direct her in spiritual life. Viridiana then received a large crucifix, which she clasped to her heart, kissing it over and over again. She now rose to leave the church. The people, deeply moved at the sight, accompanied her to the place where she was to be buried alive for the rest of her life. When they came to the cell, Viridiana bade farewell to all and entered the cell, the door of which was immediately walled up. No other opening was left but a small window looking toward the chapel of St. Antony. Through this window, Viridiana heard Mass and received the Sacraments, as well as the scanty food provided for her by the charity of the people.

In this retreat, the holy recluse lived for thirty-four years in the continuous practice of prayer and of the severest austerities. She shunned all intercourse with others and received no visits, except from the poor and afflicted. By her prayers, she cured the broken limb of a child and restored sight to a poor blind woman. God permitted her to be tormented by two large snakes that entered through the window of her cell and remained with her until a short time before her death. They sometimes wounded her with their fangs and lashed her with their tails so violently that she lay exhausted in her cell for days. She

kept the presence of these reptiles secret, in order, as she afterwards said, not to deprive herself of the opportunity of practicing patience and of gaining merit for heaven.

About the year 1221, Viridiana was visited by St. Francis, who was preaching in Florence and its neighborhood. The great saint conversed with her for a long time on heavenly things, and received her into the Third Order.

After this happy event, Viridiana spent twenty years more in her hidden life of penance and prayer. God revealed to her the hour of her death. At length, on February 1, 1242, she yielded up her soul into the hands of her Creator. At the moment of her death, the bells of the neighboring churches began to ring of themselves. The people hastened to her cell, and when the wall was opened, they found Viridiana on her knees, her eyes and arms raised to heaven, and her body exhaling a delicious odor. For seventeen days, her precious remains were exposed in the chapel of St. Antony, and immense crowds of the faithful came from all sides to venerate them. Numerous miracles justified the confidence of the people in the powerful intercession of the servant of God. Her cell was afterwards changed into an oratory, and her body was placed under the altar. Pope Clement VII, in 1553, approved the veneration paid her from time immemorial.

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## QUEEN CATHERINE OF ARAGON

*By Fr. Francis Borgia, O. F. M.*

(Concluded)

EARLY in January, 1535, Catherine arrived at Kimbolton, some ten miles distant from Buckden. When one remembers the precarious state of her health, as also the many discomforts a journey over an open country in the depth of winter entailed in those days, one may readily imagine what the outcast Queen suffered, and what bitter anguish wrung her heart when at last she found herself imprisoned within the gloomy castle walls. Kimbolton was a wet and unwholesome place and hence the Queen's malady, which worry and privation had brought on at Buckden, soon became desperate.

As widow of Prince Arthur, she had a right to an annuity of 5,000 pounds sterling. But Henry maliciously deprived her of this income and allowed her barely sufficient means to maintain a scanty household. She was again placed in the custody of Sir Edmund Bedingfield who more than once informed his royal master that Catherine's household was utterly devoid of money. How poor, in fact, she was may be seen from her last will, in which mention is made of a new gown she had obtained on trust. <sup>(1)</sup>

The unfortunate Queen had been residing at Kimbolton only a short time, when the news reached her that Princess Mary was dangerous-

ly ill. <sup>(2)</sup> Likewise informed that Henry had permitted her physician and apothecary to attend the Princess, Catherine took heart and humbly petitioned the King to allow her to nurse and comfort their ailing daughter. But the heartless tyrant, suspecting a plot to get Mary out of the country, refused the request of his loyal Queen. He promised, however, to place the princess near her mother, provided the two would not meet. Catherine's subsequent letter of gratitude to Cromwell is interesting, inasmuch as it shows her mental and physical condition at this time.

My good friend, you have laid me under great obligation by the trouble you have taken in speaking to the King, my Lord, about the coming of my daughter to me. I hope God will reward you, as you know it is out of my power to give you anything but my goodwill. As to the answer given you....I beg you will give him (the King) my hearty thanks for the good he does to his daughter and mine, and for the peace of mind he has given me. You may assure him, that if she were but a mile from me I would not see her, because the time does not permit me to go visiting, and if I wished it, I have not the means.....I have heard that he had some suspicion of her security—a thing so unreasonable that I cannot believe it entered his heart, nor do I think he has so little confidence in me. If such a thing be assumed, I beg you to tell his Majesty, it is my fixed determination to die in this kingdom, and I offer my person as security that if such a thing be attempted, he may do justice upon me as

1. See Du Boys: *Catherine D'Aragon* (Paris, 1880), p. 504; Strickland: *Lives of the Queens of England* (Philadelphia, 1889), Vol. I, pp., 570.—2. Princess Mary had been banished from court, because she persisted in the title of royalty and steadfastly refused to relinquish it in favor of the infant Elizabeth, born to Henry by Anne Boleyn on September 7, 1533. See Lingard: *History of England* (New York, 1879), Vol. V, p. 29

the most traitorous woman that ever was born. (3)

Neither reasons nor petitions could prevail over the pride and obstinacy of Henry. He was determined once for all that mother and daughter should never meet again in this life. Even Chapuys, whom for political reasons the King was forced to treat with due deference, failed to move his heart of steel. Against all the arguments of the Spanish ambassador he objected "that there was no occasion to confide Mary to her mother's hands, for it was Catherine who had put it into her head to show such obstinacy and disobedience."

Anguish and fear distracted the soul of Catherine on hearing into what confusion the King's profigacy and perverseness was plunging the country. When those of her household who sympathized with Henry's godless policy, openly accused their royal mistress of being the cause of all this misfortune, the hapless Queen, weakened in mind by bodily suffering and deprived of right-minded counselors, seems, indeed, to have been troubled in conscience as to whether her mode of action could be justified before God. Many a time, no doubt, she thought of the faithful Observant friars, from whom in days gone by she had so often obtained advice and consolation. How fearlessly they had defended her cause and the rights of the Pope; how terribly they had already been

visited by the King's anger and vengeance. Surely, their attitude toward the King's policy was a model on which she might safely fashion her own. These reflections accompanied by ceaseless prayer, reassured and buoyed up her drooping spirits.

About this time, the unfortunate Queen learned to her dismay that Fr. John Forest, her former confessor and spiritual adviser, had been imprisoned in Newgate and that he would soon be led to execution. Despite the danger of having her letter intercepted and thus bringing new sufferings on herself as well as on her aged father and friend, she nevertheless wrote to him, knowing how much a word of cheer from her would gladden his last hours. (4)

My Honoured Father,—You who have had so long experience in directing others in doubtful matters, can have no difficulty in directing yourself, for not only will your religion, but your learning also convince you, that you ought to be prepared, if it be necessary, to suffer death for the name of Christ, and under such circumstances not to shrink from so doing. Go onwards then, and be of good courage, for if in these torments you endure a small amount of pain, you are well assured that you will receive an eternal reward. To relinquish such a reward as this for the dread of the suffering, might well be accounted the act of a confirmed madman.

But alas for me, your daughter! one born to you in the wounds of Christ, whom for a season you leave here in her solitude; leave, I repeat, in the depth of her distress and affliction. And this I may venture to say because I am losing him whom alone I followed in the things of God, because I knew him to be deeply instruct-

3. Stone: *Mary the First, Queen of England* (London, 1901), p. 78 sqq.—4. This letter and Bl. John Forest's reply are taken from Stone: *Faithful Unto Death* (London, 1892), p. 51 sqq. The author translates them from Fr. Thomas Bourchier: *Hist. Eccl. de Martirio FF. Ord. Min.* (1583), remarking that this edition of the friar's valuable history contains the only perfectly correct version of the letters. The Parisian edition of 1586 brings (pp. 53 sqq.) a slightly different version of them. Parkinson and Du Boys transcribe the letters from Sanders.

ed in human and divine knowledge. And of a truth, if I may freely express to you what I wish, I would rather go before you through a thousand torments than follow after you. And even were it possible to obtain what one most earnestly desires, who is there, I ask, who would be content to live upon nothing but hope?

Casting aside therefore my own individual wishes, I would prefer that the whole of these matters should remain in the hands of Him who gave us Himself for our example. This He did when He said, "Thy will be done," thereby giving up His own will, rather than gratify His own inclinations. You will go before me, yes, you will precede me, but your prayers will obtain for me, that I should follow you along the same pathway, advancing, as I trust, with an ever braver and steadier footstep. Onwards then; be assured that albeit the pangs that you suffer be grievous, yet I share them along with you. Without doubt, they shall earn for you a crown which never withers, a crown prepared for those who endure for the name of Christ, provided that with unflinching and unwavering courage you suffer the agonies which are awaiting you. Remember your ancient and noble family, and this thought will assuredly animate you to bear with a brave spirit the death which awaits you for the name of Christ. You who are illustrious by the title of your family, will not basely defile its nobility by yielding to the impious demands of the King. I do not forget that you esteem the dignity of your Order in so far, and no farther, as it is correspondent with virtue. Surrender then, and with all joy, that body of yours to its Creator, that body which for so long a period has led a holy life under the garb of the poor Institute of St. Francis.

And yet, when I, your obedient daughter, remember how great will be the sorrow which I shall endure for your sake, I know not what to say. This arises chiefly from the thought that you are leaving me without comfort of any kind. My abode in this world, and my anticipations, can be

nothing else than misery; a real death in'a living life. Nevertheless, I trust in the Lord, to whom I have said, "Thou art my lot in the land of the living," that land in which I hope to meet you shortly, when the storms of this world shall have ended, and I shall have passed into the peaceful life of the blessed.

Farewell, my honoured Father, and always remember me in your prayers while on earth, and I trust they will be my chiefest consolation when you shall have obtained an entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Your daughter Catherine, with a heart full of sorrow.

As is evident from the tone of the letter, the Queen thought that the blessed martyr had only a short time to live.<sup>(5)</sup> Her fears were confirmed on the receipt of the following beautiful letter from the saintly friar:

My most serene Lady Queen and my very dear daughter in the heart of Christ Jesus.

I have received your letters from Thomas, your young servant, and having read them, I experienced an incredible joy by reason of your great steadfastness in the truth which I perceive in you—I mean your faith in the Holy Church your Mother. Standing firm in this, you will assuredly obtain salvation. Nor have you any reason to be doubtful on my account, as if I could submit to disgrace my grey hairs by any such fickleness. In the meantime, I earnestly entreat you to be unwearied in your prayers to God for me (for whose spouse the Church we are suffering so many and so severe torments), that He would receive me into His glory, for which I have striven so frequently as a member of the Order of St. Francis, namely for forty-four years, and am now in the sixty-fourth year of my age. At such a period of life as this a man easily perceives that people can do without him; consequently I am most earnest in my prayer that I may be dissolved

<sup>5</sup> The glorious martyrdom of Bl. John Forest, as we shall see, did not take place till May 22, 1538.

to be with Christ.

In the mean season, do you be careful to shun that pestilential teaching of the heresies so thoroughly that, even if an angel were to come down from heaven bringing with him a doctrine different from that which I brought you, on no account ought you to give any credence to his message, but to reject it. Should he advance any revelation which dissents from that which I taught you long ago, give no ear to it, for it does not come from God. Take these few words as if in place of the consolation which you may expect chiefly from our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom I chiefly recommend you, as also to my father St. Francis and St. Catherine, to whom I most earnestly entreat you to pray for me, when you shall hear that I am in the midst of my sufferings. And now I bid you farewell. I have sent my rosary to you, for only three days of my life remain to me.

From a letter which Elizabeth Lady Hammond, one of the Queen's faithful gentlewomen addressed to Bl. John Forest, we learn how Henry, ever anxious to detect some flaw in the Queen's conduct, had Kimbolton castle closely searched for secret letters and for persons previously expelled from her service; and further, how the King's agents by their threatening attitude terrified the Queen and her ladies. Thus the dreary year of 1535 dragged on, bringing the Queen ever nearer to death's door. "The fury of her enemies," writes Guerin, "increased in proportion as her sufferings grew more intense. She was almost constantly sick in bed."<sup>(6)</sup>

It was probably in the fall of 1535 that Cranmer visited the Queen and in the King's name commanded her to sign the act recognizing

Henry's spiritual supremacy over the Church in England. At this, the Queen became indignant; but being unable longer to bear up under her hardships, she fainted. Hatred and revenge possessed Henry's rebellious mind, when he was told of the Queen's refusal to take the oath of supremacy. On November 6 and 21, Chapuys informed the Emperor of the danger that threatened the Queen and her daughter. He claimed to have it on reliable authority that the King "would no longer remain in the trouble, fear, and suspense he had so long endured, on account of the Queen and Princess.....and that he meant to have them despatched at this next Parliament.....These are things," he continues, "too monstrous to be believed; but considering what has passed, and goes on daily—the long continuance of these menaces—and, moreover, that the C.....(Anne), who long ago conspired the death of the said ladies, and thinks of nothing but getting rid of them, is the person who governs everything, and whom the King is unable to contradict, the matter is very dangerous." What the faithful ambassador feared never came to pass. The sudden demise of Catherine before the opening of Parliament prevented Henry from taking these last terrible measures against his faithful and saintly Queen.

About this time, an incident occurred which shows how even to the very end the Queen enjoyed the love and favor of the lower classes. A workman of Grantham near Kim-

6. Guerin: *Le Palmier Seraiphique* (Bar-le-Duc, 1872), Vol. I, p. 142.

bolton, while working in his field, accidentally unearthed a huge brass pot that contained besides some silver chains and ancient rolls of parchment, a large helmet of pure gold set with precious stones. Thinking of the Queen in her poverty, he brought the treasures to the castle, with the request that they be given to her. But Catherine was already at death's door and hence was unable to receive the present.

In the latter part of December, Catherine realized that her end was near. When Chapuys, whom she had summoned for a last interview, arrived at the castle, he found her in a pitiable condition. Seeing at a glance that it was now only a question of a few days till death would come to her relief, he decided to stay with her to the end. On New Year's day, Lady Willoughby who thirty years before had attended Catherine as maid of honor, by sheer strategy gained access to her. We are told that frequently in a state of delirium the dying Queen imagining her daughter near would stretch forth her arms and exclaim, "Mary, my child!" Humbly she begged the King for a last interview with the Princess for whose sake she had borne her heavy cross these many years. But even now the cruel despot remained cold and obdurate. At last, only a few days before her death, Catherine called one of her maids to her bedside and dictated the following pathetic letter to her unworthy consort:

My Lord and dear Husband:—  
I commend me unto you. The hour of

my death draweth fast on, and, my case being such, the tender love I owe you forceth me, with a few words, to put you in remembrance of the health and safeguard of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miséries and yourself into many cares. For my part I do pardon you all; yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that He will also pardon you.

For the rest I command unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I heretofore desired. I entreat you also, on behalf of my maids, to give them marriage-portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants I solicit a year's pay more than their due, lest they should be unprovided for.

Lastly do I vow that mine eyes desire you above all things.

It is said that Henry wept when he read this touching avowal of his his rejected Queen's undying love and loyalty. But alas! his better self was wholly en fettered by one whose only hope of complete triumph lay in the death of the noble Queen.

During the visit of Chapuys and Lady Willoughby, Catherine rallied somewhat. There was still hope for a temporary recovery, so that on January 5, the ambassador deemed it safe and advisable to leave Kimbolton. He promised, however to return at the first intimation of danger. On January 9, he asked Cromwell for an audience with the King. How shocked he was when in reply he received the sad news that forty-eight hours after his departure from Kimbolton, Catherine had suddenly passed away. Sir Edmund Bedingfield announced her demise in these words: "January

7th, about ten o'clock the lady-dowager was anointed with the holy ointment, Master Chamberlayne and I being called to the same, and before two in the afternoon she departed to God."

"The suddenness of her end, and the circumstances immediately following it, caused so much suspicion, that at the time there was hardly any one who did not firmly believe that she had been poisoned."<sup>(7)</sup> According to the ambassador's subsequent letter to the Emperor, Catherine died two hours after midday, and eight hours later an autopsy was held in the greatest secrecy. Neither the Bishop of Llandaff, confessor of the Queen, nor her physician were allowed to be present. Immediately after, one of the three men who at the King's command had performed the examination confided the results to the Queen's confessor, "but in great secrecy, as a thing which would cost his life .... On my man," continues the ambassador, "asking the physician if she had died of poison, he replied that the thing was too evident, by what has been said to the bishop, her confessor, and if that had not been disclosed, the thing was sufficiently clear from the report and circumstance of the illness."

In the same letter of Chapuys we are informed how the King and

his court party rejoiced when the news arrived that Catherine was dead. The next day, on Sunday, Henry "was clad all over in yellow, from top to toe." After dinner, he proceeded to the hall where the ladies were dancing and acted "like one transported with joy." Having sent for the infant Elizabeth, he took her in his arms and presented her to his fawning courtiers. No less exultant was Anne Boleyn. "Now," she exclaimed, "I am indeed a queen!" Hastening to her parents, she bade them be glad with her, for now her triumph was complete. On the day of the Queen's funeral, Anne out of contempt for Catherine appeared in yellow and made her ladies do the same, although the King had commanded black to be worn on that day.<sup>(8)</sup> Mary was heartbroken when she heard of her mother's sudden demise. "Of the Princess, my cousin," the Emperor wrote, "I hear only that she is inconsolable at the loss she has sustained, especially when she thinks of her father's past behaviour towards her, and the little favour she can expect for the future."

The last will of Catherine bears eloquent testimony to the eminent virtues that marked her sad but glorious career. The first provision she made was that her body "be buried in a convent of Observant

7. Stone: *Mary the First, Queen of England*, p. 92. Whether the King was in any way implicated in this heinous crime, is not known. As we have seen, he certainly longed for Catherine's end and probably would have had her condemned to death and executed by the next parliament. As to Anne Boleyn's share in the murder of the Queen, Gasquet in his *Henry VIII and the English Monasteries* (London, 1900), declares that the crime was perpetrated "if not at the instigation, at least with the connivance of Anne Boleyn." (p. 95)—8. Strickland, I. c., p. 678. Could the wretched woman only have foreseen what was in store for her. Four months after Queen Catherine's death, on May 19, Anne Boleyn was beheaded for high treason.

friars."<sup>(9)</sup> In life the royal Tertiary had ever cherished the highest regard for these zealous sons of St. Francis, and hoping perhaps that in time they would be allowed to return to their convents, the saintly Queen could find no more suitable resting-place after death than in the midst of those who like her had suffered for justice's sake. But alas! her dying wish was entirely disregarded. Writing to Lady Bedingfield on arranging for the funeral of his "dearest sister lady Catherine," the King ordered that, on January 26, the corpse should be

escorted by the principal gentry of Kimbolton to Peterborough, about four miles north, and interred in the abbey church. At the subsequent suppression and spoliation of the religious houses in the kingdom, Henry made some show of regard for the Queen he had wronged, and spared the beautiful abbey church, where as late as 1847, the old verger still pointed out to travelers the little brass plate that marked the last resting-place of the glorious Tertiary Queen Catherine of Aragon.

<sup>9.</sup> Stone: *Faithful Unto Death*, p. 62, quotes a letter of Chapuys to the Emperor, dated January 21, 1536. In this letter, the ambassador writes: "The Lady Catherine, in her memorandum of last wishes, desired to be buried in a convent of Observant friars. Cromwell replied that as to the burial it could not be done as she had desired, for there remained no convent of Observants in England."

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## ○ Mary, Mother

Soul, is it Faith, or Love, or Hope,  
 That lets me see her standing up  
 Where the light of the Throne is bright  
 Unto the left, unto the right,  
 The cherubim, arrayed, conjoined,  
 Float inward to a golden point,  
 And from between the seraphim,  
 The glory issues for a hymn.  
 O Mary, Mother, be not loth  
 To listen thou whom the stars clothe,  
 Who seest and mayst not be seen,  
 Hear us at last, O Mary, Queen!  
 Into our shadows bend thy face,  
 Bowing thee from the secret place,  
 O Mary, Virgin, full of grace!

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti

## ETHEL'S VISION

*By Fr. Giles, O. F. M.*

"FATHER," Ethel Densmore began hesitatingly, "I've come to ask your permission to attend a character dress ball to be given by the Shakespeare Club on Shrove Tuesday night."

She paused but the priest made no reply, seemingly wholly intent on examining the point of a pencil that he poised in his right hand.

"I hate to ask for this, Father," she continued, "because I am not at all anxious to attend the ball. But daddy and Aunt Doris simply insist on it, and auntie, who is president of the Club, without consulting me, has already informed the officers that I am to appear as Portia."

"I see," was all the priest essayed to reply, as Ethel paused again.

"The ball is to be a very select affair; only the members of the Club and their friends are invited. It is an annual event, as you perhaps know, and besides affording the participants a pleasant evening, its chief purpose is to further the interest of the members of the Club in the study of Shakespeare and other prominent poets and dramatists."

"I see," came the noncommittal response again.

"Now, Fr. Roch, may I as a Tertiaries attend the ball under these circumstances? I would, indeed, much rather not go; but daddy, who usually lets me have my own way, seems to have his heart set on see-

ing me appear as Portia, a rôle I once took at the academy, and he will not listen to my objections."

"I understand the situation perfectly, Ethel," replied the priest at last, looking up at his visitor, "and I regret that you have been placed in this predicament. Knowing your father and aunt as I do, I see there is no gainsaying of their demands. I am, moreover, confident that you will know how to conduct yourself as a child of St. Francis amid the gaiety of the world and that you will, therefore, suffer no harm by attending. St. Francis de Sales says of St. Elizabeth, who was at times compelled by circumstances to take part in such worldly amusements, that as the rocks of Lake Rieta grow harder and greater by the beating of the waves, so her devotion increased among the pomps and vanities to which her condition exposed her. Again he says, Great fires are made bigger by the wind, but little ones are soon blown out if we do not carry them well covered. This ball you speak of, will certainly be as harmless as any amusement of the kind can be, and for this reason I all the more readily dispense you from the rule forbidding Tertiaries to dance. The world, however, is wicked, my child, and it only too often strives to worm its way into our hearts by apparently harmless things. Danger lurks concealed in all these pleasures, in some more, in others

less, and we must be well on our guard lest we be entrapped unawares. Therefore, be ever on the alert and recommend yourself to the special protection of your Guardian Angel and St. Francis."

"Thank you, Father, I'll do my best to follow your advice to the letter."

It was a brilliant assembly that gathered in the gilded ballroom of the Hotel Stratford the night before Ash Wednesday. All the guests present impersonated some leading dramatic, operatic, or literary character, which resulted in a most varied and gay exhibition of costumes, while the incongruous mating of the dancers gave rise to endless mirth. Thus frolicsome Jack Falstaff tripped on the light fantastic toe with Lady Macbeth, while Hamlet philosophized during the intermissions with Becky Sharp, and grim, old Shylock forgot his bond in the charming company of the fair Ophelia.

Ethel made an ideal Portia in the flowing black silk robes of a Roman doctor with her cap set jauntily on her head, and she was eagerly sought after by the Bassanios, Lohengrins, Lionels, Othellos, Fausts, Romeos, Manricos, and hosts of others, but by none so much as by gentle Sir Galahad, whose knightly figure harmonized so well with her own stately bearing.

Webster Hammond, who impersonated the gallant finder of the Holy Grail, although still a comparative stranger in the city,

had had little difficulty in obtaining admission into the most select social circles. He was chief buyer for Meredith's fashionable millinery establishment and seemed possessed of considerable wealth. But wealth was not his only asset, for besides a most prepossessing appearance, he exhibited intellectual abilities of the highest order, which circumstance had acted wonderfully in his favor in securing recognition from such an exclusive circle as the Shakespeare Club. Thus he discussed with equal relish and ease the latest studies on Dante's Inferno or Shakespeare's Hamlet, Huxley's theories and Pasteur's discoveries, as also the newest Parisian styles in women's headgear and the fine points of milady's pedigreed Pekinese spaniel. He had traveled much both in this country and in Europe, and was a most interesting conversationalist, never at a loss for a topic, ever most happy in selecting the subject best suited to the occasion and to his hearers. It was little wonder, therefore, that many a match-making mother looked with benign complacency on any attentions Mr. Hammond was pleased to bestow on their daughters.

All this was not lost on the dashing young man, who seemed to unite in himself all the grace of an Apollo with the ingenuity of a Mercury, and he gloried in the power he wielded over the hearts of his fair young admirers and their designing mothers. One afternoon, however, while attending a meeting of the Shakespeare Club, he himself fell a victim to the charms of a young

girl, whose mental qualities were equal, if not superior to his own, and whose beauty was all the more attractive on account of the child-like simplicity of her whole manner. This was Ethel Densmore. From that day she was almost the sole object of his attentions, the young lady whom he ardently desired to make his wife. Nor were his advances altogether displeasing to Ethel. For, being herself of a more serious turn of mind, she delighted in discussing with him some literary or scientific subject, and in listening to the vivid descriptions he gave of his travels in Europe and South America; the thought of any more intimate relationship to him than friendship, was not entertained for the simple reason that Hammond was a non-Catholic, and Ethel could not think of marrying one not of the household. Hammond, however, had no such scruples of conscience and he did all in his power to win her affection. With this intention he had selected Sir Galahad for his impersonation at the ball that night, rightly judging that no other character would appeal to her so strongly as this.

The evening was passing along quite merrily with dancing, music, and repartee, and Ethel was enjoying herself more than she ever thought she would. In partial imitation of St. Elizabeth, however, who, as her biographer relates, danced the first dance at a ball in order to satisfy her obligation to her husband and the world, and who then declined all the remaining dances out of love for her crucified

Savior, Ethel refused offers to several dances, and felt that she was thereby carrying out Fr. Roch's instructions to practice penance even in the ballroom. It was also, therefore, with no reluctance that she acceded to Hammond's invitation to retire to a charming little recess half-hidden by palms and ferns to enjoy a literary chat.

"Do you know, Miss Densmore," he remarked, as the conversation drifted to *The Merchant of Venice*. "of all the Portias I have seen from New York to San Francisco, you come nearest to my ideal—in fact, you realize my ideal of this admirable Shakespearean creation."

"Sir Galahad, I never thought you could descend to such plebeian flattery," replied Ethel reprovingly. The pleased look in her eyes, though, belied the tone of her voice; for the homage and honed words that had greeted her that evening on all sides, were gradually making inroads on her humility, and Hammond's lavish compliments were anything but unwelcome,

"It is no flattery, Portia, but the truth that I am forced to confess. Would I were Bassanio now instead of Sir Galahad that like him I might seek my fortune in these caskets," he continued, taking hold of the graceful gold chain that hung from Ethel's shoulders, and toying with the three casket-like lockets that dangled thereon.

She playfully snatched the lockets from him, exclaiming with a laugh, "Are you then ready 'if you choose wrong, never to speak to lady afterward in way of marri-

age'?"

"Indeed, you would hardly be so cruel as to demand this of me, Portia. But even so, I am ready; for I seek not 'gaudy gold' nor the 'pale and common drudge 'tween man and man,' but you alone, fair Portia, who like 'meager lead' by your very plainness and charming simplicity have entrapped my heart."

Then with increasing ardor he poured forth his passion in choicest words from the bards of love, while Ethel sat thoughtful, fingering her lockets mechanically and losing her heart to the amorous entreaties of her wooer.

"But you forget, Webster,"—this was the first time she had ever called him by his first name, and Hammond's heart began to bound with hope,—"there is a chasm between us that love alone can not bridge over. I am a Catholic and—"

"And I also," he hastily interrupted, "although to my intense shame I must acknowledge that for years I have not practiced my holy religion. But the beauty of your soul, Ethel, that mirrors itself in your whole being, has opened my eyes to the grandeur of our holy Catholic Faith, that sublime heritage handed down to us through the centuries, and it is owing to you that a lost sheep has now been brought back to the Fold."

The frankness and humility with which he spoke, touched Ethel deeply and she rejoiced that she had been chosen by Providence to be an instrument of grace for one whom she had always esteemed so

highly and whom she had now learned to love so tenderly.

"Come, Portia, let's to the caskets and learn my fate," he said pleasantly, aware that the last and strongest bulwark to the castle of her heart had been successfully stormed and razed.

"I pray you tarry and pause a day or two, before you hazard," she laughingly replied.

"No, come, let me choose now, for I live upon the rack," he urged, taking the lockets from her hand. "To-morrow, I leave on business for New York, and your answer I must have to-night."

"Away then. I am locked in one of them; if you do love me you will find me out."

"Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire," he said, reading the inscription delicately engraved on the locket of glittering gold. "The world is still deceived with ornament; therefore, thou gaudy gold, I will none of thee," he quoted, relinquishing the gold casket and fingering the silver one.

"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves." He looked at Ethel and smiled as he read this, saying, "Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge," for if I get you, fair Portia, I shall receive far more than I deserve," and he dropped the silver locket to take up the casket of dull, unadorned lead.

"Who chooseth me, must give and hazard,—why, what's the matter, Ethel!" he exclaimed, breaking off abruptly and gazing amazed at the girl beside him. She was staring fixedly into space. Her whole body

heaved violently from extreme agitation, while her deathly pale face was drawn with speechless terror. For a moment she sat thus, then sank back slowly on the cushions.

"Ethel, speak for heaven's sake!" gasped Hammond excitedly, quite unable to account for his companion's strange behavior.

"Call auntie!" she whispered faintly.

Mr. Densmore and Aunt Doris, who as Lady Capulet was expatiating with Richard the Third on the charms and accomplishments of her gifted niece, were soon at the young lady's side.

"Undoubtedly, Mr. Hammond, the excitement of the dance and the almost oppressive perfume of these blossoms brought on this fainting spell," agreed Aunt Doris, seating herself beside her niece and gently fanning her marble-white features.

"Let us go home, auntie," Ethel begged, trying to sit upright on the divan.

"Very well, darling; I'll order the car at once."

Hammond asked to accompany them, but Ethel demurred and he did not press the matter.

The next morning, after assisting at the impressive ceremonies of Ash Wednesday, Ethel Densmore was ushered into Fr. Roch's presence. After exchanging a few commonplace remarks, he said in his genial way, "No doubt, you had a most enjoyable time at the ball last night."

"That is the very subject I came to speak about," Ethel rejoined, again showing signs of nervousness.

"Yes, I did have a very pleasant time until about—Father Roch, do you believe in visions?" she asked suddenly.

He looked surprised. "Why, yes, child; but you know there are visions and visions. Some people, for instance, have visions when they associate too freely with 'bottled spirits,'" he added, laughing.

"No, Father, I am speaking here of real visions. For last night, just as Webster Hammond — you've heard of him — was wooing and pressing me for an answer, I happened to look up and I saw you standing there before me just as I can see you now. You looked so sad and grave and I became extremely frightened. But you were gone again like a flash and then I began to feel faint and sank down on the divan, but without losing consciousness. Now, Father, was that a vision, or a mere fancy, or were you actually present?"

"At about what time did this happen?" he asked.

"It was just a little before eleven o'clock."

"Well, I certainly was not present in the ballroom," he replied smiling; "for between ten and eleven o'clock I was kneeling in the sanctuary holding my hour of adoration for the Eucharistic League. I remember distinctly, however, that during the last quarter of the hour I prayed especially for all my Tertiaries, as is my custom."

"How do you account then, Father, for what I saw?"

"You as a member of the Shake-

speare Club ought to know that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in Horatio's philosophy, Ethel," he answered reprovingly.

"At least, Webster Hammond will have to woo me again," rejoined the young lady cheerily; "for if that interruption had not occurred, I would now be his promised wife."

When Ethel arrived at home, she found a letter there from Hammond enquiring anxiously about her health, reiterating his affection, and closing with the assurance that as

soon as business permitted, he would return from New York to claim the privilege of choosing the leaden casket. Frequent letters passed between the two as the weeks went by.

One morning, toward the end of Lent, when Ethel was expecting Hammond's return almost any day, she picked up the *Morning Post* and read: "Webster Hammond Arrested in New York for Bigamy and Forgery."

She needed no Daniel to interpret her vision.

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The Congregation of Franciscan Sisters of Charity was founded, in 1866, by five young ladies, who under the spiritual direction of Rev. J. Fessler, pastor at Clarks Mills, Wis., desired to devote themselves to the education of children. The following year when Rev. J. Fessler was assigned to the parish at Manitowoc, Wis., his spiritual daughters followed him to that place. The better to prepare themselves for the life of religious and for the teacher's calling, three of their number spent a year with the Sisters of Notre Dame in Milwaukee Wis. In the meantime Most Rev. J. M. Henni, Archbishop of Milwaukee, sanctioned the founding of the Congregation, and on November 9, 1869, the five young ladies were vested with the habit of St. Francis by Rev. J. Fessler. The present motherhouse and novitiate at Alverno, Wis., was dedicated on August 2, 1874. The next year, the small community was increased by the arrival of 25 Sisters, who, on account of the persecution then agitating Germany, had left their native land and found refuge with the Franciscan community at Alverno, which they joined two years later. From 1880 to 1892, the Sisters conducted an academy for girls, but at last gave it up in order to be able to supply the more pressing needs of parish schools. At present, the Congregation numbers 365 professed Sisters, 44 novices, and 37 postulants. They have charge of 53 schools, the enrollment of pupils totalling 9500. Besides, two hospitals and one home for the aged are under their direction.

## The Way to Perfect Joy

*By Frederick Hall*

Once on an Umbrian winter's day, the good St. Francis strude  
With Brother Leo homeward all along a windswept road.  
Bitter the cold, the driving sleet beat down upon them sore;  
And Brother Francis walked behind, while Leo walked before.

"Good Brother Leo," Francis cried, "our friars are holy men;  
But, though they made the deaf to hear, the blind to see again,—  
Aye, though they could bring back the dead, and Satan's power destroy.  
Mark well, my Brother—write it down,—not there is perfect joy."

Awhile they trudged in silence, and the cold grew colder still;  
Then Brother Francis called again, breasting a rugged hill:  
"O Leo, Little Sheep of God, though they might read the scroll  
Of all the future and the thoughts of man's most secret soul,

"Though in the preaching of the Word they might all tongues employ,  
Not there, O faithful Leo, is the source of perfect joy."

Much marvelled Brother Leo, then, wherein was found this grace;  
But Brother Francis cried again, the while sleet lashed his face:

"O Leo, though the whole, wide world its treasures yielded up,  
And we might drink its knowledge all, like water from a cup;  
Though all the heathen turned to Christ, for the words that we might  
speak,  
Look not to find there perfect joy—it were in vain to seek."

Sore puzzled, Brother Leo turned (in heart he was a child),  
"Where is, then, perfect joy?" he cried. And good St. Francis smiled  
And answered, "When at last we see the convent lights aglow  
With cheer and warmth and welcome, across the drifted snow;

"And, hungry, tired, and wet, and cold, we reach the convent door—  
If then the porter with a club comes out and beats us sore,  
And shouts, 'Ye are no friars at all, but robbers of the good.  
Get hence; for here ye shall not find or rest or warmth or food!'

"If we shall bear it patiently and think of him no ill  
(Though blows and censures rain on us full fierce and fiercer still),  
But say, in quiet cheerfulness, there in the icy night,  
'All this that has been done to us—it seems to him the right.'

"And though we are true friars both, and long to enter in,  
Yet One who walked in Galilee bore worse to blot our sin.  
If glow our hearts with love for Him and for the porter too,  
Then perfect joy shall come to us and fill us through and through.

"And ours shall be God's richest grace, unmixed with alloy;  
For only in self-conquest can one find the perfect joy."

—*The Ave Maria.*

## ST. MARY'S INDUSTRIAL INDIAN SCHOOL

*By Sr. M. Macaria, O. S. F.*

**I**N northeastern Wisconsin, on the famous shores of Gitche Gumee (Lake Superior), lies the Bad River Indian Reservation. This entire region is associated with memories sacred to Catholic hearts. Here among the peaceful Chippewa nation, labored Wisconsin's pioneer missionary, Rev. Claude Allouez, S. J., followed by the famed discoverer of the Mississippi, Père Marquette, and the saintly Bishop Baraga. That the holy Bishop attended the Bad River Mission is plain from his diary. Under date of June 5, 1860, we find that he discovered a neat little chapel in the upper part of Nawadjiwan's house, for the use of which he paid \$40.00; and in which, his diary goes on to state, he said Mass on Corpus Christi, June 7 of that same year, had Vespers, preached a sermon in the morning and another in the afternoon, baptized two adults and four children. In this same chapel, Father Chebul continued to offer the Holy Sacrifice until some five years later, when a small church, now used as a council hall, was erected.

The year 1882 marked a new era in the history of the Bad River Mission. Near Father Chebul's church was erected a log house, by Father John Gafron, O.F.M., who succeeded Father Chebul. Father Gafron has since passed to his reward, but with him begins the history of the Franciscans at Odanah. Earnestly and cheerfully the Indi-

dians, even the pagans, labored, cutting down trees and hauling them to the site selected for the log building; and, when the men grew weary and relaxed their zeal, the forsaken carpenter was surrounded by Indian women, glad of an opportunity for lending assistance to so noble a work.

Within this log building, on March 28, 1883, two Franciscan Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration of La Crosse, Wisconsin, took up their abode. The Indians, doubtless, regarded this house as a mansion. For it contained a kitchen, two bed rooms, a small sitting room, a chapel, and a school room. On April 1, the doors of the latter were thrown open to a crowd of dusky little ones who could neither speak nor understand a word of English. The tact, zeal, and patience required to habituate these children of the forest to the discipline of school life can be better imagined than described. The promise of our Divine Savior, however, "Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there I am in the midst of them," was verified. Before his Divine Presence, difficulties vanished as does the snow at the approach of spring; and the little log school prospered.

For the reader's amusement, however, we dwell on one of the first puzzling affairs that confronted the teacher in the little log school. On dismissing her pupils,

as she supposed for a recess, imagine her surprise on seeing them all bound, like deer, to the forest. She may have called after her fleeing charges, but like Hiawatha of old,

They heeded not nor heard her,  
For their thoughts were with the  
red deer.

Perhaps, the pupils, having no knowledge of time, supposed the recess was really home time. But no. Fettered and ill at ease as a newly caught bird in a cage, their roving natures rebelled against confinement; and did the teacher but turn her back for a moment, every prisoner was on his feet, while one who ventured to be their leader was already at the door. At a look or sign

from the teacher, they retreated, only to repeat the operation at the first opportunity. And who will blame these young Hiawathas? What did they or their parents know of the habits of civilized man? No wonder that, when a few months later, a Sister was seen weeding in the little school

garden, it was as great an attraction for these natives as is a circus for the average boy, and that the busy weeder soon found herself the center of a large circle, the circumference of which consisted of wondering natives—all lying, Indian fashion, face towards the earth, chins resting on hand, their black eyes looking the questions their lips could not frame.

Yet the Indians were ever solicitous about their good Sisters, "black-gowned women," as they are called in the Chippewa language. More than once were the latter roused from their slumbers by the ringing of the door bell, responding to which, they found the generous donor of a supply of fresh fish or game. On the



Indian Medicine Man

other hand, were the Indians in need, they hastened to the same little log cabin with the fullest confidence that their wants would be supplied. Not unfrequently were the Sisters called to attend the sick or the dying, for the priest was often absent attending other missions. On reaching the patient, the Sisters

found no other bed than Mother Earth's cold breast, no cover save the blanket, no crucifix met the sufferer's gaze. Sad as those old-time scenes appear, they were, nevertheless, most consoling. Childlike, indeed, was the confidence of these simple people in the good Sisters' prayers; and frequently, too, was their faith wonderfully rewarded. Even at the present day, the pagan Indian has great respect for a Sister. This is especially true of the medicine man, who, on meeting one, will yield her the whole walk and be-take himself to the road.

Speaking of the medicine man and pow-wows, it will hardly be out of place to mention here that they are a thing of the past at Odanah; the annual fair held here being about the only opportunity of witnessing a pow-wow on this reservation. Hence, our readers will probably welcome a pen picture of a medicine man and a description of a pow-wow.

The medicine man wears his hair in two braids, one on each side of the head. That he wears them in front instead of in the rear, may be owing to his masculine notions. His ears are hung with charms, and he carries any number of these superstitious articles on his person. His feet are moccasined; and his face, which to all appearances is never washed, speaks, if we may venture to express our opinion, of intercourse with evil spirits. He is, of course, the leader in pow-wows, or Indian dances, particularly of the medicine dance, where

he is supposed to exercise wonderful healing powers over the sick. There is considerable ceremony in a real medicine dance. It is usually held at the sick person's house; at any rate, the sufferer is supposed to be present. He or she must be painted, as Longfellow says, "Like the leaves of autumn," with this difference, however, that an autumn leaf is always more or less beautiful; such a painted creature—never.

The pow-wow is held in a building erected especially for that purpose in the form of a circle. In the center of the building, on the ground, is set an enormous drum, around which several pagans sit, pounding furiously, at the same time keeping up an unearthly yell. Dressed in gay colors, beaded ornaments adding to the gaudiness of their paraphernalia, the pagans dance to this strange music. It is a queer dance, little more than a stepping up and down, the men in one circle, the women in another just inside that of the men's. There seems to be no real order, and again there is perfect order, in the dance, men, women, and children, rising just as the notion seems to occur to them, and according to this same notion one or the other of them utters a yell which soon becomes a genuine whoop. The men, especially the chiefs, usually carry a hatchet which now and then they flourish in a way not too pleasant for the spectators.

One of the first things a visitor to the reservations wishes to see is a pow-wow; even the Sisters

share in this desire, though they are sometimes more anxious to depart from, than they were before to approach, the scene. One of the Sisters here on a recruiting mission some years ago said she could "almost feel the devil in the pow-wow building." We are, therefore, happy to say we have not enough pagans left on our reservation to keep up this ancient custom. Hence, each year, pagan Indians come up from the Lac du Flambeau Reservation to add this feature to the annual fair held at Odanah; and, strange to say, it possesses a strong fascination over the whites who come here in crowds from the neighboring cities.

When we remember the strong influence pagan rites exercised over classical people like the Greeks and the Romans, we can readily understand what the pow-wow means to a pagan Indian. That these dances, especially the medicine dances, were superstitious practices and not mere innocent pastimes, has been fully demonstrated by unusual occurrences. Father Odoric, the Indian missionary whose name is familiar to our readers, tells of the poles of a lodge suddenly beginning to shake during

one of these performances. The poles were firmly fixed in the earth, and their motion during the pow-wow was not owing to any natural disturbance. On another occasion, when a dance was at its height, one of the Sisters threw in some holy water "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Had a clap of thunder laid all the performers prostrate, the silence would not have been more sudden and complete. One of the principal performers afterwards acknowledged that he was unable to move hand or foot for the moment. All stood in amazement. Finally, anger succeeded this strange calm; and one of the medicine men seized a dish of boiling soup (they usually have dog soup at these dances) to hurl it at the daring Sister. She, doubtless inspired from above, held up the large crucifix on her rosary, at the same time exclaiming, "My God is stronger than your god." The medicine man stood abashed, and the Sister departed in peace. In another chapter, we shall relate the conversion and edifying death of the performer who admitted his inability to continue his part in this interrupted pow-wow.

*To be continued)*



## FATHER FRANCIS PIERZ, INDIAN MISSIONARY

*By Fr. Odoric, O. F. M.*

WHILE Baraga, the Apostle of the Northwest, was traversing the wilds of Northern Wisconsin and Upper Michigan in search of immortal souls, he beheld on all sides the fields ripe for the reapers and wept because he alone was not able to gather in the harvest. In his distress, his thoughts reverted to his native land, where there were so many priests, and he exclaimed, "Oh, if only a few of them would come to me, only a few but full of fervor, how much good could be done in this vast region, how many more souls could be saved." And from his heart welled up the fervent prayer to the Master of the vineyard, "Oh, dear Lord, say to some young, generous souls in my native land 'Go ye also into My vineyard.'" God listened to the ardent pleadings of his holy missionary on the shores of the Great Lakes and instilled into the hearts of several of his countrymen and fellow priests the desire to consecrate themselves to the conversion of the natives in the forests of North America. Foremost among them was Rev. Francis Pierz (Slovanian, Pirec). Aroused to enthusiasm for missionary work among the Indians by a letter penned by the burning zeal of Father Baraga, Father Pierz determined to give up his beautiful parish in Podbrezje and join his friend in the New World.

On June 16, 1835, Pierz bade fare-

well to his relatives and friends in his fatherland and after encountering many dangers and sufferings during the ocean voyage, he arrived at last safe and sound in the land of his hopes and dreams, and was received in a most fatherly manner by Bishop Rese, of Detroit. Describing his first impressions and experiences as an Indian missionary, he says: "I am stationed at present in Cross Village and I must say that all the priests I have met so far are real treasures of holy Church. This is especially true of Father Baraga, whom all esteem most highly. These missionaries live in poverty, as did the Apostles in the early days of Christianity. The mission churches are built of logs and are very plain but neat. One can see in them only a poor altar, but pious Christians; only candlesticks of wood, but priests of gold. Nowhere in these churches can one notice outward ornaments or treasures, but exemplary Christianity; the spirit of the first Christians is manifested in the manners and devotion of the people. All the converts gained by the fruitful labors of our illustrious Dejean, Baraga, and Senderl still live in their baptismal innocence. Their pious eagerness to hear the word of God and to receive the Sacraments is untiring. Their esteem for the Church and for the priests is beyond expression. They all show great joy in attending divine service and go to Mass regu-

larly, even those who live at a great distance from the church. Mothers bring their little ones to be blessed. It is indeed a pleasure to live and labor among such Christians and a great joy to preach the Gospel to such hearers. Tears of joy come to my eyes when at daily Mass I give the Bread of Angels to these devout Christians, or when, during instruction, I read in their copper-colored faces what the divine Mercy is operating in their innocent hearts. Thus I live happily among the redskins and often enjoy more heartfelt pleasure and consolation here than I did in all my twenty years' work in the old country."

Father Pierz describes the Christian Indian of his day. Take him away

from the influence of perverted whites and pagan Indians, keep him secluded in his natural goodness and uprightness of heart, strengthen him by the teaching and the Sacraments of holy Church, and you will have a most exemplary Christian. But leave the Indian exposed to the bad example of his pagan red and godless white brethren,

give him money and especially whiskey, and he will become a "bad Indian" indeed. This sad experience was soon made by the zealous missionary when he was transferred to Sault Sainte Marie. The place was inhabited mostly by pagan Indians and French-Canadians, many of the latter but nominal Catholics, who had not seen a priest for almost a year, and who were not at all pleased with the prospect of having one in their midst.

The opposition Father Pierz met with at the Sault only served to increase his zeal, and he continued his labors for the conversion of the Indians with much success. From 1838 till 1842, he evangelized the Indians of the North Shore, especially at



Rev. Francis Pierz

Fort William, Grand Portage, and other places. The following ten years he seems to have spent chiefly at Arbre Croche (Harbor Springs) and its ten dependent missions. This village had a population of 1,842 Catholic Indians in 1849. The work of caring for the spiritual welfare of so many missions, however, was too much for

an old man of sixty years, and Father Pierz requested his Bishop to share his missions with Father Mrak. His request was readily granted. During the twelve years Father Pierz spent among the Ottawas, he founded six flourishing missions and built as many churches.

In 1851, Father Pierz was invited by Bishop Cretin, of St. Paul, Minn., to extend his missionary activity to the Chippewas, who were quite numerous in that State. Although bowed down with the weight of three score years and seven, the zealous priest accepted the invitation and without delay betook himself to his new field of labor. With his customary enthusiasm he set to work, traveling from place to place instructing the Indians, and within ten years this indefatigable and most worthy disciple of his great master and model, Baraga, built ten churches and established ten new missions.

Seeing that the territory in which he was now laboring, was far too large for one priest to attend to, Father Pierz returned to Europe to secure willing and able helpers in this great apostolate. He visited the principal cities of his native land, often preaching two and three times a day in his eagerness to obtain new apostles for the red men. His zeal did not fail to make a deep impression on his hearers, and he was fortunate enough to inspire a goodly number of priests and theologians, several of whom were destined to rise to high distinction in the land of their adoption. We mention only the following: Right Rev. Msgr.

Joseph Buh, Right Rev. Msgr. A. Plut, Right Rev. Bishop James Trobec, and Most Rev. Archbishop Frederick Xavier Katzer.

Filled with new enthusiasm by his success in this matter, Father Pierz returned to his beloved missions, and in spite of his advanced years gave to the new missionaries a splendid example of apostolic zeal. His health began to fail gradually, but he remained at his post. Finally, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, after spending thirty-eight years without interruption among the Indians, his eyesight became so poor that he could hardly read and he was forced to discontinue his labors. "In the eighty-seventh year of my age," he writes, with unconcealed regret, "I am failing visibly. The year before last I could still easily attend twelve missions and preach in French, German, and Indian."

Now that his days of usefulness in the missions had drawn to a close, his heart turned lovingly toward the land of his birth and he determined to return there and prepare his soul for the great journey to eternity. He left this country, on September 3, 1873, accompanied by his friend and admirer, Rev. Father Tomazin. The voyage across the ocean lasted a month, and the aged priest beguiled the time by composing a most touching and interesting poem, entitled "Song of Bishop Baraga." This poem, as well as his many letters, reveals his deep love and veneration for the saintly Baraga, whose virtues he had learned to prize and to imitate.

Arrived in his native land, he made

Kamnik, near which he had been born, his home for some time, residing with the Franciscan Friars at that place. In the following year, he went to Laibach. He was now in his ninetieth year and, no doubt, he often sighed like the aged Prophet Simeon, "Now dismiss thy servant, O Lord, in peace. I have been a light for the revelation of the Gentiles, my beloved Indians, many of whom I have led to the light of the true faith and to the light of eternal glory. Let me, too, now see the ineffable light of Thy countenance; let the father be surrounded by his

children in the never-failing light of heaven's bliss." At last, in the ninety-fourth year of his age, on January 22, 1880, he closed his weary eyes to the light of this world, and we may well believe that on passing the portals of death, he was joyfully welcomed by the eternal Sun of Justice.

A beautiful monument erected by his countrymen marks his grave; but the humble and devoted priest has erected for himself a monument more lasting than brass in the hearts of his countless grateful children in Christ on both sides of the Atlantic.

From the *Acta Minorum*, the official organ of the Order of Friars Minor, we cull the following item regarding the Franciscan Sisters of Penance and Charity, whose motherhouse is in St. Francis, Wisconsin. In 1847, two priests and a few Sisters of the Third Order of St Francis left Bavaria, Germany, and came to Wisconsin, there to labor for the spiritual welfare of their countrymen in that state. Hardly had they begun their work when, in 1851, the two priests died of the cholera. Now the Sisters were left without spiritual guidance and aid, until Rev. M. Heiss, who later became Bishop of La Crosse and subsequently Archbishop of Milwaukee, volunteered to care for the little flock at Nojoshing, the old name for the present village of St. Francis. In 1856, St. Francis Seminary was opened and also an orphanage. Thereupon, the household affairs of the seminary and the care of the orphanage were entrusted to the Sisters, of which they have had charge ever since. The statutes of the congregation, drawn up by their spiritual director, Rev. M. Heiss, received episcopal approbation in 1863, and on December 6, 1911, Rome accorded them the *Decretum laudis*. At present, the Congregation under the direction of Venerable Mother Thecla, numbers 369 professed Sisters, 37 novices, and 35 postulants. They have charge of schools and academies in 44 different stations, principally located in Wisconsin, with a total enrollment of about 5300 pupils. The Deaf-mute Institute at St. Francis, Wis., is likewise under their direction.

## A SAINT'S REVENGE

THE following story is true, even in its minor details. It is a tale that reveals the heroism of Padre Ludovico de Casoria, the Franciscan friar, who died in the odor of sanctity, and whose cause of beatification has been introduced in Rome.

Padre Ludovico enjoyed the favor of Ferdinand II, King of Naples, who was a just, energetic, and deeply religious prince, and for that very reason an object of dislike to anarchists. One day, when the King heard that Padre Ludovico was setting out for Africa to devote himself to the conversion of the negroes, he offered the friar a large sum of money. The good Padre declined the gift, promising, however, to visit the King on his return from the missions.

On the pier of Alexandria, the lowly Franciscan fell in with a rabid anarchist, Danielli by name, who had been sentenced for life to hard labor, but whose punishment had been subsequently commuted by King Ferdinand to lifelong exile. When this man blinded by hatred of everything religious saw the Padre, he brutally struck him in the face saying, "Take that with my compliments to your master and friend King Bomba." Padre Ludovico said nothing, but quietly moved on, as if he had neither heard nor felt anything.

In the missions he converted a large number of negroes, and when some time later he returned

to Naples he took with him some of the natives. On his arrival he forthwith went to court and together with his black and boisterous retinue presented himself before the King. Ferdinand received him in the presence of the whole royal family.

The monarch approached with open arms to embrace him. But the Padre who for eight months had been deliberating how to take revenge for the insults of Danielli, fell on his knees and exclaimed, "First of all, your Majesty, permit me to ask a favor of you, a greater favor, perhaps, than I shall ever have occasion to ask any man for on earth."

"What do you wish? Speak!" replied the King. "You know how I love you. Have I ever refused you anything?"

"Sire, what I have to ask for exceeds all measure and I shall not venture to express my wish unless you assure me that whatever I ask you will grant."

"Very well, I will grant whatever you ask, I promise it," and the King embraced Padre Ludovico. "Speak without fear," he added, touched and amused alternately. "Truly, to judge from your excitement, one should think you are going to ask me for at least half of my kingdom."

"More than all that," retorted the missionary, choking with emotion. "What I wish is a pardon for Danielli banished to Egypt a few

years ago."

"How? Danielli!" exclaimed the King in surprise. "This man whose sentence of lifelong imprisonment and hard labor I commuted to banishment and who even now is so ungrateful as to plot against me!"

"That is true," the Padre answered.

"Then, what has Danielli done," continued Ferdinand, "to make you forget what you owe your King and friend and to wring from me in this way a pardon which that man could not hope to obtain any other way?"

"Be that as it may, I am asking you to practice the most beautiful of all virtues, the forgiveness of injuries."

"Very well," said Ferdinand, suppressing the anger which for a moment seemed to have disconcerted him. "I will not retract my promise, even if you have played a trick upon me. Danielli is pardoned. But now tell me what this wretch has done to make you espouse his cause with such zeal."

At these words, the missionary cast down his eyes in utter confusion. How could he relate his encounter with Danielli and tell of the blows he had received from him with the request to pass them on to the King? His humility and his respect for the King prevented him.

"Impossible, Sire," he pleaded, "but know that Danielli has done me a great service and my gratitude toward him is as binding as that which I shall cherish for your Majesty till my dying hour."

Ferdinand suspecting some secret,

did not press him further. "Well then, I shall have to forgive you, too, as a rebellious subject, since you refuse to answer your King. Let us drop the matter now and not put off dinner any longer, for your negroes are waiting for us."

The King kept his promise. On the following day, a royal order for the pardon of Danielli was issued with a clause stating that the pardon had been granted through the special intervention of Padre Ludovico. Danielli was then officially informed of it. As soon as he returned from exile, he received the pardon from the chief of police to whom the affair had been entrusted. Ferdinand hoped to learn from him what the saintly friar had refused to reveal. The pardoned man showed himself worthy of his benefactors. He threw himself at the feet of the King and confessed all.

Ferdinand, more impressed by the Padre's greatness of soul than by the injury he had received from Danielli, raised the repentant criminal to his feet and said to him, "Let everything be forgotten; the man of God has taught me my Christian duty. Since we both have been injured it is necessary that we both should be ready to forgive. He has returned you to your country, and I settle on you a life pension from my own private fortune."

The sequel is not less interesting than the story itself. Danielli on leaving the palace ran in search of Padre Ludovico. Meeting him in one of the streets of the city, he threw himself at his feet covering

them with tears and kisses. The missionary made him rise, and lavishing words of kindness on him pressed him to his heart.

After this incident, Danielli resolved to quit the world, and some time later he entered as a lay Brother in the convent at Palma,

near Naples, where Padre Ludovico was superior. Here he gave himself up to tears and works of penance under the guidance of his dearly beloved father. He died in the odor of sanctity.—*El Eco Franciscano.*

♦ ♦ ♦

## Sweet Lady

Sweet Lady, Saint Mary.

Full of all courtesie,  
Mother of Mercy and of pity.—  
Mine hope, mine help is all in thee.  
Well I wot that born thou were  
In help of all us wretches here.  
Beseech thy Son, loved and dear,  
For me a sinful wretch down here.  
Beseech Him for the love of thee  
That He have mercy on me;  
And help me at mine ending day  
From the foul fiend's dire affray.  
Beseech, also, the Flower of All,  
Thy Son, my Lord, for my friends all;  
That He them keep with His grace  
From all perils in each place;  
And give them good life and good end  
And joy when they shall heavenwards wend;  
Good Lord Jesus, Amen, Amen.

—From A Medieval Anthology.

## REV. ARSENIUS FAHLE, O. F. M.

ON January 16, death visited the Franciscan friary at Washington, Mo., and summoned the Rev. Jubilarian, Fr. Arsenius Fahle, O.F.M., to his eternal reward. Born in Paderborn, Germany, September 23, 1843, he received in Baptism the name Sylvester. After completing his classical studies in his native city, the promising young man entered the Order of Friars Minor at Warendorf in the Saxon Province of the Holy Cross, on May 16, 1861, and was ordained priest in Paderborn, on March 12, 1869. His first field of activity was at Warendorf. In 1875, he was among the Franciscans who, compelled to leave their native land, sought refuge in this country, where the foundations of the present Province of the Sacred Heart had already been laid. The exiled friars arrived at Teutopolis, Ill., on July 3, and on the following day, Fr. Arsenius was called to preach his first sermon in this country in the parish church.

After spending some time in Teutopolis, he was sent by his superiors to Indianapolis, Ind., and thereafter he labored in Cleveland, O., Rhineland, Mo., Chillicothe, Mo.,

Quincy, Ill., and Herman, Mo. Being a gifted speaker, he was frequently employed in preaching missions. Great was the joy of his brethren when, on the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 3, 1910, good Fr. Arsenius, by order of the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, celebrated the golden jubilee of his entrance into the Franciscan Order. He himself sang the solemn High

Mass on the occasion, and it was inspiring to hear the venerable jubilarian raise his beautiful voice in praise and thanksgiving to Him whom he had served so faithfully. Soon after this celebration, his robust health began to decline. For some time, he still continued in charge of the little parish at Morrison, Mo., until about 3 years ago, when a stroke of paralysis

forced him to retire from active life. Since the summer of 1915, he resided in the friary at Washington, Mo. Owing to his enfeebled condition, Fr. Arsenius was usually unable to say Mass. But on Christmas morning, by a supreme effort, he succeeded in offering the holy Sacrifice. It was his last. On January 16, another stroke of paralysis ended his life.



Rev. Arsenius Fahle, O. F. M.

Fr. Arsenius will always be remembered by his brethren as a religious of great charity, humility, and childlike simplicity. Goodness of heart was indeed a marked characteristic of his long life. He constantly sought opportunities to do services to others, and his cheerful kindness on such occasions was such as to win the affection and esteem of all. He never sought honors or the praise of men. Unselfish and humble, he was never known to complain of any position or occupation; but seeking the honor of God and the welfare of souls, he labored in the smallest and poorest mission entrusted to his care with the same whole-hearted zeal as in the larger and well-regulated parishes. He sincerely rejoiced in the successes of his brethren and always had a word of cheer and encouragement, especially for the younger members of the Province. Well do we remember how warmly and enthusiastically he greeted the first appearance of *Franciscan Herald*, in which he continued to take the liveliest interest.

To the very end of his long and active life, Fr. Arsenius preserved the heart of a simple, guileless

child. Candid and sincere in all his dealings with others, he hated duplicity wherever it appeared. To simplicity, he united a joyous and sunny disposition, which spread gladness and cheer to all his surroundings and which did not leave him even in the hours of the greatest suffering. During his last, long, and painful illness, he was always a shining example of cheerful patience and perfect resignation.

The solemn obsequies were held on Saturday, January 19, in the presence of fifteen priests of the neighboring parishes, and of a concourse of people that taxed the church to its fullest capacity. After the recitation of the Office of the Dead, the Very Rev. Fr. Samuel Macke, O.F.M., Provincial, celebrated the solemn Requiem Mass, assisted by Rev. Fr. Anastasius Rhode, O.F.M., as deacon, and Rev. Fr. Ignatius Clasen, O.F.M., as subdeacon. The funeral sermon in English was delivered by Rev. J. G. Hoelting, a member of the diocesan mission band of St. Louis, while Rev. Fr. Francis Haase, O.F.M., Custos, of St. Louis, preached in German. R.I.P.



## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.** — In the course of last year, the cause of the beatification of Venerable Benignus de Cuneo, of the Order of Friars Minor, received a new impetus. Already in 1881, Pope Leo XIII by a special decree conferred the title of Venerable on the servant of God. The saintly friar was born at Cuneo in Piedmont, Italy, in 1673, and at the age of seventeen he entered the Franciscan Order. After his ordination to the holy priesthood, he devoted himself entirely to preaching the word of God. Forty years he was engaged in this arduous labor and by his untiring zeal, by the example of his holy life, he brought back countless sinners to God. He died a holy death at Cuneo, on September 17, 1744, and he was laid to rest in the Franciscan church of his native town. Last May, with the approval of the Holy See, the Bishop of Cuneo, Rt. Rev. N. Gabriel Moriondo, O.P., conducted a canonical inspection of the mortal remains of the servant of God, in the presence of ecclesiastical dignitaries and of men of the legal and medical professions. On opening the grave, it was found that both the coffin and the sacred remains had suffered greatly from damp. After the physician had carefully examined the precious relics, they were placed in a double coffin, which was then deposited in a new vault specially prepared for it in the church.—

The Holy Father has appointed Rev. Michael Sleutjes, O.F.M., a counselor of the Commission he recently instituted for the purpose of ensuring a uniform and authentic interpretation of the new code of Canon Law. Fr. Michael is at present professor of Canon Law at the Franciscan International College of St. Anthony in Rome. He was also a mem-

ber of the papal commission entrusted with the new codification of Canon Law.—

Last October, a congress of women welfare workers of Italy was held in Rome. All the leagues and societies, both religious and civil were represented. At a preliminary meeting of Catholic delegates, Rev. Austin Gemelli, O.F.M., delivered an address, having come from the war front expressly for the purpose. By explaining to the delegates the means and ways adopted by the organization he had founded in Milan and which is achieving results so extraordinary, Fr. Austin pointed out to his hearers ways and means to better the spiritual as well as the material condition of the masses. The zeal and ability of Fr. Austin may be further seen from the book which he has just published under the title, *Our Soldier*. In this book, he discusses the principles that constitute the heroism of the common soldier battling in the trenches for the welfare and glory of his country. The zealous friar is associated with the medical corps at the Italian front. The many observations he has made in this capacity, ministering to the spiritual and corporal needs of the soldiers in the trenches, especially qualified him for writing this book. We may add, that Fr. Austin has also been instructed by the Italian Minister of War to make special psychological and pathological observations at the front. To this end the government has founded a laboratory and appointed Fr. Austin the director.—

At the Spanish Pontifical College in Rome, on November 8, a musical and literary program was rendered to commemorate the quater-centenary of the death of Cardinal Ximénez. Besides many distinguished

members of the Spanish colony in Rome, a number of Cardinals, Bishops, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries as well as members of all the religious Orders were present.—

**Toledo, Spain.**—Elaborate festivities marked the quater-centenary celebration held on November 8, in honor of the illustrious Franciscan Cardinal, Venerable Francis Ximénez de Cisneros, in the beautiful cathedral of Toledo. His Eminence Cardinal Guisasola, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain, officiated at the solemn pontifical Mass. He was assisted by the Bishops of Coria, Siguenza, Cuenca, and Plasencia. A beautiful catafalque stood in the transept of the cathedral amid a profusion of lights. The precious cloth of black velvet with which it was hung, dates from the seventeenth century. In the church was also seen a banner which had been used in Cardinal Ximénez's conquest of Oran. During the celebration a telegram was received from the King of Spain, in which his Majesty expressed his regret that he and the Queen could not be present in person to do honor to the memory of the saintly Franciscan friar to whose heroic and untiring zeal Spain owes so much.

**Alcala, Spain.**—Similar celebrations were held in honor of Cardinal Ximénez at Alcalá, the seat of the famous University which he founded and endowed. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Madrid sang the pontifical High Mass. Great interest was shown by the various fraternities of the Third Order, and that the festivities proved such a success was in great part owing to their zeal and enthusiasm.

**Austria and Bavaria.**—The Third Order in Austria and Bavaria is in a most flourishing condition. The two provinces of Innsbruck and Munich number at present 180,000 Tertiaries. This is owing partly to

the zeal and activity of the Franciscan Fathers of these provinces, and partly to the interest which the Rt. Rev. Bishops manifest in the Third Order. They avail themselves of every opportunity to recommend to their flock this salutary institute of St. Francis as the most efficacious remedy against the many social evils of our day. Fraternities have been organized in every seminary, and they are visited regularly by a Franciscan friar. The men Tertiaries of Bavaria have now entered on a much neglected field of activity. They will look after the spiritual and corporal needs of such men as having served a term in the prison are suddenly cast out on an unkindly world and hence are in great danger of going back to their ways of sin and crime. The women Tertiaries have likewise begun a similar activity. With the permission of the civil authorities, they visit women prisoners in order to comfort and instruct them. When these women leave the prisons, the Tertiaries are at hand to provide them with decent places of employment, where they can earn an honest living and begin a new life.

**Tokio, Japan.**—The directors of the botanical garden in Tokio have resolved to erect a monument to the memory of the deceased Franciscan friar, Rev. Urban Faurle. He was a distinguished botanist, who besides discharging the duties of a missionary, found time to devote to his favorite study. Great weight is laid on his researches in botany, while his vast collection of rare specimens is of the greatest importance to the science. The monument will be erected in the island of Formosa.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.**—Christmas vacation at St. Joseph's College was one pleasant round of celebrations, religious and secular, and the few days relief from the routine of hard study

passed away only too quickly. The college chapel, beautifully decorated, was the scene of impressive ceremonies inaugurated with a solemn High Mass at midnight. On Christmas night, a charming Christmas-tree celebration took place in the dramatic hall. The following program was rendered:

The Prince of Peace.....	Tableau
A Merry Christmas.....	J. Strauss
Select Junior Choir	
Christmas Everywhere.....	Philips Brooks
Antony Frericks	
Krippenlied.....	Luise Hensel
Francis Frey	
Adeste Fideles.....	F. Hamm
College Choir	
The Grey Swan.....	Alice Carey
Raymond Gross	
Christmas Day.....	Samuel Richards
Joseph Ritter	
Song of the Angels.....	L. Dressler
Select Junior Choir	
The Boy's Promise.....	Anon
Peter Simons	
A Railroad Incident.....	Anon.
Charles Eberle	
Silent Night.....	F. Gruber
Senior Choir	

In the afternoon of December 26, the college Tertiary fraternity received an increase of nineteen novices, while on the same occasion thirteen novices were professed. With the continual growth of our Tertiary students' activity, it has been found necessary to create two new offices, that of assistant secretary and that of treasurer. Alphonse Habig and John Freudinger have the distinction of being the first incumbents. January 13 was Mission Sunday for our Tertiaries. Appropriate services including a procession with the statue of the Infant Savior marked the occasion. Besides a large box of articles for the sacristy and the sanctuary, that was forwarded to the Arizona missions by our Tertiaries as a Christmas gift, they sent a check of \$75 to Very Rev. Fr. Provincial for the Indians. He acknowledged the receipt of the alms by a most cordial letter of thanks and encouragement, of which our Tertiaries feel justly proud.

On the night of December 26, the dramatic hall was made to resound with the enthusiastic applause of a

large and appreciative audience of students and visitors, who witnessed the performance of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's classic tragedy *Pizarro*. The cast of characters was the following:

Pizarro, the Conqueror of Peru.....	A. Glauber
Ataliba, King of Quito.....	R. Patterson
Rolla   Commanders of	{ P. Eberle
Alonzo   Ataliba's Army	{ W. Wernsing
A Child, Alonzo's Boy.....	F. Frey
Valverde, Pizarro's Secretary.....	O. Thomas
Elviro, Pizarro's Protege.....	C. Eberle
Almagro	(C. Pfeilschifter
Davidia   Leaders of Pizar-	{ B. Rust
Gomez ro's Army	{ W. Doyle
Gonzalez	(A. Schladweiler
Las Casas, a Dominican Friar.....	A. Limacher
Orozembo, a Peruvian Cacique.....	E. Voss
Catalipo, an Old Blind Man.....	J. Schmidt
Topaca, his Grandchild.....	R. Gross
Alvarez, a Spanish Sentinel.....	N. Wegener
Orano, a Peruvian Officer.....	H. Rutherford
Soldiers, Attendants, etc.	

MUSICAL PROGRAM BY COLLEGE ORCHESTRA  
AND CHOIR

High Pride March.....	J. C. Reed
Life's Dream (Song).....	J. Parks
Then You'll Remember Me (Song).....	M. Balfie
Sweets of Life (Mazurka).....	C. W. Bennett
Gloria (Mass in B flat).....	J. Haydn
Hunters March.....	C. Faust

On the nights of December 27, January 1, and 6, the college punchinellos entertained their fellow students with a number of comedies and farces that made the hall reverberate with irrepressible peals of laughter.

The last three days of the year 1917 were spent by the students in the holy exercises of the annual retreat, which was conducted by the well known Franciscan missionary, Fr. Titus, of Chicago.

A rare treat was afforded the faculty and students on the night of January 20, when Mr. Antony Matre, of Chicago, a Knight of St. Gregory the Great, delivered his exquisite illustrated lecture on Rome and the Last Three Popes. Mr. Matre is a most genial character, an enthusiastic Tertiary, a fervent Catholic, a man of great and varied learning and vast experience, fully abreast of the times, and eager to serve the Catholic cause whenever and wherever he can. All these traits were very much in evidence in his lecture, which was listened to with breath-

less interest by all. After the lecture, Rev. Fr. Rector expressed his appreciation in words of warmest thanks, while the students voiced their sentiments by giving three rousing cheers for their distinguished guest.

**Island Grove, Ill.**—The year 1917 closed with a sad calamity for the little country parish of Island Grove, near Teutopolis, of which Rev. Fr. Joseph of St. Joseph's College faculty, was acting pastor. On Saturday afternoon, the roof of the sanctuary caught fire from the flue and the flames spread rapidly. The alarm was sounded, and soon many of the parishioners—men, women, and children—gathered on the scene. Heroic efforts were made to extinguish the fire, but the water supply soon gave out, and all then turned their attention to saving the contents of the church. In this they were very fortunate; for they succeeded in rescuing from the burning building practically everything but the high altar. The old frame church still stands across the road and it was immediately converted from a parish hall into a parish church. The loss sustained by the fire is estimated at \$15,000, which is only partially covered by \$4,000 insurance. The neighboring parishes have signified their willingness to substantially aid in rebuilding the church. This noble charity is doing much to revive the drooping spirits of the afflicted parishioners and steps are already being taken to retrieve the disaster.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—On December 26 and January 9, a social was given in St. Peter's Hall under the auspices of the Third Order. On both occasions, Mr. Antony Matre held his masterful illustrated lecture on Rome, the Catacombs, and the Tertiary Popes; viz., Leo XIII, Pius X, and Benedict XV. The distinguished lecturer is a Franciscan Tertiary and has

been decorated by the Pope with the Knighthood of St. Gregory the Great. His lecture delivered with elegance, warmth, and grace, proved intensely interesting and highly instructive.—

During the year 1917, eighty new members were received into the St. Elizabeth fraternity of the Third Order, sixty-nine made their profession, and thirty-four passed to a better life.

**New Vienna, Ia.**—The mission preached in St. Boniface Church from November 25 to December 2, by the provincial missionaries, Rev. FF. Francis and Honoratus, O.F.M., was very successful. At the close of the mission, a fraternity of the Third Order of St. Francis was founded in the parish. Thirty postulants were invested with the Tertiary cord and scapular.

**Pittsburgh, Pa., St. Augustine's Church.**—The Capuchin friars in charge of St. Augustine's parish, this city, are very zealous in propagating the Third Order among the laity. The parish has two fraternities—an English-speaking and a German-speaking—with a combined membership of almost two thousand. During the past year, which was a very successful one in every regard for the fraternities, about one hundred and forty-five novices were admitted into the Third Order.

**Harrington, Wash.**—In December, Rev. Fr. Burchard, O.F.M., preached the Forty Hours in Harrington, Wash. Two of the sermons were devoted to the Third Order of St. Francis. The Rev. Pastor, Charles McAleer, himself a Tertiary, was delighted when eighteen men and twenty-two ladies of his parish presented themselves as candidates for the Third Order and received the cord and scapular.

**Komatke, Ariz., St. John's Mission.**—During the Christmas holidays we were favored with beauti-

ful weather. Two solemn High Masses were celebrated on the feast of Christmas, and in large numbers the Indians approached the sacraments. On the day after Christmas, our Indian school children gave an entertainment which was well attended. A still larger crowd gathered in the evening to be present at the entertainment which the young men of Komatke had prepared for the occasion. Besides two addresses in English, several rhythmic dances were given by Indians in full regalia. The original minstrel selections supplied matter for hearty and wholesome laughter. The enrollment of our Indian school at present totals about three hundred children.

**Fruitvale, Cal.**—Sunday, December 23, was a red letter day in the annals of our Third Order fraternity. After the solemn services during which Very Rev. Fr. Provincial invested a large number with the Tertiary cord and scapular, His Grace, Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco, explained in his own charming way the message St. Francis of Assisi has for the modern world. He told his hearers that a return to Christ after the example of St. Francis, is the only way to true peace. The church was well filled, and we have every reason to hope that those who had the good fortune to hear His Grace's eloquent exposition of the spirit of our Seraphic Father, took his words to heart, and that many will soon present themselves as postulants of the Third Order, ready to follow in the footsteps of the great Saint by leading a life in conformity with the Tertiary Rule.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.**—The regular meeting of the Third Order held on the beautiful feast of Epiphany, was well attended. Twenty new members were received into the Order, while fifteen novices made their profes-

sion. The Rev. Director dispensed with his customary discourse on the Rule of the Third Order and invited the assembled Tertiaries to the Auditorium immediately after Benediction. Here a public meeting was held for the purpose of further discussing the project of founding a Third Order Home in the city. Requested to make suggestions, the Tertiaries were unanimously in favor of the proposed Home. Like their Rev. Director, they foresee that the Third Order Home will in time prove a center of Christian activity in San Francisco. Ways and means for securing the necessary funds were then debated with the encouraging results that contributions made then and there ranged from 25 cents to 50 cents in donations and from \$500 to \$3000 in deposits. These figures represent only 105 members of the local Third Order fraternity, about one twentieth of the total membership. Hence the Rev. Director is assured that financially the project of the Third Order Home will not be long in materializing.

**San Xavier del Bac, Arizona.**—The customary celebrations marked the annual recurrence of the patronal feast of Mission San Xavier. On the evening before the great day at half-past six o'clock, Right Rev. H. Granjon, Bishop of Tucson, officiated at pontifical Vespers, which were followed by an imposing procession with the statue of St. Xavier to a beautifully decorated plaza in front of the church. After a gorgeous display of fireworks, the procession returned to the church, which was ablaze with lighted candles. Pontifical High Mass was sung the next morning by His Lordship, during which Rev. Fr. Ferdinand Ortiz, O. F.M., preached in English, while Rev. Fr. Euphrasio, a Carmelite friar, preached in Spanish. In the afternoon, the rosary was recited in a rustic grotto on a hill near by, where-

upon the Bishop gave Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. Then followed the blessing of the new cross that crowns the hill, and which can be seen for miles around. The old cross was struck by lightening during a heavy storm last summer. Vasts crowds of Indians, Mexicans, and Americans had gathered for the feast, many of the former being hindered by the unsettled conditions in Mexico from making their annual pilgrimage in honor of St. Francis Xavier to Magdalena, and all exhibited the most childlike piety throughout the celebration. Numerous vows were filled on this occasion especially by clothing children with the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, which act of devotion is usually vowed to obtain recovery from sickness.

**St. Paul, Minn., Sacred Heart Church.**—During the year 1917, thirty-one new members were re-

ceived into the Third Order in St. Paul and ten novices were admitted to their profession. In the meetings in November of both branches of the fraternity, new officers were elected. At the same time it was decided to introduce a monthly instruction for the novices in preparation for their profession, the better to imbue them with the true Tertiary spirit. The number of novices and postulants present at the instruction in December was a source of gratification to the Director, who sees bright days ahead for the Third Order in St. Paul. Up to the present, our Tertiaries have had no library of their own, but the foundation for one was laid recently by a zealous member, who presented the fraternity with a life of the Seraphic Father St. Francis. A start has been made, let the good work continue.

#### NOTICE TO MILWAUKEE TERTIARIES

Owing to the terrific blizzard that raged all day, January 6, it was impossible to conduct our monthly meeting that Sunday afternoon. The heavy snowdrifts blocked all traffic and, with the wind blowing a terrible gale, prevented any one, who was not obliged to do so, from venturing out of doors. It was the intention of the Rev. Fr. Director to make an urgent appeal at that meeting to the Tertiaries that none should fail to appear at the General Meeting to be held on *Sunday, February 3, at 3.15 P.M.* As this is a very important meeting, it is the wish of the Fr. Director that all the Tertiaries of our English-speaking branch appear, be it rain or shine. Through the columns of the *Herald* he desires to bring this to their notice, requesting them in turn to inform others who are not as yet subscribers to the *Herald*. Remember the date—*February 3, at 3.15 P.M.* All are to assemble in the new Parish Hall and not in the Church, as at the other meetings. After the meeting in the hall, Benediction will be given in the Church.

#### OBITUARY

**Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Convent:**—Rev. Fr. Arsenius Fahle, O.F.M.  
**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**

*St. Francis Fraternity:* Margaret Dooley, Sr. Rose; Jane Doherty, Sr. Frances.

*St. Louis Fraternity:* Patrick Shannessy, Bro. Joseph.

*St. Elizabeth Fraternity:* Anna Rohr, Sr. Frances.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:** Sophia Voser, Sr. Clare; Mary Connell, Sr. Agnes; Mary Murray, Sr. Frances; Susan Bolan, Sr. Mary; Lydia Jones, Sr. Antonia.

**Portland, Ore.,**--John Kolzer, Br. Francis; Mary Wythe, Sr. Frances.

(Continued from page XII)

lar words are addressed to the Rev. Director. The trouble is this: often Tertiaries move from place to place and fail to notify the Rev. Director. Some do so, but the majority neglect or forget it. Hence, if the Rev. Director were to rely upon the census of 1914, he would have no security that notices and invitations will be received. With so many Tertiaries in the city, and so many moving from place to place, the best the Rev. Director can do is to take recourse to the list of members belonging to the Tertiary Mission Section. The list of subscribers to *Franciscan Herald* can not and will not be used for this purpose since many are subscribing who are not Tertiaries. Promoters of the Tertiary Mission Section take great pains in trying to locate every Tertiary, but if you cannot be located or if you do not join the Section, your name and address will naturally not be recorded in the Promoter's memorandum, and in consequence will not be on the Director's mailing list. The Promoter of the Tertiary Mission Section in your part of the city is not only working for the missions, but is at the same time taking a census of practical members of the Third Order. Join the Tertiary Mission Section and you will receive your mail. If by June no Promoter has called on you, bring your donation to the Tertiary office giving your name, parish, and address, then you will not be overlooked. All Tertiaries who join the Third Order this year will not be called upon by any Promoter until next year; they may, however, join the Tertiary Mission Section and have their names listed by bringing their donation to the Tertiary office, as stated above.

### Our Jubilee Book

#### INTRODUCTORY NOTE

*The Life and Legends of St. Francis of Assisi* by Father Candide Chalippe, O.F.M., need no apology. The work was first published at Paris, in 1727. It is not only well written and reliable within, but also instructive, elevating, and inspiring. The facts and legends mentioned are drawn from the oldest and most reliable sources.

The abundance of incidents and anecdotes not to be found elsewhere makes the volume eminently interesting, while the reflections and applications which the author now and then interweaves with the narrative are so replete with practical hints on spiritual life, that they will undoubtedly produce the best spiritual results in the reader. The style, though simple, at times graphic, is very pleasing; the narrative flows on with equal ease and freedom.

In 1852, a priest from the Oratory of St. Philip Neri made a translation into English from what was then the latest French edition. This French edition came from the press in 1850. With the English translation the original work appeared in an abridged form. The original work is divided into six books. The English translation contains but half of these, so rearranged for the sake of clearness that they form five books. Most elucidations of the original work regarding characteristics of St. Francis, events and dates that are doubtful, are omitted, likewise most of the writings of St. Francis. The former were and are still undergoing changes, owing to new historical researches and discoveries made by students of Franciscan sources, while the latter were but lately again newly translated into English and edited as completely as possible with many critical notes and references of great value by the scholarly Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M.—*The Writings of St. Francis of Assisi* by Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. The Dolphin Press, 1906.

The marvellous progress the Third Order of St. Francis is making in this country causes the story of the life of St. Francis, that is herewith presented to the public in a newly revised edition, to be especially welcome. For, all Tertiaries know that mere devotion to St. Francis is of itself not sufficient to acquire the spirit of their Seraphic Father; all are aware that membership in the Third Order does not necessarily argue the possession of this spirit—and yet, every real Tertiary desires nothing more than to acquire the poor, humble, loving spirit of St. Francis. This spirit can scarcely be acquired, unless the life of

St. Francis be well known, meditated upon, and imitated as far as practicable. *The Life and Legends of St. Francis of Assisi* by Father Candide Chalippe, O.F.M., is peculiarly adapted to help Tertiaries to perform this task; the spirit of St. Francis breathes in every page. Not once, but several times may Tertiaries read this book to great advantage. With every reading new items of interest will be discovered, new lessons will present themselves to be learnt, new inspirations will be imparted to the soul from above. The more this book is read, the more it will be loved; the more it is studied, the more it will be admired. For Tertiaries a book of this kind is a necessity; it is as necessary for them as a text-book is for a scholar.

May this wonderful work spread in the future even more rapidly than before, may it receive the hearty welcome it deserves among the innumerable Tertiaries and clients of St. Francis of Assisi, and be to them a sure guide to God's abundant graces in this world and to life everlasting in the next.

#### **"Lest We Forget"**

At the Tertiary Conference held at Teutopolis, Ill., ten delegates from Cleveland (five men and five ladies) were present. Mr. Edward Walter of the German-speaking fraternity and Mr. George Dawson of the English-speaking fraternity were the official delegates of their respective branches, duly elected for this honor by the Tertiary officers. The remaining eight were persons who cordially responded to the Rev. Director's call for volunteers. They even payed their own expenses. All delegates were delighted, but perhaps no one was more delighted than the Rev. Director himself who wishes to thank the delegates one and all for the healthy zeal and enthusiasm they showed for the general welfare of the Third Order.

#### **The Hour of God**

The Hour of God in the Foreign Missions (with twelve illustrations) is an earnest and timely appeal of Father Hilarion Gil,

S. J., in behalf of the missions. The able writer considers the religious trend of the Thousand Millions to be converted, and surveys the conditions prevailing in all large mission countries. Buddhism, Brahmanism, and Mahometanism receive special attention and the activity of Rationalists and Protestants is clearly shown. Yet the writer does not hesitate to call the present time "The Hour of God in the Foreign Missions," since the opportunity of spreading the Faith has never been greater than it is in the present age.

At the next regular meetings, February 3, 5, and 17, we shall have a large number of these eminently interesting copies distributed to all Tertiaries. Every Tertiary is entitled to one copy. Subsequent copies will cost five cents, the regular price is ten cents.

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#### **Something Wrong**

In the year 1917, just 60 Tertiaries neglected their holy profession. In quite a number of parishes one or more of these Tertiaries are to be found. Kindly peruse the following list and see if your parish is represented. To the left you will find the name of the parish and in the same line to the right the number of persons from that parish who did not make their holy profession. Help along to blot out this list. Ask for the names and addresses of these delinquent Tertiaries at the Tertiary office, call on them at their homes, and in a friendly way induce them to make their holy profession at the communion rail on the first Sunday. Probably they do not know the great necessity of holy profession; perhaps they have wrong opinions, or are a little careless. Explain matters to them and bring them along.

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1—Blessed Sacrament.....	2
2—Holy Name.....	4
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4—Our Lady of Lourdes.....	4
5—St. Adalbert.....	1
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7—St. Aloysius.....	1
8—St. Augustine.....	1
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10—St. Colman.....	3
11—St. Edward.....	5
12—St. John (Cathedral).....	2
13—St. John Nepomucene.....	5
14—St. Joseph (Collinwood).....	2
15—St. Mary.....	2
16—St. Patrik.....	3
17—St. Philip.....	5
18—St. Philomene.....	1
19—St. Stephen.....	4
20—St. Thomas Aquinas.....	8
21—St. Wenceslaus.....	1
<hr/>	
Total	60

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The next reception and profession for the men and young men of the Third Order will take place, February 5, after the regular meeting of the men, which begins at 8 P. M., and closes at 9 P. M.

All men and young men, unless sick or feeble, should hereafter attend the regular men's meeting which is always held in the monastery chapel on the Tuesday after the first Sunday, at 8 P. M.

Henceforth the meetings on the first and third Sundays will be known as the "ladies' meetings." Men and young men (excepting officers and servers) are not expected to attend the "ladies' meetings."

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Yours sincerely—C. Y. S.

Rev. Father,

For many years I attended the meetings, but I never had the courage to ask any one to join. I am a very quiet person, do not go out much, and live alone. Usually I felt a little miserable when all the Tertiaries were asked at the meeting to do their best in procuring new members. At last I thought I might try. It is a great consolation for me now to know that it is not so hard to procure new members if a person makes up one's mind to do so. So far I got three new members.

Respectfully yours—M. K.

Rev. & Dear Father,

For quite a time I tried to get new members, but met with no success. I found that most persons I asked refused to consider the matter earnestly and besides the persons in whose company they just happened to be at once brought up a whole series of objections. Many of these objections were ridiculous, but the more I tried to argue the, more they piled on me. Now I never ask any one to join unless I meet the person alone. I find it much easier that way. The person is more inclined to listen and to consider the consequences. In this way I have procured three members so far and I think two more will join in the near future.

Yours in St. Francis,—D. R.

Rev. and Dear Father Director,

Is it difficult for me to procure new members? Well, I should say so. Rev. Father, you have no idea what laughable experiences I had in my clumsy endeavors. Yet I am not discouraged; I am bound to succeed. If others can do so, I can do so too. But, no doubt, I will have to learn how to get at it. So far I have procured none.

Yours sincerely—B. P.

Rev. & Dear Father,

Up to now I got 13 members into the Third Order. The Third Order is so grand I can not see why everybody does not join. Besides it is so easy. I am trying hard to do my share. St. Francis. St. Antony, the Blessed Virgin, the Sacred Heart, even the Poor Souls must help me, because I am not a good talker. They do

help me a great deal.

Yours truly—R. B.

Rev. Director of the Third Order,

Four other girls besides myself have formed a ring to procure some members for the Third Order. We all are going to help each other. Each one is going to try to get five members. But it seems hard for us to get our friends to join. They have so many excuses. So far each of us have two new members.

Your Tertiary—A. M.

Dear Father,

I have distributed many of the leaflets explaining the Third Order among Catholic men at the shop where I work, also among my friends. I procured some members in this way.

Respectfully—J. F.

Dear Father,

At my home I made a list of good, practical Catholics that I know. When I meet them I happen to talk about something going on in the Third Order and then ask them if they are members also, or I find out from what they say whether they are members or not. If they are not members, I try to explain the Third Order to them as well as I can and invite them to the next meeting. In this way, I also am able to do my share. Many later on expressed their surprise to me that they did not hear of the Third Order before; others again declared that they had somehow or other got such queer notions about the Third Order.

Most respectfully yours—F. I.

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#### Thoughts From Franciscan Tertiaries

A living and active faith makes man steadfast, sweetens and facilitates the fulfillment of his duties, and ensures for him a place in heaven more precious than a worldly kingdom.—St. Robert, King of Naples, Tertiary.

Every time you hear the clock strike, remember that you are not the master of the next hour, and think at the same time of the Passion our Lord was pleased to suffer to gain eternity for you.—Bl. Labu Cordigere, Tertiary.

# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. VI.

MARCH, 1918

NO. 3

## Editorial Comment

### "THY KINGDOM COME"

In this petition of the Our Father, we think of God as a king and pray for the spread of his reign. His is a threefold kingdom: one is above us—heaven; the other about us—the Church; the third within us—our hearts. The first may be called the kingdom of the Father; the second that of the Son; the last that of the Holy Spirit.

In the words, "Thy kingdom come," we pray first of all for the coming of the kingdom of heaven. Paraphrased this petition reads: "O Father of mercies and God of love, give us the grace to tend toward heaven as the reward of our labors and the fulfillment of our desirers." We have reason so to pray. For rugged is the path that leads to heaven, and few there are that travel it. Not every one that calls on the name of the Lord, but only he that does his holy will shall enter the kingdom of heaven. According to Holy Writ, heaven is a reward, a treasure, a crown, a port, and all these terms imply toil, hardship, struggle, victory, in fine, merit. But, no matter what the cost, heaven is worth it. For the human mind can not conceive what God has prepared for those that love him. Even Holy Scripture can give us no adequate idea of its beauty and grandeur. We can only guess at the reality. It is sufficient to know, however, that in heaven there will be no suffering, no want, no temptation, no sin, no death, in a word, no evils—but all things good in abundance, health, life, riches, pleasures, peace, love, in short, perfect bliss. All these things we shall enjoy without diminution and without end. However great our earthly joys, they can not last forever. This thought is enough to turn our greatest joys into sorrows. The delights of heaven are unabating and unending. How desirable is such an abode. What child longs not for its father's house. What laborer yearns not for rest. What traveler pants not for the end of his journey. And we "poor wanderers of a weary way," should we not frequently express our longing for our heavenly home and eternal rest by repeating unwearied, "Thy kingdom come"?

These same words contain also a petition for the spread of Christ's kingdom, namely his Church. Translated, therefore, the words mean: "O God of mercy and love, let not the kingdom of thy Church be restricted and weakened, but let it be extended and strengthened ever more and more." Alas, how many reasons there are to pray for this intention. There is hardly a country in which the Church is permitted to exercise her benign influence unhampered. In the provinces of the ancient

Roman Empire, such as Asia Minor and Egypt, where once on a time the Church enjoyed so vigorous and healthy a growth, it is now eking out a precarious existence. In the Old Grecian Empire, where before the schism Christian learning and piety flourished, there is now stagnation. England, not less renowned for her saints and scholars before the Reformation, has become a withered branch. Germany, the land of the Charlemagnes and the Elizabeths, is to-day the stronghold of Protestantism and Rationalism. France, the eldest daughter of the Church, is being systematically robbed of her heritage by a clique of apostates. Spain and Italy are faring little better. Portugal and Mexico, that owe to the Church what little civilization they still possess, are keeping up a pitiless warfare against her. In Asia, Africa, South America, and in our own dear United States, there are millions that never have known the life-giving power of the Catholic Church and the beauty of her teaching and worship. A gloomy picture, indeed, but not so gloomy as to cause us to despair. For, the same Christ that has taught us to pray for the spread of his kingdom will in due time bring it about that there will be one shepherd and one fold. But, what are we doing to expedite this blessed time? What are we doing to lend efficacy to our prayers? Are we actually interested in the propagation of the faith? Are we members of such societies as that of the Catholic Church Extension or of the Holy Childhood? If not, why rail at the enemies of the Church and call down on them God's maledictions?

We should pray not only for the kingdom of God above us and about us, but also for the reign of his grace within us. In this instance, the petition may be circumscribed as follows: "O Spirit of truth and love, grant that in hearts, the dominion of sin and vice be destroyed and the reign of grace and virtue established." The heart is the seat of the passions, which strive to exercise over it tyrannical sway. How justly may we not exclaim with a pious writer, "Behold, O Lord, how many kings, or rather tyrants, are striving to gain the mastery over us: the devil with his malice, the world with its splendor, the flesh with its lusts. All these do violence to thy kingdom; they strive incessantly to destroy thy reign; and command us to do their bidding. Arise, O heavenly King, and resist their fatal encroachments. Restore peace and order to thy kingdom and permit not these cruel tyrants to hold further sway therein. Repel thy enemies and put to flight those that hate thee. Reign thou alone over us, O God, and permit not that we tolerate any other ruler beside thee. Do thou alone possess our hearts and occupy our souls. Grant that henceforth we may think of nothing else and seek nothing else but thy kingdom." How happy we should be if we habitually cherished such sentiments. What peace and joy in the Holy Spirit would be ours.



#### GO AND DO LIKEWISE

We have before us the latest issue of the *Catholic Charities Review*. As usual, its columns are replete with solid and interesting reading matter. Not the least interesting to us is the section dealing with the activity of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. For the edification of our Tertiary readers, we subjoin two reports which strike us as very inspiring and illuminating.

"Particular Council of Troy, N. Y.—Conferences reporting, 6; active

members, 110; honorary members, 4; families assisted, 182; persons in families, 579; visits to families, 3,060; situations procured 1; total receipts, \$5,475.90; expenditures, \$5,060.44.

**"Particular Council of Hoboken, N. Y.—Conferences reporting, 5; active members, 58; honorary members, 6; subscribers, 22; families assisted, 98; persons in families, 372; visits to families, 1,177; situations procured, 1; total receipts, \$3,358.36; expenditures, \$2,883.06."**

Now, if these reports show anything, it is the fact that the members of these councils are alert and active. For whenever a society can present a report such as either of the above, it is a pretty good sign that the members are not letting any grass grow under their feet. We have had occasion more than once in these columns to commend the Vincentians for their admirable work in behalf of the poor, and we are glad to be able once again to say a good word for them. Would their number were a hundred thousandfold larger, and their resources a millionfold greater. What a world this world would be.

But, alas, is it not true that these indefatigable men and women are doing much of the work that might and should be done by our Tertiaries? We know of some Third Order fraternities that have far more than 110 or 58 active (sic!) members, and have nothing to show in the way of welfare work that can compare with the activity of the two councils mentioned. Personally we are convinced that Frédéric Ozanam, the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, drew his inspiration from St. Francis; for he was himself a zealous Tertiary. But, we doubt very much whether he would have had occasion for founding a new society to insure his faith by works of charity, as he expressed it, if the Third Order of his day had been fully alive to its duties. To say that this was a *felix culpa*, is poor comfort, indeed. But there is still less comfort in the thought that even at the present day people are forced to look for true Christian charity elsewhere than in the ranks of those who, by the example of their Father, should be the first to practice it.



## REVIEWS

The Reverend John Forest McGee, O.F.M., editor of *St. Anthony Messenger*, has compiled an explanation of the Rule of the Third Order. The pamphlet is a welcome addition to the very meager English literature on this subject, and as such it deserves to be hailed as a God-send. We are sorry to be unable to concur in the author's opinion on the propriety of dancing for Tertiaries. With this reservation, we recommend the explanation to all who wish to acquire a more intimate knowledge of that little understood and much maligned institution, the Third Order of St. Francis.

*Readings on The Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis.* St. Anthony Messenger, 2526 Scioto St., Cincinnati, O. Price 10c.

*Le Tiers Ordre de St. Francois* is the title of another brochure on the Third Order by the noted Franciscan scholar, Fr. Ubald D'Alencon. With much feeling and in a charming style, the author discourses on the spirit of the Third Order, its interior constitution, its exterior works, its influence, its adaptability to the common run of mankind, and he concludes with a classical French translation of the Third Order Rule. We

note, by the way, that the learned friar renders the section on dancing and stage plays thus: "Ils devront fuir avec la plus grande vigilance les bals, les spectacles immoraux et les repas licencieux." The price of the brochure is one franc. The publishing house is Librairie St. Francis, 4 Rue Cassette, Paris.

Another work published by this firm and written by the same friar is *Lecons D'Histoire Franciscaine* (in 8o, vi and 396 pages). The titles of the ten lessons contained in this volume are as follows: The Physiognomy of St. Francis—Franciscan Spirituality—Franciscan Philosophy and Theology—Franciscan Preaching (two lessons)—The Struggle against Protestantism—The Struggle against Jansenism—The Franciscan Missions—The Franciscans on the Battlefield—Franciscan Art. In a prefatory letter the most Rev. Fr. General praises the author for the abundance and surety of his learning, the clearness of his exposition, and above all the truth and feeling which alone give one a close and constant contact with one's subject. We heartily commend this book to all our readers who are interested in the study of what is known as the Franciscan movement.

The annual published by the French Franciscans of Canada is as usual good to look on and interesting to read. *Almanach de St. Francois* is without doubt the most thoroughly Franciscan and the most artistically gotten up of all the publications of its kind. We congratulate the Reverend Fathers and wish their almanac the widest possible circulation among the French population of our country.

A new Third Order organ has seen the light of day in New York. Its name is *Seraphic Chronicle*, and it is published by the Capuchin Fathers of the Province of St. Joseph. According to their intention, it "should be a unifying influence for the various congregations of Tertiaries" under their direction. To judge from the first two issues, the periodical is well adapted to this end. We bid *Seraphic Chronicle* a hearty welcome and wish it a long and prosperous existence, though considering its low subscription price, we have our very grave doubts on the latter point. The days of the fifty cent magazine, we think, are over, never to return.

The latest pamphlet issued by the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia deals with "Catholics and Marriage." The subject is treated in a truly masterful and withal popular style, and the pamphlet can not fail of its purpose, "to reduce anti-Catholic prejudice in Georgia." The efforts of the above-named association for the enlightenment of their non-Catholic neighbors are very commendable. Heaven knows no State in the Union is so much in need of light—and that not only on Catholic subjects—as poor, benighted Georgia.

The third number of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Series published by the Central Bureau of the Central Society, is a sketch of the life of the French General de Sonis, who spent the greater part of his life in northern Africa fighting against the wild tribes of that country. The edifying and interesting booklet is just the right kind of reading for our boys in khaki and blue.

of his servant by granting him the gifts of reading the secrets of the heart, of prophecy, and of miracles.

These heavenly favors filled Peter with fear and confusion, for he looked on himself as the least among men, the vilest of sinners. Once, when some persons were extolling his piety, he said, "You are exposing some poor bust to the breath of the wind. There is no stability in man unless supported by God, and he is as much agitated by vain-glory as a reed is shaken by the wind." He daily confessed his smallest faults with many tears. One day, in order to cover himself with confusion, he wrote down on a piece of paper all the sins of his life, and then read them with bitter tears of contrition. His humility was so pleasing to God that he was miraculously assured of complete pardon, and at once the writing disappeared and the paper became as white as snow.

The more Bl. Peter humbled himself and strove to remain unknown, the more God exalted him and manifested his holiness and heavenly wisdom before men. Full of esteem for the holiness of his life, and perceiving the extraordinary graces and supernatural light which he received from above, persons of every rank, civil magistrates, religious, and theologians, came to ask his advice and prayers. His words clearly showed how well versed he was in spiritual life. Thus, when a religious asked him what was the surest way of obtain-

ing the grace of God, he answered, "In my humble opinion, nothing can be wanting to him who applies himself with fervor and earnestness to holy prayer. There we learn to know the greatness of God. There we discover our own baseness. There our weakness receives the help of grace. There we become strong against temptations and all the evils of life." To another religious who had yielded to dryness and disgust at prayer, he said, "You must persevere in prayer. Oftentimes our Lord defers consolation to a more favorable time. It is not always profitable for our soul to be consoled. Sometimes we derive greater benefit from waiting for, than from receiving, the reward of our efforts."

Bl. Peter closed his holy life with no less a holy death. When he had reached an advanced age, he was afflicted with a most painful sickness, which was to open to him the eternal joys of heaven. After receiving the last Sacraments with feelings of the greatest love and longing for heaven, he died surrounded by the friars of the convent, on December 4, 1289. His body was placed in a marble tomb erected by people of Siena, in the convent church of the friars. The sick and infirm came from all parts of Italy to invoke his intercession, and many were miraculously restored to health. Pope Pius VII, in 1802, confirmed the veneration paid the servant of God.

## BL. JOHN FOREST, O. F. M.

*By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.*

WE have seen in the course of our narrative how fearlessly the English Observantines championed the rights of Queen Catherine, and how bravely they suffered banishment, imprisonment, torture, and death in defence of papal supremacy. We have contemplated the life and martyrdom of the illustrious Tertiary Chancellor, Bl. Thomas More, and have seen the saintly Tertiary Queen, Catherine of Aragon, insulted, discrowned, and repudiated by a faithless and cruel King. Before bringing the first period of this sad but edifying story to a close, we must direct our attention to a man whose glorious example of unswerving loyalty to truth guided and encouraged the friars at the outbreak of the storm and finally won for him the martyr's crown.

Bl. John Forest was born in 1471. It is probable that the place of his birth was Oxford, where according to Wood there resided about the middle of the fifteenth century a family by the name of Forest.<sup>(1)</sup> William Forrest, the poet priest, is supposed to have been related to the martyr.<sup>(2)</sup> As appears from the letter of Queen Catherine, he was of an ancient and noble family. Of his early years nothing is known beyond the fact that, as Wood observes, "he was from his childhood educated in piety and learning."<sup>(3)</sup>

During the last two decades of the fifteenth century, the Observant reform of the Franciscan Order was fast gaining ground in the English province, while the friars by their zeal and sanctity were attracting nation-wide attention. Hence we can readily imagine how the parents of Forest rejoiced when he told them of his desire to forego the promises and pleasures of the world and to embrace the secluded and holy life of the Observants. Gladly they consented, and in 1491, the young man of twenty summers<sup>(4)</sup> received the gray habit in the Observant friary at Greenwich.

The year of novitiate and the subsequent years of study were spent in seclusion and prayer. Shut off from worldly cares and distractions, the youthful friar was laying the foundation of that magnificent structure of Franciscan ideals which was destined to stand unshaken amid the fury of warring elements. Little did he surmise, kneeling in prayer before the image of his heavenly Queen, what great things were in store for him and what a noble part he was one day to play for the spiritual welfare of his country.

In 1500, at the age of twenty-nine, we find Forest residing in the Franciscan friary without Watergate, a suburb south of Oxford, where he devoted himself to the study of

1. Thaddeus: *Life of Blessed John Forest, O. S. F.* (London, 1888), p. 2.—2. *The Catholic Encyclopedia* (New York), Vol. VI, p. 144. Among his writings is a long poem on Queen Catherine of Aragon.—3. Parkinson: *Antiquities of the English Franciscans* (London, 1726), p. 241.—4. The year of Forest's birth (1471) and that of his entrance into the Order of Friars Minor (1491) are based on his letter to Queen Catherine, which was most probably written in 1535. (See *Franciscan Herald*, February, 1918.) In this letter, he says expressly that he is in his sixty-fourth year and that he had passed four and forty years in the Order of St. Francis. Other historians affirm that he was seventeen years of age when he entered the Order. (See Parkinson, l. c., p. 241.)

theology. Later, he pursued a higher course in the sacred sciences, presumably at the university of Oxford. Here, too, as Wood informs us, he supplicated the Venerable Regents for permission to take the degree of doctor of divinity. Whether he was admitted is not known. Certain it is, however, that he held the title. For Stow, Godwyn, How, Holinshed, Pits, Wadding, Davenport, Bourchier, Mason, and most later historians apply it to him; while the fact that Hugh Latimer, on the morning of Forest's martyrdom, repeatedly addressed him as Doctor, removes all doubt in the matter.

As years went on, Fr. John Forest became known far and wide as a man of eminent learning and sterling sanctity. Wholly imbued with the spirit of St. Francis, he labored zealously in establishing and spreading the Observant reform among the English Franciscans. It was quite natural, therefore, that, probably on the death of the Provincial, Fr. Stephen Baron, about the year 1520, he was elected by the friars to that important and responsible office.<sup>(5)</sup> It must have been in virtue of his authority as provincial superior that, on January 22, 1525, he received orders from Cardinal Wolsey to preach at St. Paul's Cross and publicly to pronounce the censures of the Church on nineteen friars of the Green-

wich community. They had left the friary without permission as a protest against Cardinal Wolsey who wished to make a canonical visitation of their convent, to which act he claimed his legatine jurisdiction empowered him. Though the friars had evidently failed by thus transgressing the enclosure rule, and by the very act had incurred papal censures, still the justice of their protest can not be denied, since Pope Leo X, on the request of Henry VIII, had exempted them from the jurisdiction of his legate. "But," as Stone remarks, "in the manner of the repulse, they were undoubtedly wrong and Forest saw in it a flaw in their loyal attitude towards the See of Peter, of which he was so jealous a watchman."

This remarkable incident in the life of Forest shows how by his sanctity and learning he had secured the confidence of the highest civil and ecclesiastical authorities in England. He was subsequently appointed regular preacher at St. Paul's Cross. This was at the time the most popular pulpit in England. Hence it gave the zealous friar an opportunity of exerting a vast influence on the public mind.

As a fervent Tertiary of St. Francis, Queen Catherine had learned to esteem the worthy provincial of the Observants, to whom, we know, she was singularly devoted. Besides appointing Forest her chap-

<sup>5.</sup> That Forest was provincial is asserted by Wood, Parkinson, Dodd, Magliano, Leon, Holzapfel (on the authority of Wadding), Gasquet, & also by the Breviarium Romano-Seraphicum. That deus and Hope accept it as at least probable, while Stone thinks "there can be little doubt" that he was provincial. That, as Wood and Dodd say, he succeeded Fr. Stephen Baron in this office, is denied by Parkinson. The latter (p. 222) places Forest after a certain Fr. William N., . . . . . who had succeeded Baron, but on being elected Definitor General was constrained to resign the provincialship. We may add that several incidents in the life of Forest show that he was the provincial superior whom the other friars were obliged to obey and whom above all the King sought to win over to his cause.

laid at Greenwich, she chose him as her confessor and spiritual adviser. To him she confided the innermost secrets of her soul, especially when the dark clouds of domestic tribulation began to gather over her. We have every reason to suppose that her noble and heroic forebearance with her faithless consort was in great part due to the wise counsels of the Observant provincial in whose prudence she placed absolute trust. The beautiful letter she wrote to him shortly before her demise, breathes the spirit of a loving and confiding child, grateful to the last for the many benefits received at the hands of her spiritual father. Him alone, she remarks in this letter, she followed in the things of God, because she knew him to be deeply instructed in human and divine knowledge.

Needless to say, Forest was wholly in sympathy with the wronged Queen. Well versed in the sacred sciences, he was from the start convinced that her marriage with Henry was valid and indissoluble. Hence, when the question of the King's "secret affair" became a matter of public comment, he had already put aside all doubt and hesitation, and was among the first openly to defend Catherine's rights, whenever occasion offered. After 1531, when the Queen by order of Henry was residing at the More in Hertfordshire, her former confessor frequently visited her. This is plain from a letter which a spy addressed to the King. "As concern-

ing the Friars Observants," he says, "they came at divers times to confess the ladies and gentlewomen, and sometimes they said it was their way from one of their houses to another. As many names as I did know I shall declare: Riche, Peto, Sabastyan, Curon, Robynson, Fforest and Neswick, with divers others."<sup>(6)</sup>

The King was well aware not only of the provincial's mind on the divorce question but of the great influence the dauntless friar was exerting on those with whom he came in touch. Accordingly, he summoned him one day to the royal palace and conferred alone with him for more than half an hour. It has never been learned what passed between the King and the friar during this private interview. But we may take it for granted that the man of God, like another John the Baptist, bravely showed his royal master the utter untenability of his position and warned him against the dangerous path he was pursuing. If the wayward King was displeased with the friar's unfavorable decision, he could not but admire his frankness and sincerity. He subsequently ordered some beef from the royal table to be brought to the Greenwich friary. Perhaps he hoped in this way to make him and the community more favorably disposed toward his projected divorce. We know how poorly he succeeded with the Observants at large. It remains to be seen how the provincial

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6 Camm: *Lives of the English Martyrs*, (London, 1904), p. 277.

met the advances of the King and how much he had to suffer in defence of truth and justice.

Cromwell, Henry's pliant tool, and Anne Boleyn, his worthless bauble, were keeping the Greenwich community under close surveillance. They were determined to know precisely the sentiments of each friar on the much mooted question, and to this end they succeeded in winning the services of Richard Lyst, a lay Brother of the Greenwich friary. The letters of this despicable renegade are still extant. They show that the writer was no longer true to his vows and that he was discontent with his station as lay Brother and with the strict Franciscan mode of life. Blinded by promises of royal preferments, he so far lost sight of the duties he owed to God and to his Order, as to play the base rôle of rebel and traitor.

In one of his letters to Anne Boleyn, the unhappy friar tells "his friend" that for his fidelity to her and to the King, he has much to suffer and has often been called in derision Anne's chaplain. He is not yet a priest, he avers, but he has ambition to become one and to say one hundred Masses for her welfare. Such a thing is possible now, he adds, because the young woman to whom he was "made sure in the way of marriage, before his coming into religion, is departed to the mercy of God." He concludes with a petition for money; he had purchased clothes and other things for his mother and is now forty shillings in debt.

From a letter to Cromwell we learn how Lyst hated the provincial.

"Sir, your Mastership shall understand that Father Forest, which doth neither love nor favour you, hath laboured divers ways to supplant and bring Father Larans, which is the King's faithful, true subject, out of favour, both with the King's Grace and with all our fathers and brothers, and also, as much as in him is, to expulse him out of our convent of Greenwich; and his original and chief cause is, because he knoweth that Father Larans is provided, and will also preach the King's matter, whensoever it shall please his Grace to command him, and so the very truth is, that Father Forest will not preach the King's matter himself, nor yet suffer Father Larans by his will to do so. Also I think, it were very convenient and necessary that the Chancellor of London were spoken unto, no more to assign Father Forest to preach at Paul's Cross. Our fathers have oftentimes assigned me to associate Father Forest when he hath gone forth in preaching, because they have supposed in me some intelligence and learning; and many a time when he hath preached, I have sitten under the pulpit with a pair of red ears, because I have heard him so often break Master Priscian's head; therefore, in my judgment, it is more convenient for him to sit at home with his beads than to go forth and preach. Also, I pray your Mastership, have me meekly recommended unto my Lady Marquess of Pembroke (Anne Boleyn), unto whom I am much bound unto, and also that poor mother of mine, by the reason of her charitable benefits."

On another occasion, the unworthy friar has weighty accusations to make against FF. Peyton, Elstow, Forest, and others. He is anxious to tell Cromwell all he knows, in order to ease his "heart sore to see, perceive, and know the unkindness and duplicity of Father Forest against the King's Grace,"

who has bestowed so many benefits on the provincial and on the whole community. "The word 'duplicity,'" Stone remarks, "is characteristic of the writer's confused state of mind; he apparently estimates the value of a conscience at the price of 'a great piece of beef,' which Father Forest had received as a present, 'from the King's table.'"

During the year 1532, rumors of Henry's proposed marriage with Anne Boleyn were sweeping like threatening clouds over the country. Gloomy presentiments weighed on the hearts of the people who knew the strong will of their sovereign. Queen Catherine no longer resided with him in the palace at Greenwich. Anne Boleyn already occupied the apartments of the rejected Queen, and it was felt throughout the length and breadth of England that Henry would eventually espouse her and have her crowned queen, no matter what the ecclesiastical court at Rome would decide regarding his former marriage with Catherine.

Owing to the proximity of their convent to the royal palace, it was but natural that the Greenwich friars frequently conversed among themselves on the King's matter. Little, however, did they imagine that in their very midst was one who stood in secret correspondence with the Queen's enemies, and who was constantly reporting their utterances to headquarters. Cromwell, anxious to establish himself in the King's favor, was not slow to acquaint him with Lyst's venom-

ous depositions. This explains why Henry, once so well disposed toward the Observant friars, now began to hate them, especially those of Greenwich, who were loudest of all in condemning the King's policy. Though he still feigned friendly feelings toward the provincial, in his heart he was determined to let him feel his displeasure. As confessor of Queen Catherine, he thought, Forest might have induced her to submit to the royal will. Instead, he had all along favored her cause, had exhorted his brethren to do likewise, and had even forbidden Fr. Lawrence to preach the opposite. He must thwart the influence of this obstinate and loud-mouthed friar. Accordingly, in the summer of 1532, Pisotti, the Minister General of the Order, received a letter from the English King, demanding that he depose the Observant provincial and appoint in his stead Fr. John de la Haye, of Flanders, who would be unbiassed in his view on the important question. The Minister General prudently evaded the difficulty by replying that he had no power to depose a provincial, but would send the desired friar as Commissary General to England.

The Commissary did not arrive till the following spring. In the interval, Lyst continued his vile depositions, and Forest, it seems, was repeatedly summoned to answer for the conduct of his subjects. At a chapter of the Order, held in August, 1532, the provincial informed the assembled friars

that the King was greatly displeased with them; that he had even been thinking of suppressing their Order in England, but that he would desist for the present, being satisfied with Forest's readiness to have the Minister General replace him by a friar of Henry's choice. "All this," observes Camm, "reflects no little credit on Forest, who, it is clear, played a considerable part in these conciliatory measures, without in any way compromising his own high principles."

On September 26, 1532, the Observant friars held a chapter at Richmond. This we learn from a "warrant under the sign manual to Cromwell as master of the jewels, to deliver to the Friars Observants, now at their Chapter at Richmond, to be employed as alms, L6, 13s, 4d."<sup>(7)</sup> Whatever may have been transacted at this chapter, we are not inclined to believe that the friars consented to the election of a new minister provincial. They were too much in sympathy with

Forest to stoop to the wishes of the King for his removal from office. The following February, shortly after Henry's secret marriage with Anne Boleyn, the provincial was again at court. But Lyst had previously apprised Cromwell of Forest's coming and had supplied him with serious accusations against the friars. It was, therefore, with mingled feelings of sorrow and alarm that, on returning to the convent, the man of God called his brethren together and told them how coldly he had been received at court and how enraged the King was at the entire community.<sup>(8)</sup> But he was none the less determined to continue on his course of action; and we may take it for granted that in his zeal for the spiritual welfare of his brethren, he exhorted them faithfully to pursue the path of duty and to bear up like true sons of St. Francis under the trials and afflictions that were sure to overwhelm them in the near future.

7. Thaddeus: *The Franciscans in England* (London, 1898), p. 15.—8. Camm, l. c., p. 279 sqq.

(To be continued)

### Origin of the Red Rose

An angel, so the olden legend tells,  
To earth's fair garden flew  
And plucked a rose from out the mossy dells  
Where flowers grew.

"Sweet emblem of my Queen, thou ne'er shalt show  
Fading nor petal crushed.  
At Mary's feet I'll lay thee!" and lo,  
The flower blushed!

—Selected.

## A RECREANT'S REWARD

*By Noel A. Dunderdale, Tertiary*

THE Rev. John Wilson, pastor of the village church of Pentwater, paused in his writing, laid down his pen, and looked round his narrow study with a worried expression. Then he went to the door, opened it, and called to his wife.

"Alice," he said, "don't you think you could make the children keep just a little quieter? My sermon for to-morrow is scarcely begun and you know it is an important one."

His wife replied cheerily:

"All right, dear; I'll see what I can do; but it is too bad a day for them to go out and it is hard to keep them quite still."

"I know, I know," answered her husband, resignedly, "but—do your best."

He closed the door and sat down before his table again. Looking out of the window he realized how disagreeable a day it was. A keen wind blew from the north carrying a cloud of snow flurries that melted as soon as they touched the earth, and left it wet and muddy.

"No," he said, half aloud, "the youngsters can not go out to-day. And I'm sure they have no rubbers."

He recalled the fact that rubbers were on the list the last time they went shopping; but the funds had given out before the end of the list was reached and the rubbers were still in the shoe-store. He sighed

and resumed his work.

For a few minutes, he wrote diligently and the sermon began to assume worthy proportions. Then he paused in search of a reference and ran his hand over the books on the shelf before him. *Homiletic Review*, *Sermons of Dr. Shaw*, *Life and Labors of Paul*, *The Question Box*. He stopped. What was that? *The Question Box*? He had never heard of such a book. From the title, it must be a child's book he, thought. He took it down, opened it, and saw his mistake. "Father Conway," he read, regarding the volume suspiciously. "H'm. You don't belong here. Where do you come from?"

He turned a few pages and began to read. At first he was merely curious; then he became interested; finally he was absorbed.

A knock at the door startled him and he looked up, hastily covering the book meanwhile lest it be seen.

"Er—er—yes—yes," he exclaimed. "Come in."

It was the youngest of his four girls, Bess, aged nine.

"Here's your mail, daddy," she said, handing him several letters, "and mamma says dinner will be ready in a few minutes."

"All right, dearie, thank you. I'll come as soon as I have read these." Dinner, did she say? Was it so late? He glanced at the clock. Ten minutes to six? Then he had read for an hour! And his sermon?

"Well," he reflected, "perhaps the change was good. The sermon will go all the better after dinner."

He opened the first letter and began to read:

REV. JOHN WILSON,

Pentwater, Ohio, U. S. A.

DEAR SIR:

According to our instructions under the will of your late father—

The letter slipped from his hand. So it had come at last. Death, so long dreaded, had won, had taken his father before Fate had allowed them to meet again. He knew the rest without reading; knew that the enclosed packet carried his father's last message of disapproval. He regarded the shaky handwriting for some time before breaking the seal. "Poor old father," he muttered. "I suppose it was hard for him, but—"

He began to read.

SON.—This will reach you when I am dead and it will tell you that you are the cause of anguish to your father. For no harder blow was ever dealt me than when you saw fit to reject the faith of your fathers and choose, instead of a brilliant business career, the pulpit of an heretical church. Possibly, wisdom has overtaken you ere this; if so, perhaps you will now acknowledge the error of your ways. As a Presbyterian I cast you from me, for never shall my substance go towards the furtherance of that church. Deny it, and you shall receive what is justly yours.

J. W.

That was all. The letter was typical of the man who had written it: firm, concise, conclusive. And as the Rev. John Wilson carefully folded it and replaced it in the envelope, he could hardly refrain from smiling at the thought of how little the terms meant to him. The

idea of giving up his adopted faith for the sake of inheriting a fortune was so foreign to him that he was not in the least affected by this threat of disinheritance. Then he recalled the children and the rubbers that they needed so badly. A slight frown clouded his face and he sighed. Money would bring many comforts now unknown. Was it right that he should deny his little ones those advantages? "But after all," he said, "they have the faith and that is everything."

He locked the letter in a drawer; there was no need for his wife to see it. She had always been troubled at the thought that he had given up so much for her and—she might think he regretted his decision. The matter was now closed. "Poor old father, I'm very sorry I grieved you," he muttered as he opened the next letter.

REV. JOHN WILSON.

It is with great regret, that we, the undersigned, deacons of the Parish Church of Pentwater, advise you that we find it impossible to continue to meet the expenses of the pastorate. Much as we dislike to acknowledge it, there is no other course but to discontinue the parish until such time as funds may be available for its maintenance.

We know that every member of the congregation will part from you with great reluctance and we offer the sincere gratitude of all for the devotion with which you have always attended your parishioners.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

PETER LEE.

NATHANIEL CARTER.

For a few moments Mr. Wilson was stunned. Coming, as this news did, immediately upon the news of the death of his father, the shock was too great. He twisted

the letter idly in his hands, read it again, regarded the back of the sheet and finally picked up the envelope. Yes, it was intended for him, doubtless. But, no longer wanted? It was impossible! He knew the congregation was small but it included some rich people. Surely, they could afford his small salary! The Harris', though, had left the neighborhood, he remembered, and they had been the pillars of his church. Their donations had always been generous. Perhaps this was the reason for his dismissal. He carefully folded the letter and went to dinner.

Throughout his life, John Wilson had acted upon the principle that to be successful, in the real sense of the word, one must strictly obey the dictates of conscience, satisfied to accept whatever may result, be it easy or hard; confident that if hard there is a purpose in its being so, that the reward of patience is never-failing. Thus had he planned his life and he had yet to be false to his ideal. His marriage had been the hardest test of all, for his acquaintance with Alice Brown had shown him a point of view that his rigid Episcopalian father had carefully avoided. In the firm belief that his faith only was the true one, John Wilson, Senior, had taught his son that certain damnation awaited everyone not in its fold.

Alice Brown was a clever girl, upright, pure-minded, and good. That one could be so and not be an Episcopalian was a revelation to young Wilson, whose mind had not been greatly broadened by the con-

servation methods of education that prevailed in the English town where he had lived in his youth. Slowly and surely his ideas changed, as his friendship with the girl continued, until finally he reached the point where the faith of his father was cast to the winds, because it could not stand the test that he placed upon it. That life with Alice Brown, as a member of her church, was a bigger, better, nobler thing, was no longer a matter of doubt. Severing all home ties, and bidding farewell to his friends, to his native land, and the prospect of a brilliant business career, he embarked his fortunes, spiritual and material, in the Presbyterian Church.

After some years of study and travel, he finally had become settled in the pastorate of the church in the little town of Pentwater. There his children had been reared, there all his energy had been spent. The result was years of happiness, unbroken save for the fact that his father's approval was never given. But never for one moment had John Wilson doubted that he was on the true course. He had found what seemed the proper sphere for his activities and he had labored in the ministry with all the devotion and conscientiousness he possessed. But with the reading of *The Question Box* he had had a sudden glimpse of religion as seen through the eyes of a Catholic. For a while he had paused and reflected on what he had read and he found it not incredible. Then, like a flash, had come the notice of his dismissal and with it

the realization of the instability of the organization for which he had striven for so many years, for which he had forsaken all that was previously dear to him. That he now must, for his livelihood, be dependent upon the wish of a group of elders of another parish was almost a death-blow to his faith. How could he, who was almost entirely unknown outside his own little town receive a call to any other? He and his family might starve before any one heard of his plight. He had given the best of his life to his church and now in the decline of that life it left him stranded.

Opposed at first to telling his wife about his father's will, he had decided after long reflection that under the circumstances it was only fair that she be fully acquainted with all that concerned their common welfare, and that night, when the little ones were all in bed, the good man talked over these affairs with her. Ever cheerful and ready to accept the burdens of life, Mrs. Wilson's courage now rose to supreme heights under this renewed attack.

"Have no fear, dear," she said. "You know that all is for the best. We have borne trials and sorrows before, and with God's help we shall triumph over these. After all, we have each other and the little ones; what more do we need?"

"It is on their account, theirs and yours, that I am troubled," answered her husband. "We may despise the material things of the world, but we have to acknowledge their necessity. For myself I care

nothing, but the children—? How can I see them thrust penniless upon the world?"

"But your outlook is not so bad as that, John. You will receive a call from another parish. Maybe your position will be even better."

For a moment, Mr. Wilson regarded his wife with a puzzled expression. It was clear that she did not feel as he did and to tell her was not easy. He would not for the world destroy her faith in her church, yet she must know how this recent change had effected him. "I wonder, I wonder," he said, slowly, shaking his head.

"What?" she asked, quickly.

"If it will be so," he continued. "Somehow, I think differently now. This sudden dismissal has thrown a new light on the church for which I have labored so long. I can believe its tenets, but its foundation begins to shake."

Then he related his to wife all the thoughts that had surged through his mind since the receipt of his dismissal. To his surprise he found her singularly in accordance with his ideas.

"But you," he said "were a member of this church for years before I entered it. It was your belief in it that first influenced me. Is it possible that you—can—doubt?" He asked the question earnestly, as though his fate hung on her reply. If she, too, felt that they had not yet found the truth, then indeed there was hope that there was some faith in which they could put all their trust, some faith that would not reject them in their

hour of need.

"Perhaps I should not think so," she began, slowly, avoiding his glance, "but sometimes I feel as though the people who go to the little frame church in the village get more consolation from their religion than we. I see happier looks on their faces as they return from their early Mass. I have wanted—" she hesitated. He took her hand and drew her towards him.

"What?" he asked, gently.

"To attend their service and see what it is that satisfies them so."

For a moment, Mr. Wilson said nothing but his thoughts were busy.

"Have you ever read anything about the Catholics?" he asked her, at length.

Again she hesitated. Then she nodded her head.

"Yes, I bought some books a few weeks ago and in the package I found one that had been sent by mistake. It was all about Catholicity."

"*The Question Box?*" he asked.

She looked up in surprise.

"How did you know?"

He picked up the volume and handed it to her.

"I found it on my shelf," he said. "Probably one of the children put it there thinking it was mine."

"And you have read it?" she asked, smiling.

"I confess," he said, with a show of humility, and for a while there was silence.

"I think," he continued, "that we need not worry over the break-

ing up of the parish. God will watch over his own, and for the sake of the faith that is within us I embrace even gladly the poverty that stares us in the face."

The winter snows had gone and the brown earth glowed under the warmth of the spring sun. The Rev. John Wilson again sat at his desk, his face, though care-worn, still wearing a smile and the expression of kindness. About him were a dozen youngsters, boys of the neighborhood, whose parents sent them to the good man to receive the rudiments of their education. In this way the ex-pastor was able to eke out a meager living, one consistent with his previous position, and one that demanded no business ability. Although Mr. Wilson was no longer sufficiently in sympathy with the Presbyterian Church to warrant him to accept the calls that he had received from other parishes, he had not broken off all connections with the church and he occasionally preached in neighboring towns.

It was just as the lessons for the day were done, that Mrs. Wilson knocked at the door of the so-called schoolroom.

"John, dear," she said, "the train will be due in a few minutes. You had better get ready at once so that we can meet it."

Mr. Wilson looked at his watch.

"Four o'clock already!" he exclaimed. "Bless me, how the time goes. That's all for to-day, boys; run along."

They made a wild scramble

and in a minute the room was empty. Mr. Wilson took his hat and with his wife went toward the railroad station.

"Alice, dear," he began, as they walked along, "have you no fears for what to-day may bring?"

"Fears?" she asked. "No. Why should I fear?"

"You know that the child that returns to us to-day has spent the last six months in the home of a Catholic family. We trusted all to them because in our poverty no other course was open to us. But we do not know what influences may have been brought to bear upon her. In her letters she has said but little more than that she has attended church regularly. You know how anxious the Catholics are to make converts. Undoubtedly these people have endeavored to persuade Margaret that their church is the true and ours the false."

Mr. Wilson had made up his mind on this subject long before he spoke of it. His object now was to ascertain precisely his wife's feelings. She answered readily.

"Margaret is now almost sixteen. It is true she is young, but even at that age she should be able to decide many matters for herself. She has her own life to lead and, while we can advise, we can not expect to control. But suppose she should lean toward the Catholic faith, would you oppose her?"

The question was direct and, casting aside all reserve, John Wilson answered emphatically, "No."

For reply his wife pressed his hand and said nothing.

That evening, Margaret Wilson detailed to her father and mother her experiences with the Byrne family with whom she had been staying. She told of their great kindness to her, the readiness with which they helped her in all her difficulties, their willingness to accept her as their equal even while she was compelled by circumstances to do almost menial work for them.

"And, daddy," she said, "Jane was so nice to me always. She had an electric automobile, you know, that she used to drive about in. On Sundays, she took everybody to church, but first she always took me to my church and then drove back for the others. And if I wanted to go at night she would get ready and make a special trip for me. The only way I could prevent her was by slipping out without saying anything."

"And did you ever go to their church, dear?"

"Oh, yes, lots of times! They have a special service in the afternoon called 'benediction.' It is the most devotional ceremony of all and always so quiet and religious. I went frequently because it seemed to do me so much good. I felt as though I could really talk to God and not only pray to him then. You should go some time. I'm sure you would like it."

"Perhaps I shall. But did the Byrnes try to make you become a Catholic? Did they ever urge you to go to their church?"

"Oh, no, daddy. Mr. Byrne said that that was my affair and yours;

he would not interfere, he said. But, daddy, I—I—”

The girl hesitated.

“Yes, child, what?”

“Daddy, I think I would like to—to-be a Catholic, just the same.”

To her great surprise her father and mother did not throw up their hands in horror at her announcement. Instead, her father said quietly:

“We shall see, child, we shall see. Your mother and I have thought of such a possibility. We are not unacquainted with the Catholic faith. We have read much about it and thought—” he hesitated.

“What?”

“That we might talk with Father Gilmore about it.”

“Do you mean, daddy, that you and mother might really become Catholics?”

Her father smiled kindly.

“Stranger things have happened,” he said.

It was Easter morning.

The Wilsons, father, mother and four girls, had just returned from early Mass and all were eagerly opening the mail brought by the postman in their absence.

“Here, daddy,” said the youngest child, “here’s a big letter for you.”

Mr. Wilson took the proffered letter and opened it. He read it and re-read it, unable at first to grasp its real meaning. Finally, the truth dawned on him.

“See,” he said, “here is a letter from the attorneys who represented my father’s estate in England. They find that there was a flaw, a technicality,—you know these lawyers—in my poor father’s last will. You will remember that he said that while I remained in the Presbyterian Church I would not share in his estate?

“Yes?”

“The last words of his letter to me were, ‘Deny it,’—meaning the Presbyterian Church—‘and you shall receive what is justly yours.’ In becoming a Catholic, I have denied it!”

“And now share in the estate?” cried his wife, excitedly.

“Just so,” he replied, calmly, nodding his head; and then he continued, almost to himself, “Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and its justice and all these things shall be added unto you.”



the information that "the carving is so much worn by the weather that the only part at all plain is the *star* near the upper edge." It was not much from the Protestant enquirers, but it afforded a clue. It struck me that what the gentlemen regarded as a star would hardly be engraved on the keystone, as this emblem would have involved little thought or instruction for the Indians, a matter which the missionary never overlooked. What the enquirers mistook for a star was most probably intended to represent something more significant. After inspecting the keystone very closely, I came to the conclusion that the star-like figure in reality represents the Sacred Host, surrounded with rays of light, and that is what it actually is. This much ascertained, the remainder of the curious design is easily explained.

What then might be the support of the Sacred Host, the lines of which are hardly discernible? A close scrutiny reveals a ball-like figure, which evidently represents the cup of a Spanish chalice, such as I use every day in preference to the wide-mouthed gothic chalices. Beneath the cup the node or knob, by which the priest usually grasps the chalice, is clearly visible. The foot of the chalice is completely worn away, but it was there between two human forms. A strong glass reveals in these two recumbent figures, adoring angels, on their

knees, with their heads bowed reverently toward the chalice and Sacred Host—a common design with which every Catholic child is familiar.

This, without doubt, is the most natural explanation of the nearly effaced lines on the keystone of Mission Purisima Concepción that have puzzled thousands. The engraving is most appropriate and could not have been without effect on the impressionable minds of the Indians, since it was just by such means that the missionaries led these simple children of the forest step by step to exalted ideas of a religion, so infinitely superior to their groveling, pagan superstitions. Even as he approached the portals of the house of God, the Indian was thus reminded of the purpose for which he was about to enter and of the manner in which he was to conduct himself in the presence of the Eucharistic God resting on the altar within.

After coming to the above conclusion, I received a letter which volunteered the information that the care-taker of Mission Purisima had declared that the figures on each side on the keystone are "cupids" and that the central figure supporting the alleged "star" was called the "chalice." But cupids have no place in Catholic worship. The figures in question represent adoring angels. The statement of the care-taker about the "chalice" confirms what has been said above.

## ST. MARY'S INDUSTRIAL INDIAN SCHOOL

*By Sr. M. Macaria, O. S. F.*

*(Continued)*

L AST month, we offered our readers an account of the opening of St. Mary's Industrial School in the heart of one of Wisconsin's pine forests. That the Sisters suffered many privations in those pioneer days, we can not doubt. With no railroad connecting them with a station where the necessities of life might be procured, they had to live on fish and game, which happily the good Indians generously furnished. Among their red-skin benefactors was one John B. Denomie, who will ever be held in grateful remembrance. When this good man died about ten years ago, the Reservation lost one of the best Indians it has ever claimed. A conscientious Catholic, he was one of the few Indians who understood that "fire water" is the Red Man's greatest foe, and he resolutely avoided it. Mr. Denomie took special pleasure in working with crayons, and he portrayed many beautiful Alaskan scenes. As a sample of his work and of Chippewa artists in general, we reproduce here a crayon picture he made of his grandchild, Cecilia Harto.

It must have been little short of absolute necessity in those days, that impelled the Sisters to make a trip to Ashland, the nearest station. Now it can be made by automobile in thirty or forty minutes; then, it required hours, in a frail canoe, over the stormy lake. The

memory of such a trip is indelibly fixed in the memory of two of the pioneer Sisters.

Through the northern part of Odanah, winding like a silver ribbon in and out among fields of wild rice, in some places a mere thread, flows the Kakagon. Skimming over its surface, usually as motionless and smooth as a mirror, was pleasant enough, but as the Sisters approached Lake Superior, the white caps, tossing wildly to and fro, struck terror into the hearts of the occupants of the little birch canoe. A storm was raging, and those who have witnessed one on any of the Great Lakes realize how completely at the mercy of the waves a "cheemaun," as Longfellow styles it, would be. In such a storm, vessel after vessel is wrecked — vessels intended "to weather the roughest gale that ever wind did blow." Now the canoe rose and fell with the waves, now a huge billow swept over it, drenching the occupants, and threatening to engulf them. Naturally, the Sisters raised their hearts to Him who guides the storm and directs the whirlwind, and they succeeded in reaching the shore; perhaps a more accurate term would be "swamp," for such it was. Here the Sisters forced their way on foot, as best they could, through brush and bramble, over log and bog, while the good Chippewa, who accompanied them,

in more than one instance, the pagan possessor has died a most edifying death, surrounded by all the blessings of the Catholic Church.

Taking notice of the picture above the bed, where it was evident the old man could not see it without exerting himself, a thing which his disposition was not liable to prompt, one of the Sisters decided to hang it where it would meet his gaze—a daring attempt in the presence of so many pagans. But faith triumphed over human fears; and, as the old man's eyes fell upon the sweet and inspiring countenance of the Foster-father of Jesus, he turned a questioning glance upon the Sister, who told him to ask St. Joseph for a happy death. He assented, and the Sisters left. Time and again, they came, always to find St. Joseph's encouraging glance still meeting the old man's eye. The food brought to him by the Sisters was gratefully accepted, but no desire for Baptism was manifested. The priest, too, visited the aged pagan, but to no avail; and, at length, the "black-gowned women" wearied of their apparently fruitless efforts.

Two weeks passed since the old Chippewa had heard their gentle voices, but who will tell how often in the meantime St. Joseph had addressed him from his picture on the wall? Who has not heard, at some time or other, the still but penetrating voice of a sacred picture? Long and anxiously did the old pagan look for the reappearance of those black-gowned figures, but they came not. At length, weary of waiting, he sent for

them. Full of hope they came; disappointed they went away. Was it only for the "flesh pots of Egypt," that he prized their coming?

It is a beautiful evening in the month of May. Soon the sweet chimes of the Angelus will cause us to kneel at the feet of our lovely Queen, but ere they fall upon our listening ear, other joyful sounds reach us: "The old Chippewa wants a priest; he wishes to die a Catholic." No time did good Father Odoric lose in answering the summons, and in a few moments the old man of a hundred winters was cleansed of his sins; regenerated and sanctified unto life everlasting by the saving waters of this life-giving Sacrament.

Come once more, ye "black-gowned women," to the oft-visited cabin; no soup bowl will be necessary; your patient will never hunger more; fear not to enter; Catholic Chippewas have replaced the pagans around his death-bed. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death," rises from their hearts and lips in the old man's native tongue. Entering, the Sisters light a blessed candle and hold it in his trembling hand; into his ear, about to close to the discourse of men and to open to the summons of his Master, they whisper the sacred names, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph." Suddenly he fixes upon them his dying gaze. With one hand grasping the candle, the other a crucifix, he closes his eyes, and his soul is in the hands of its Maker.

Catholic reader, before you lay aside this number of the *Herald*, breathe a short prayer for the conversion of the pagan Indians. There are still thousands of them in this fair land of ours. "The harvest is, indeed, great, but the laborers few."

(To be continued)

## RECLAIMED AND REGAINED

*By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary*

“**T**HAT harum-scarum! She’ll be killed yet riding that wild broncho!” This was the usual comment when the neighbors caught sight of Kitty Lorraine riding madly by on her spirited horse, Red Prince. A captivating picture she made with her glowing cheeks and strands of wavy, auburn hair, that strayed from under her pretty riding cap, and there was no more daring nor more graceful equestrienne in all the country round—the admiration of all the gallant vaqueros and the consternation of all the staid housewives in the village.

When she declared her intention of becoming a school teacher, most of the people in the little mining town in the Sierras raised their hands and voices in holy horror. “What, that flighty girl to have charge of a school! She had better first learn to manage herself and to amend her childish ways before she tries to educate other people’s children.” A few, however, who knew Kitty better, knew also that beneath all her levity and merrymaking there dwelt a seriousness of character and a determination of purpose that would have done honor to many a one of far maturer years. It was due to their influence that she, after completing her course at the State Normal with high honors, received her first appointment as teacher in the very school where as a thoughtless, care-free child she had been the joy and despair of her teachers.

The success that she met with in the school soon won for her the esteem of all. The young men especially were loud in her praise, though for other reasons than her success in school. Among them was Patrick Dolan, who owned a livery

barn and who was regarded as one of the best matches in the town. It occurred not infrequently that he “just happened to be passing the school” about four o’clock and drove the pretty teacher home in his trim buggy.

One evening, when Patrick’s buggy would have been more welcome than usual, he failed to appear. Kitty was taking home with her a number of children’s exercises besides several books of reference, and she found considerable difficulty in getting them comfortably under her arms. She had hardly gone a block from the school, when several books fell to the walk, and while stooping to pick them up, a number of exercise books slipped from under the other arm. At that moment, a stranger approached and seeing her predicament, politely asked whether he could be of some service. Kitty was struck at once with the stranger’s gentlemanly appearance and thankfully accepted his proffered assistance in transporting her “excess baggage,” as she laughingly remarked.

Everett Franklyn, as the stranger called himself, soon learned that he was having the honor of escorting Miss Kitty Lorraine, the teacher of Father Bates’ parochial school, to her home, a pleasure he had hardly expected to have so soon after his arrival in the mountain city, he declared with no little gallantry.

“I arrived this morning,” he said, “and I am quite captivated with the charm of this pretty little town nestling up here in the mountains. There is something about the place so satisfying and comforting. To such a retreat, I should think, world-weary souls ought to come to seek for peace and rest from their troubles.”

Kitty glanced up at him as he made this remark, and the grave, pale face of the stranger together with his softly modulated voice made her wonder whether he himself had not come to the Sierras for just such a purpose. She kept her surmise to herself, however, and chatted cheerily on a variety of subjects until they reached her home in the western suburb. Kitty found her father engaged mowing the grass on the front lawn, and she at once introduced the stranger to him.

"To seek employment in the mines here," Franklyn replied, as Mr. Lorraine enquired why he had come to the Sierras, "and I would be grateful if you would introduce me to the superintendent."

"Why to be sure," Mr. Lorraine answered, evidently much pleased to be of assistance to the friendly stranger. "I'm an old friend of the boss and I'm sure he'll find some kind of job for you. He is mostly short of men, and perhaps you've come just in time to get a good job."

"When shall we go?" Franklyn asked,

"You're staying at the Alpine, you say. Well, I'll meet you there to-morrow morning at seven o'clock and take you to Mr. Burnside's office, if that suits you."

"Perfectly," answered Franklyn. "I little dreamed, Miss Lorraine, that your books would bring me so good a friend in so short a time," he added smilingly, as he took his leave.

For several weeks, Franklyn worked diligently with pick and shovel, but the superintendent noticed he was not strong enough for the task, and he gave him a position in his office. Here Franklyn soon gave evidence of intimate acquaintance with bookkeeping and banking, and before the end of the year Mr. Burnside appointed

him to the important and responsible position of paymaster.

The confidence placed in him by the superintendent and the kindness shown him by the miners and townspeople gradually caused the lines of sorrow to disappear from Franklyn's handsome face, and he began to be quite popular with both young and old. A convert to the Faith of but a few years, he regularly visited the parish priest, Father Bates, the better to ground himself in his religion. Also during his visits to the Lorraine home, the conversation frequently turned on some religious topic, since Kitty was Father Bates Sunday school teacher. Religious conversations, however, were not the only attraction at the Lorraine home for Everett Franklyn, as Patrick Dolan to his great dismay soon discovered.

One evening, about a year and a half after Franklyn's arrival in the mining town, he accompanied Kitty to a church bazaar that Father Bates was giving for the benefit of his parochial school. In the midst of the merrymaking, a strange gentleman suddenly stood face to face with Franklyn. For an instant neither spoke. Then Franklyn gasped under his breath, "Sam Rogers, you here!"

"Yes, Franklyn, and you're the very last person I expected to find in such company," came in a cold, harsh voice. "How does it feel to be out of jail again?"

Kitty looked from one to the other with an expression of surprise and alarm.

"Pardon me, Miss, for disturbing," continued the intruder with mock politeness, as with a cynical smile he walked away.

Franklyn was visibly agitated and passed his hand over his forehead in a dazed fashion.

"What does he mean, Everett?" Kitty asked with a faltering voice.

"Come, let us take a walk; it will make you feel better."

As the two walked slowly home under the bright stars, Franklyn related the history of his past life. Shortly after leaving high school, he had obtained work in a bank, and had soon risen to positions of trust. The president of the bank, Sam Rogers' father, took a special interest in him and on several occasions commended him as a model to Sam, who was employed in the same bank. Once, however, in an evil hour, hoping thereby to alleviate his widowed mother's poverty, Franklyn had succumbed to a temptation and embezzled some of the bank's funds. The theft was discovered immediately and he was sentenced to five years imprisonment. His invalid mother did not long survive his shame. Her death only served to embitter him the more against mankind in general and against Sam Rogers in particular, who had first detected his theft and had then flouted his "model" for his "honesty." Hate hardened Franklyn's heart more and more, and what he had not been before his sentence he was fast becoming behind the bars—a confirmed criminal.

The kindly interest of the prison chaplain in his welfare, however, gradually convinced him that there was at least one heart in this cold, unfeeling world that could understand his condition and condole with his misery. He was surprised to find that a Catholic priest could be so human and he began eagerly to look forward to his visits. The result was as gratifying to the chaplain as to the prisoner; for, after serving his first year, Franklyn was received into the Church. Life, even prison life, took on a new aspect after this event, and Franklyn determined to serve the rest of his term in the true spirit of penance for his past sins and to prepare himself for an honorable

career after his release.

On leaving the penitentiary, he sold the little home that had been left him by his mother and went to a strange city to seek employment. But his past record prevented him from securing a good position. For that reason he decided to go to the mines in the Sierras.

"I told my story to Father Bates shortly after my arrival here," Franklyn continued to relate. "He greatly encouraged me to remain true to my resolutions and I think I owe my present position as paymaster chiefly to his recommendation. And now that everything was running smoothly, here comes that Sam Rogers across my path and spoils all."

Kitty had listened with breathless interest to Franklyn's story and her soul was moved with deepest sympathy for his misfortune. As he finished, she remarked with her customary impetuosity:

"Everett, if Father Bates trusts you, there is no reason why I should not do so. At any rate, that Sam Rogers impresses me as being much more of a criminal than you ever were. I can't see either, why people must always point the finger of shame at a person because he had the misfortune once to yield to temptation."

Unhappily for Franklyn, the superintendent of the mines did not share Kitty's opinion, and on the following morning, when the paymaster presented himself as usual at the office, he was informed that the company could dispense with his services for the future. Father Bates succeeded in obtaining work for his protégé in another industry of the town, but when even Kitty's school children pointed him out to their companions as the jailbird, Franklyn could stand the shame no longer and left the town, in the hope of finding peace and work elsewhere.

"No, I think you had better try to forget all about me," he said, as Kitty asked him to write to her occasionally, "although it will certainly be one of my greatest consolations to know that you at least can feel kindly toward an ex-convict."

But Kitty succeeded in wringing from him the promise to write.

"Your friendship for me, Miss Lorraine," he said, "will be as a beacon light guiding me safely through the stormy seas of life and assisting me in avoiding for the future the shoals of temptation."

When several weeks had passed without a word from Franklyn, Kitty began to grow listless in her work. Her bright, sunny face lost its light, and her heart was wrung with keenest sorrow. It was only after Franklyn had gone that she learned how much she loved him. Day after day, she called at the post office; but she was constantly doomed to disappointment. Had Kitty seen the look on the face of Lucy Howe, the young postal clerk as she dejectedly left the office, she might have suspected mischief, for Lucy herself was madly in love with Franklyn, and she sought revenge for her unrequited love by destroying all the letters that Franklyn wrote to Kitty, with the result that he finally gave up writing to her. Franklyn supposed that after his departure Kitty had been influenced by others to sever all connections with him, and he felt this keenly, especially after her repeated asseverations of undying friendship.

"Well, I don't blame her," Everett said to himself, after waiting vainly for an answer to his many letters, "she deserves a better man than an ex-convict for a husband, and I was foolish ever to entertain any hopes in this regard."

Kitty's soul was racked with all sorts of conjectures as to what could possibly prevent Franklyn

from writing to her. Was he sick or perhaps even dead? Had he merely trifled with her? Was he really after all what Sam Rogers had striven to represent him—a consummate scoundrel? Her soul revolted at the very thought of such a possibility. She went to Father Bates, thinking that perhaps he knew of Franklyn's whereabouts, but he, too, was as much in the dark concerning him as she was, and he could only say, "We must hope and pray!"

Kitty hoped and prayed for days and weeks, but not a word came from her absent lover. At the end of the school term, she again called on her pastor and surprised him with the declaration, "Father, I'm going away to become a nun."

"Nonsense, child," replied the aged priest, "Although you are good and pious enough to be a nun, yet I'm positive that God does not want you in the cloister. What ails you at present is that your nerves are a bit unstrung. You need a change of scene and work."

Kitty listened to the good priest, who had known her from her infancy, and she was convinced that he knew her better than she did herself.

"All right, Father, I'll do as you say. I have relatives in Arizona, the Morelands, and I think I'll spend the summer months with them."

The happy spirit that pervaded the Moreland home had a wonderful effect on Kitty Lorraine. Her buoyant nature reasserted itself, and although her love for Franklyn never waned, still she ceased to repine unduly over his apparent neglect and placed herself entirely in the hands of Providence.

Learning of her fondness for horses, Philip Moreland, her eldest cousin, regretted that he did not have a broncho for her to tame. "But perhaps it might suit you as

well," he said, "to tame my new car, which has as many tricks as any broncho."

Kitty accepted the offer with alacrity, and setting to work with her usual determination, she soon became an expert chauffeuse, and it was her delight to guide the throbbing motor through the crowded streets as coolly and steadily as an old tar guiding his ship through the surging waves. One evening, after returning from a long trip, during which Kitty had proved more than once that she was an expert at the wheel, Phil Moreland, who was reading the paper, called out:

"Say, Kit, here's a job for you. Some old woman wants a chauffeur, preferably a chauffeuse."

"Let's see," she cried, taking the paper and glancing over the advertisement. "I'll take it, I'll take it. See if I don't."

Early the next morning, she slipped out of the house on the pretext of doing some shopping and returned about lunch time with the astonishing news that she had actually applied for the position advertised, and that she was to report for duty that same afternoon. She told her amazed cousins that Phil's "old woman" was a certain Mrs. Field, a charming motherly old lady, who was as rich as she was good and gentle. Best of all, Mrs. Field was a practical Catholic, and one of Kitty's most important duties would be to drive her mistress to church each morning, where they could both attend holy Mass. Realizing that their "Sierra bronchobreaker" was in earnest, the Morelands wished her all success in her new position, although they greatly regretted to be deprived of her company.

Mrs. Field became daily more pleased with her vivacious and keenwitted chauffeuse and made her her companion wherever she went.

Kitty returned the gentle old lady's affection and loved her as if she were her own mother. The good woman, though blessed with the goods of this world, had experienced much sorrow and affliction in her life. One after the other she had borne her children to their premature graves, and then, as if to fill her cup of sorrow to the brim, her husband had been taken from her in the bloom of life. Deeply religious as she had always been, the bereaved mother and widow then sought to live more and more for God alone, and she divided her time between prayer and works of charity. She owned the greater part of the stock in the Field State Bank, besides considerable interests in several large wholesale establishments in the city, and Father Brown, her pastor, knowing how she delighted in furthering any deed of charity, was constantly recommending to her deserving young people in search of employment, so that her family of protégés seemed to grow larger from day to day.

As Mrs. Field and Kitty returned one afternoon from a mission of charity to the tenement district of the city, the good woman received a telephone call that seemed to give her much pleasure. It was from one of "her boys," as she was wont to style them, who had been out of the city for several months on business and who had returned about an hour before.

"He's a splendid young man, Kitty, and I want you to meet him. I'll have him for dinner to-night. I know you'll like him, too."

Kitty said nothing, but smiled a sad, sweet smile; for there was only one face that she longed to see, only one hand that she yearned to clasp. She retired to her room to dress for dinner, heartily wishing she could frame some excuse for not attending. As she entered the dining room an hour or so later, she

found Mrs. Field and her guest examining a beautiful new oil painting that hung above the mantel. The stranger turned about as he heard her approach, and Kitty stood face to face with Everett Franklyn. For a moment, neither could speak. Then Franklyn, seeing the joyful gleam in Kitty's eyes, realized that he had misjudged her, and that her love for him had not waned. Quickly grasping her trembling hand, he exclaimed, "Kitty Lorraine!"

"Everett!" was all Kitty could reply.

"I see there is no need of introducing you," Mrs. Field remarked, smiling blandly and knowingly at her two young friends.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Field, Mr. Franklyn and I are old friends," answered Kitty gaily; "but how did you ever come to know him?"

"That's a long story, Kitty. But come, let us sit down to dinner and I'll tell you all about it."

As the happy trio partook of the meal, Mrs. Field related how Franklyn had been recommended to her by Father Brown and that, won over by the candor with which he had confided to her the story of his life, she had resolved to give him a fair trial.

"And I am delighted to say that Everett has more than realized my fondest expectations," she continued with true motherly pride. "When you told me of your love

matters, Kitty, I surmised at once that my young friend and your absent lover were one and the same person. Not to arouse false hopes, however, I kept the matter secret, determined to have you two meet as soon as Franklyn had returned from the Coast. In regard to those letters, Everett, which you wrote to Kitty, but which she never received, I have had a detective investigate the matter. The interceptor has been discovered and reported to the postal authorities."

As the kindly old lady continued to chat, showing how she had pieced together chance remarks of her two young friends and thus secured a complete knowledge of their love affair and the obstacles to its happy culmination, Everett and Kitty could not sufficiently admire her sagacity. The evening passed by much too quickly, but it was only the first of many an evening that Everett and Kitty spent together in the beautiful home of their motherly friend and benefactress.

Some weeks later, as the leaves on the trees were donning their autumn glory, the Reverend Father Bates in the little mining town up in the Sierras received an invitation from the Reverend Father Brown to solemnize the marriage of one of his former parishioners. As the aged priest finished reading the letter, he smiled a happy smile and said quietly to himself, "God bless the dear child! Sure I'll attend."



## MEXICAN REFUGEES ORDAINED

WHILE Carranza, Villa, Zapata, and the other bandit chiefs of the distracted Republic of Mexico are occupying their days by persecuting the Church, exiling her ministers, stealing her property, and maltreating in a thousand ways her faithful children, a number of Franciscan refugees from her confiscated friaries are quietly pursuing their studies in the peaceful cloisters of the Old Mission at Santa Barbara, Cal., in the hope of returning as priests to their beloved country and of helping to re-establish there the Kingdom of Christ. Among them, a number recently had the happiness of advancing nearer to their cherished goal by the reception of minor or major orders. The celebration, which lasted almost a week, began on Monday, January 28, with the solemn profession in the First Order of Brother José Ontideros. Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus, Provincial of the Santa Barbara Province, officiated at the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Fr. Alban, Guardian of the Old Mission, as archpriest, by Rev. FF. Miguel and Josaphat as deacon and subdeacon, and by Rel. Fr. Daniel as master of ceremonies.

Monday evening, the Right Rev. John Joseph Cantwell, D. D., the new Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, arrived in the city and received a most hearty welcome at the venerable Mission which had been richly decorated with flowers and garlands. He was accompanied by his secretary, the Rev. John Cawley, by the Rev. Father Sand, and by Rev. Fr. Theophilus, the superior of the Franciscans in Los Angeles. On the following morning, at 8 o'clock, during the Bishop's Mass, eight student friars re-

ceived the tonsure; whereupon the following eleven clerics were admitted to minor orders: Fr. Agostino Olvera, Fr. Jacome Camacho, Fr. José Rodriguez, Fr. Gabriel León, Fr. Daniel Mireles, Fr. Salvador Rubio, Fr. Juan Camacho, Fr. Estevan Gambóa, Fr. Francisco Calderon, Fr. Enrique Dominguez, Fr. Antonio Rábago. Immediately after this ceremony, the first eight of these friars were also ordained subdeacons. His Lordship was assisted at the altar during the ordinations by Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Hugolinus and Rev. Fr. Theophilus, while Rev. Fr. Domingo acted as master of ceremonies.

On Wednesday morning, at 8 o'clock, assisted as on the previous day, the Right Rev. Bishop conferred the holy order of deaconship on the first seven of the above mentioned subdeacons. In the afternoon, accompanied by a number of the Fathers, he went to Montecito, a suburb of Santa Barbara, where he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, of which the Rev. Antonio Serra is pastor. In the evening of the same day, the Bishop was entertained by the students of St. Antony's College, who presented the beautiful drama entitled "The Blind Prince." The boys did exceedingly well, to the great satisfaction of the large audience that had gathered in the college hall to witness the performance.

On Thursday morning, Rev. Fr. Juan Camacho was elevated by Bishop Cantwell to the holy dignity of the priesthood in the presence of his fellow friars and a large congregation of the faithful. These ordinations at the Old Mission were

the first ever conferred by Bishop Cantwell. The next morning, the Rev. Fr. Juan Camacho celebrated his first holy Mass in the Old Mission Church, assisted by Very Rev. Fr. Provincial as archpriest, and by FF. Salvador and Estevan as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Fr. Domingo acting as master of ceremonies. The Spanish sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. Ambrosio and the English sermon by Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, while the St. Anthony's College choir under the di-

rection of Rev. Fr. Adrian furnished the music and singing. In the evening, solemn Compline and Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, at which Rev. Fr. Juan officiated, brought the festal week to a worthy close. At present, there are at the Old Mission twenty-five Franciscan refugees from Mexico: four professors of theology, one professor of philosophy, two student priests, fourteen student clerics, and four lay brothers.



## A TERTIARY BISHOP

**I**N Bishop McGolrick of Duluth, whose sudden death, on January 23, was chronicled by the Catholic press, the Franciscans of the Northwest have lost more than a warm friend, and the Tertiaries of Duluth more than their Bishop. While the late Bishop's charitable traits and civic virtues are known beyond the limit of his diocese and by those not of the fold, it may be news to most readers of this magazine that he was "one of ours."

The three Franciscan Fathers who twenty-seven years ago were present when he was placed in charge of the new diocese, will probably recall their first meeting with him on that day in his library. "Fathers, make yourselves at home with me at all time, and consider me as one of yours." Bishop McGolrick took pride in being a Tertiary and frequently mentioned this fact. Thirty years ago, when it was a comparatively rare thing for one of the secular clergy in these parts to be a Tertiary, he had a fraternity attached to his

parish church and conducted the meetings in person as pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Minneapolis.

As bishop he took the same keen interest in the Third Order by frequently referring to it in the cathedral pulpit, and devoting entire lectures to making it more widely known and loved in his episcopal city. When the Duluth Tertiaries were as yet affiliated with the fraternity of Superior, Wis., he received novices and admitted them to profession. Realizing the disadvantage at which they were in attending the meetings at Superior, he in recent years established a fraternity at his cathedral and personally conducted the monthly meetings, in spite of the many demands made upon his time by the performance of religious and civic duties. The death of Bishop McGolrick will be a double loss to the Tertiaries of Duluth, and they beg a kind remembrance of their numerous associates for the peace of his soul. R.I.P.



## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**--On December 17, 1917, Rt. Rev. Pacificus Monza, O. F. M., Titular Bishop of Troy, passed to his eternal reward. He was born, in 1845, at Vicenza, Italy, and at the age of nineteen entered the Order of Friars Minor in the Venetian province. After his elevation to the holy priesthood, Fr. Pacificus taught moral theology and later he was entrusted with the education of the novices and clerics of his province. At the General Chapter, in 1895, he was unanimously chosen procurator of the Order. This office he held till the year 1897, the year in which Pope Leo XIII united the various families of the Franciscan Observance. Thereupon His Holiness appointed the distinguished friar Administrator Apostolic of the archdiocese of Scopia and Albania. Finally, in 1911, Pope Pius X summoned him to Rome and placed the government of the Order of Friars Minor in his hands. In this capacity he continued till May, 1915. Three months later, Pope Benedict XV appointed him titular Bishop of Troy. The last years of his long and meritorious life he spent in various friaries of the Order in Italy. While residing in Liguria, he suffered an attack of pneumonia which soon brought him to death's door, and fortified with the last rites of the Church, he surrendered his beautiful soul to his Maker.—

A new custodian of the Holy Land has been appointed in the person of Rev. Ferdinand Diotavelli, O.F.M., provincial of the Franciscan Province of Loretto in Italy. This important office has been vacant since 1915, when Most Rev. Seraphino Cimino was constrained to resign on his being elected Minister General of the Order of Friars

Minor. The newly chosen custodian resided in Constantinople eight years ago as Prefect of the Missions and hence is not only himself intimately acquainted with conditions in the East, but is likewise well known as a man of linguistic and diplomatic attainments. It causes us no little pleasure to learn from an apparently reliable source that the British government, now occupying Palestine, will declare the Pope protector of the holy places, that it has selected an Irish regiment to guard them, and that every sacred spot is in charge of the Franciscans.

The Holy Father has appointed Rev. Victor of Appeltern, O.M.CAP., of the Belgian Province, consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Rites for Sacred Liturgy.—

On the feast of All Souls, the new cemetery of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary at Grotta-Ferrata was solemnly blessed. The ceremonies were performed by Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order of Friars Minor. Immediately after the ceremonies, the officiating clergy accompanied by the Sisters in procession, brought the remains of the deceased Mother General and of two other members of the community from the adjacent cemetery and interred them in their new resting-place.

**Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church.**--On January 27, the English and German-speaking branches of the Third Order held a joint meeting in the Sacred Heart Hall. Election of officers took place with the following result: English-speaking branch: Prefect, Mrs. Mary Kirk; Assistant Prefect, Mrs. Frances Mueller; Secretary, Miss Helen Colbert; Assistant Secretary, Miss

Rose Honecker. German-speaking branch: Prefect, Mrs. Sophie Schuessler; Assistant Prefect, Mrs. Anna Voigt; Secretary, Miss Amelia Rautenberg; Assistant Secretary, Miss Cecilia Vanier. At this meeting it was decided that in the future both branches will hold a joint meeting on the fourth Sunday of the month, instead of meeting separately on the second and fourth Sundays, as heretofore. These conferences, which will be held in the Sacred Heart Hall, will be opened with a business meeting, at which the prefects of the two branches will preside alternately. Then there will follow a spiritual instruction by the Rev. Director, Fr. Benice, O.F.M., after which the Tertiaries will proceed in a body to the church for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the recitation of the Third Order office. It is hoped that the combined efforts of the two branches of the local fraternity will greatly strengthen the organization and encourage the members to greater zeal in cultivating Franciscan ideals.

**Maryville, Mo., St. Francis Hospital.**—At the motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Francis, on January 28, Sister M. Seraphine and Sister M. Catherine celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their profession. The High Mass was celebrated in the beautifully decorated chapel by Rev. Fr. Anselm, O.S.B., who also preached the sermon. During the Mass, the two happy Sisters renewed their holy vows.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.**—The following combined annual report of the Immaculate Conception and the St. Antony Fraternities, which reached us too late for insertion in our last issue, will doubtless prove interesting and instructive to the Tertiaries of other cities. The total receipts were \$3456.26 and expenses \$1188.53, while \$1361.75 were given to vari-

ous charities. The building fund of the proposed Tertiary Center amounts to \$3045.00, and it is constantly increasing. Four hundred and ten postulants were invested with the Third Order scapular and cord, and one hundred and fifty-two novices were professed. Twenty-six Tertiaries entered various convents during the course of the year, and sixty-two were called to a better world.

For more than six years, the Tertiaries of St. Louis have been engaged in the teaching of catechism on Sundays to children who do not attend parish schools. This work extends largely to the instruction of children that come under the supervision of the Catholic Instruction League. More than 1600 children are thus benefited in the thirteen missions, which include Syrians, Italians, Spaniards, Sicilians, Russians, Hungarians, Chinese, and Greeks, besides other children of the slum district and of penal institutions. In addition to this, night classes for primary as well as for advanced pupils are conducted at the State School for the Blind. Further, the Tertiary hospital division prepares for Baptism many who embrace the faith at the last hour. In hospitals, this work has resulted in fifteen conversions, and in penal institutions, two conversions were secured.

Other Tertiaries again are engaged in spreading the faith in the city at large. Through the endeavors of our members, twelve converts were secured and instructed, while five more persons are preparing to enter the true Fold. Moreover, five fallen-away Catholics have been reclaimed, and religious instruction has been imparted to four neglected adults, who were thus prepared for their first Holy Communion. Still another work productive of much good undertaken by our Tertiaries is the conduct-

ing of Boy Scout classes composed of Italians and Sicilians; one spiritual result of this worthy endeavor, not to mention others, is that the Sacred Heart League has a band of Boy Scouts that receive Holy Communion regularly on the First Fridays of the month. The League also numbers two bands among the blind pupils, who receive Holy Communion in a body on the First Fridays and are conducted to Mass each Sunday by members of the Third Order. Finally, our Tertiaries take care of neglected and delinquent children that are brought before the Juvenile Court, and provide homes for them in good Catholic families.

All this is certainly a splendid showing, and *Franciscan Herald* congratulates the St. Louis Tertiaries on the true Franciscan spirit that animates them.

**Los Angeles, Cal., St. Joseph's Church.**—It is gratifying to record the admission last month of twenty-two new members into the local branch of the Third Order. The splendid attendance at the general monthly Communion, as well as at the regular meetings on the third and fourth Sundays of the month is very edifying.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—Statistics of 1917, show that the Tertiary Library of St. Peter's is in a very flourishing condition. During the past year, 3729 books were drawn from the library by 470 patrons. A new library catalog is in course of preparation and it will be ready by April 1. The library is open every first, third, and fourth Sunday afternoon from 2 until 5.30 o'clock, except during divine service. Six Tertiaries act as librarians, and it is owing chiefly to their efficient work that the library enjoys its splendid record.

**New Orleans, La., St. Clare Monastery.**—On Saturday, February 2, three young ladies received

the habit of the Poor Clares in the beautiful chapel of St. Clare, this city. They were Miss Clara Nixon, now Sr. M. Margaret Clare of the Blessed Sacrament. Miss Alice Comerford, now Sr. M. Agnes Clare of the Incarnate Word, and Miss Teresa Forst, now Sr. M. Cherubina Clare of St. Francis. After the clothing, Sr. M. Magdalen Perret pronounced her vows. Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Samuel Macke, O. F. M., of St. Louis, Mo., presided at the ceremonies, assisted by the Rev. Joseph de la Maza, S. J., chaplain of the monastery, and by Rev. Turibius Deaver, O. F. M., of Oakland, Cal. Fr. Turibius, who had given the preparatory retreat to the Sisters, also preached the festive sermon.

On the morning of February 7, another very solemn ceremony took place in St. Clare's chapel, when two novices, Sr. M. Leonard of Our Lady of Sorrows and Sr. M. Peter of Alcantara of Our Lady of Mercy, both of New Orleans, were admitted to their perpetual vows. Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Samuel Macke again officiated, assisted by Rev. Casimir Municha, O. P., by Rev. Fr. Turibius Deaver, O. F. M., and by Very Rev. Canon Castellano. In the sanctuary were Very Rev. George Martin, Vicar-Provincial of the Dominicans, Very Rev. A. E. Otis, S. J., President of Marquette University, Rev. P. Perretta, O. P., Rev. R. Carra, Rev. George Duda, Rev. L. M. Roth, and Rel. Bro. Leonard, O. F. M. The sermon for the occasion was preached by the Very Rev. A. E. Otis, S. J., and it was listened to with rapt attention. Solemn Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament closed the beautiful ceremony.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Stanislaus Church.**—At the solemn pontifical High Mass that opened the biennial meeting of the Polish Clergy Association of America in Chicago, held

February 6 and 7, the Very Rev. Fr. Francis Manel, Commissary Provincial of the Polish Franciscan Custody of Pulaski, Wis., preached the sermon—an impressive and eloquent tribute to the merciful and loving dispositions of Divine Providence. His audience was made up of the Most Rev. Archbishops Mundelein and Weber, C. R., Bishop Rhode, about two hundred and fifty priests, and throngs of the laity that filled the spacious church of St. Stanislaus to its capacity.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.**—The general meeting held on January 3, broke all records for attendance, as every seat in our immense church was occupied. Our Rev. Director continued his series of discourses on the Rule of the Third Order, which are being followed by all with the greatest interest. Nineteen new members were received into the Order on this occasion, one of the new novices being the altar boy who served at the ceremony. Fourteen novices then made their profession. It is with sorrow that we inform the readers of *Franciscan Herald* of the death of Mr. Lawrence Hobrecht, the father of our esteemed prefect Mr. Charles B. Hobrecht. Mr. Hobrecht was not only himself a fervent Tertiary, but he gave to God a very pious Franciscan family, being the beloved father of Rev. Fr. Augustine, Ven. Sr. M. Philomena, Ven. Sr. M. Bede, Ven. Sr. M. Cordia, Joseph C. and Philip J. Hobrecht, of Sacramento, and Mrs. Anna Shaub. Every member of the family belongs to either the First Order or the Third Order Regular or Secular of St. Francis. We recommend our deceased brother in St. Francis to the kind prayers of the readers of the *Herald*. R. I. P.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.**—The first semester of the scholastic year 1917-1918 closed at the end of January with the writ-

ten and oral examinations. The following students have the highest averages in their studies: III Collegiate, Paul Eberle, 96.44; II Collegiate, William Wernsing, 97.33; I Collegiate, Jerome Reisch, 98.88; IV Academic, Edwin Reyling, 100; III Academic, Francis Kohlberg, 99.14; II Academic, Raymond Gross and Oliver Helderle, 99.89.

The readers of *Franciscan Herald* especially interested in our Seraphic College, will undoubtedly recall Antony Kriech, of Indianapolis, Ind., one of our students, who was compelled by sickness about a year ago to discontinue his studies. For weeks he had hovered between life and death in the college infirmary. But finally, toward the end of last May, he recovered sufficiently to be transferred to St. Francis Hospital, Beech Grove, near Indianapolis. As he had always edified his teachers and fellow students by his cheerful spirit of resignation to the will of God during the long, weary weeks of his illness here at the college,—the fruit, no doubt, of his daily Communions—so he continued in the hospital to be the joy and sunshine of his surroundings, and it was deemed a real pleasure to visit him. For months, his case was regarded as hopeless. But gradually he began to improve, and at last, but for his inability to walk, he had fully recovered. Confident that he could remedy this defect, his physician determined to make the attempt. Antony gladly submitted to the operation in the hope of soon being able to return to college and to resume his studies. All his friends and fellow students shared his expectations and stormed Heaven with prayers for the successful outcome of the operation.

On Monday morning, February 11, without the aid of the knife, the doctor succeeded in restoring the legs to their normal condition, and Antony was soon lying peacefully

again in his bed, still under the influence of the anaesthetic. Science had done its utmost for the boy, but God willed otherwise. Failing in due time to recover consciousness, and exhibiting unmistakable signs of succumbing to the ether, he received Extreme Unction and while still unconscious passed quietly to his eternal reward, in the eighteenth year of his age. Fully aware of this possible outcome of the operation, he had disposed of all his affairs, and even laughingly remarked that he had said all his prayers for that day except his night prayers.

Although Antony was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Antony Kriech, they never opposed his ardent desire to consecrate himself to the service of God in the Franciscan Order. On the contrary, being both devout Tertiaries, they cheerfully made the sacrifice, little dreaming that a still greater one would yet be demanded of them. Throughout his years at college, which he entered in September, 1912, he had endeared himself to his fellow students and professors by his manly character that knew so well how to combine true piety with love for study and enjoyment of boyish sports; and though the youngest in point of years among

his classmates, yet he ranked among the first and on several occasions carried off the honors of the class.

The solemn funeral services were conducted in his parish church on February 14, by Rev. Fr. Rector, assisted by Rev. FF. Vitus and Benice, as deacon and subdeacon. On the same day in our chapel a solemn Requiem was sung for the repose of his soul by Rev. Fr. Ferdinand, Vice-Rector of the college. On beholding Antony lying in his coffin, garbed in his Third Order scapular, cord, and badge, with a spotless white lily reposing on his bosom, one could not but recall the words of Holy Writ: "He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. For his soul pleased God; therefore he hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities." R.I.P.

**Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth Friary.**—On January 25, Rev. Peter Neutkens, who was ordained to the holy priesthood in China several years ago and since then has been active in the missions in that country, received the habit of the Franciscan Order at the hands of Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Hugolinus Storff, O.F.M., in the local friary. He will be known henceforth as Fr. Paul.

## OBITUARY

**Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church:**—A. Goldmann, Bro. John Capistran; Carl Evers, Bro. Francis; Anna Manz, Sr. Frances; Louise Goebel, Sr. Elizabeth; Maria Anna Ott, Sr. Elizabeth; Maria Langkau, Sr. Antonia; Mathilde Jaecka, Sr. Josephina; Elizabeth Winkelmann, Sr. Angela; Barbara Beierwaltes, Sr. Catherine; Anna Maria Elsen, Sr. Elizabeth; Apollonia Schoenhofen, Sr. Angela.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**

*St. Francis Fraternity:*—Margaret A. Tansey, Sr. Mary.

*St. Louis Fraternity:*—Mary V. Geary, Sr. Bridget; Mary Farrell, Sr. Bridget.

*St. Elizabeth Fraternity:*—Josephine Zeller, Sr. Mary; Barbara Behr, Sr. Frances; Barbara Roehl, Sr. Antonia; Margaret Sager, Sr. Anna; Elizabeth Becker, Sr. Antonia

**Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:**—Antony Kriech, Bro. Francis; Samuel Moosman, Bro. Andrew.

**Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church:**—Teresa Trentman, Sr. Clare; Anna Grinker, Sr. Veronica.

**Sheboygan, Wis.:**—Elizabeth A. Gillis.





Specht Pinx

Thy will be done

# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

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## Editorial Comment

### "THY WILL BE DONE"

It is easy to see the connection between this petition of the Our Father and the preceding one. For without fulfilling the will of God, it is impossible for us to enter the kingdom of heaven.

What is the will of God in our regard? According to the words of eternal Truth, it is our sanctification and salvation. The latter depends on the former, and that consists in avoiding evil and doing good. Before the fall of Adam, there was a strict conformity between the will of man and the will of God. In our present state, however, we all have reason to say with the Latin poet of old, "I see and approve the better things, I follow the worse." Yet, it is necessary to check this propensity of our depraved nature if we wish to do the will of God, and so enter into his kingdom. Our duty is to resist the demands of the flesh, its selfishness and sensuality; of the world, its spirit, its fashions; of the devil, his pomps and his works.

To abstain from evil, is not enough. The figtree was cursed, not because it brought forth bad fruit, but because it bore no fruit at all. In this sense, St. Cyprian explains the present petition. "This is thy will," he says, "which thy Son, our Lord and Teacher, has fulfilled: humility in conduct, firmness in faith, modesty in words, justice in works, restraint in morals. To forget injuries, to bear insults, to live in peace with one's neighbor, to love God above all things, to place Christ above all things, to adhere to the cross, to live in hope, and to die with resignation—that is doing the will of God."

It is our duty, therefore, always and everywhere to do the will of God, no matter how bitter the chalice he commands to our lips, how difficult the sacrifice he demands, how hard the duty he imposes, how sweet and advantageous the transgression of his commands may seem to us. Can there be really anything better or usefuller for us than to do the will of God? What a sweet peace and satisfaction and foretaste of eternal joy does not the fulfilling of the will of God bring even here. "Blessed are all they that fear the Lord: that walk in his ways."

God not only imposes commands and prohibitions on us, he also ordains or permits certain things to happen to us. In fact, there is absolutely nothing that can befall us against his will. His will may be said, indeed, to be the rule of our life, the purpose of our existence, the source

of our happiness. This tangled web of good and evil that we call life will be unraveled one day before our wondering eyes, and then we shall see how just and good and holy and adorable is the will of God. Why do we become so easily depressed and unhappy when what we term misfortune overtakes us? Because our minds blinded by selfishness and sensuality can not grasp the simple truth that whatever proceeds from the will of God must be good and can be intended only for our happiness, whereas the desires of our own heart are often foolish and evil and if granted must cause us untold misery.

The mother of the Boanerges wished her sons to be seated the one to the right and the other to the left of Jesus in his kingdom—a vain desire of a doting mother who knew not the true interests of her children. Many a sick person prays for nothing so much as the health of his body without reflecting that health of the body may bring on sickness and death of the soul. Many a poor man seeks earthly riches, and in doing so loses the eternal treasures. Many a tempted soul longs for rest, and does not know that absence of temptation may lead to indifference and lethargy in the service of God. Many a sorely tried Christian chafing under the yoke of Christ would rather lead a free and easy life, and does not see that the liberty he seeks is the worst kind of slavery.

So it is with most of our desires. They proceed from a perverse will and lead to misery and ruin. How good and salutary for us, therefore, that God has made known to us his will and prescribed it for us as the norm of our life. Yet with what coldness, repugnance, indifference and indolence do we fulfill it. How much better for us, if like the angels and blessed in heaven, we should do the will of God with alacrity, cheerfulness, love, gratitude, and perseverance.

The saints even here on earth thus fulfilled his holy will. For well they knew that in the conformity of their will with God's lay all their holiness and happiness. What beautiful examples of this conformity are there in the lives of the patrons of the Third Order. St. Louis and St. Elizabeth both experienced the vicissitudes of fortune. Yet, the one as well as the other served God with the same zeal in adversity as in prosperity. Franciscan Tertiaries may be assured that the more closely they strive to imitate their glorious patrons, the holier and happier their lives will be.



### MODERN GALLANTRY

Says humorous warmhearted old Elia: "Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her sex, in whatever condition placed, she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman;—and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments or ornaments—as many, and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be with sweet Susan Winstanley —to reverence her sex."

We have often wondered what has become of that old-time gallantry, that gracious obsequiousness, and deferential respect which the members of the stronger sex were wont to show to those of the weaker—beg your pardon—other sex. When we see a woman standing in a crowded street car or rather hanging on a strap till she is sick and faint with exertion and fatigue; while the men about her are seated at their ease and apparently absorbed in the day's sporting news, till one with more manners or conscience or brutality than the rest whispers to his neighbor that she would be welcome to his seat if she were a little younger and handsomer—when we behold such occurrences we are forced to admit to our sorrow that respect for woman as woman is rapidly vanishing. From thousand and one instances of everyday life, it can be inferred that before long courtesy to womanhood will be only a memory with a large portion of modern society.

This is a deplorable state of affairs, and we can find no terms strong enough to express our disapproval of everything that savors of incivility toward woman. We should be unworthy of our name and calling if we condoned anything of the sort. For St. Francis was nothing if not chivalrous, and he expects his followers to be second to none in chivalry. Yet, in spite of all this, we can not refrain from hazarding the opinion that the modern woman has herself to blame for much of the discourtesy she meets with. She has exchanged the honorable name of woman for the meaningless title of lady; she has rid herself of many of the duties incumbent on her as woman; and she is laboring hard to destroy within her all traces of femininity, so that in all respects, even in wickedness, she may become man's equal. Like Lady Macbeth, she has invited, not the spirits that tend on mortal thoughts—modern woman does not believe in spirits—but the *Zeitgeist* to unsex her, to come to her woman's breasts and take her milk for gall. Modern woman—we speak of the "modern" not the old-fashioned woman—no longer stands "upon her female character as upon a foundation"; and having voluntarily relinquished her position, she has given up her strongest claim to man's reverence and courtesy. Woman can hope to receive no more respect than she is able to command. But, she has much to learn of man's true nature if she thinks she can force him to respect her by clamoring for perfect equality of rights. Woman's most endearing and enduring charm is her womanliness. Let her cultivate this quality, and man will not withhold from her the honor he is always ready to bestow on every womanly woman, irrespective of her appearance or age or station.

It is not our purpose to lecture our feminine readers on their duties or faults, for we are reasonably certain that there are no "modern" women among our readers. Besides, he would be a rash editor who would attempt to do so in these days of equal rights. But, it is the duty of every editor as of every preacher to speak the truth and shame the devil, and this, please God, we shall always endeavor to do.



#### LEST WE FORGET

"Incredible though it may seem to us now," says *The Tidings* of Los Angeles in its issue of March 15. "California would very likely be Russian

territory to-day and suffering from the rule of the Bolsheviks, had it not been for the courage and steadfast faith in the justice of God of one man on a critical day of the year 1769. Father Junipero Serra proved himself to be indeed the patron saint of California in that momentous crisis."

The writer then proceeds to state the facts in the case, which, through the publication of such historical works as Fr. Zephyrin's and through the presentation of the San Gabriel Mission Play, have become matter of common knowledge—how in the year 1768, Don Gaspar de Portola's military expedition accompanied by a number of Franciscan padres, including Fray Junipero, landed at the Bay of San Diego from Mexico; how Don Gaspar set out with a company of soldiers and two padres to locate the Bay of Monterey and to establish a presidio there, while Serra with the remainder of the party remained behind to found a mission and to lay the foundation of Spanish dominion and civilization on the Western Coast; how after eighteen months of fruitless search and untold suffering, the military expedition, greatly reduced in numbers, at last returned to its base, and how when all hopes had failed of obtaining supplies and reinforcements from Mexico, Don Gaspar peremptorily ordered California to be abandoned and all the Spaniards to return to Mexico; how Fray Junipero pleaded to remain behind, and how when his plea was refused he turned to God and obtained aid from him when human aid had been despaired of. "Had not Father Junipero," concludes the writer, "held out against Don Gaspar's orders for the abandonment of California, the Russian colonists, who had already taken possession of the territory now known as Alaska, and who were rapidly working south along the coast, would undoubtedly have taken possession of sunny western America, and would possibly have held it until to-day."

We do not know how far the latter conjecture is correct. But we do know that it is not necessary to urge the saintly friar's fortitude on this occasion as a claim to California's and the Union's gratitude. We prefer to let his fame rest on the foundation on which trustworthy historians have placed it. Here will it rest secure so long as devotion to an ideal, singleness of purpose, and heroism in execution have power to charm the fancy and to delight the memory of man. California's devotion to its founder is quite romantic and touching if not altogether unique. Indeed, we know of no hero whose statue is found in the National Statuary Hall, except the Father of our Country, who has so large a personal following as the humble Franciscan friar. In this connection, we should like to ask what has become of the grand campaign launched in California some years since for erecting a statue to Fray Junipero in the Nation's Capital? Has the plan been dropped because a handful of bigots are of the opinion that the Franciscan habit in the Hall of Fame might not harmonize with the surroundings? But then there is Father Marquette!



#### A CORRECTION

In the March issue of the *Herald*, on page 111, first column near the bottom of page, instead of: "This mission was founded, in 1720, by the Venerable Antonio Margil," read: "This mission was founded, in 1731, by Querétaro Franciscans."

## BL. THOMAS OF TOLENTINO

*By Fr. Silas, O. F. M.*

THE sons of St. Francis were called to preach the truths of salvation not only to the Christian peoples, but also to the pagan nations. Obedient to this call, they, from the very beginning of the Order, traversed the countries of Europe, everywhere preaching penance and leading men to the practice of piety and virtue; and at the same time, they passed into Africa and Asia, where, amid the greatest privations and dangers, they spent themselves for the kingdom of God. So great was their zeal for the salvation of souls still enveloped in the darkness of paganism that, at the end of the thirteenth century, they were to be found in most countries of the known world, as far south as Nubia, in Africa, and as far east as China. By their fervent preaching, which was confirmed by the holiness of their lives, they succeeded in founding many missions and in converting thousands of unbelievers to the true faith. Many had the happiness of crowning a life full of apostolic labors with a martyr's death; among these are to be reckoned Bl. Thomas of Tolentino and his companions, who suffered for the faith in India.

Nothing is known of the youth of Bl. Thomas. After entering the Order of St. Francis, he was distinguished for his zeal in the strict observance of the Rule. In 1290, he, with several of his brethren,

was sent to Armenia, and in this difficult field of labor he toiled with gratifying success until 1292, when he was entrusted by the ruler of that country with a mission to the Pope and to the kings of France and England, to obtain their aid against the Saracens. This mission accomplished, Bl. Thomas returned to Armenia and resumed his apostolic labors. In 1302, he was sent with twelve companions to the missions of Tatary, which name was used at that time to designate all the countries ruled by the Mongols. After several years of successful labor in this vast region, the holy missionary finally reached Cambalek, now Pekin. Here he met Fr. John of Montecorvino, one of the greatest missionaries of his age, who had founded many Christian communities in that country and who was held in high esteem by the Great Khan of the Tatars. The outlook for the spread of the Gospel in China and the surrounding countries was bright, but while the harvest was plentiful, the laborers were few in number.

Fr. John of Montecorvino, accordingly, asked Bl. Thomas to return to Italy to obtain apostolic laborers for China. Thomas arrived at the papal court in 1307, and after giving an account of the successes of Fr. John of Montecorvino and his companions, he entreated the Pope to provide for the missions in their charge. The Pope,

full of joy at the good news, directed the Minister General of the Friars Minor to select seven of the most learned and most zealous of his brethren and to send them to those distant lands. The seven friars chosen were raised to the episcopal dignity and commissioned to consecrate Fr. John of Montecorvino archbishop of Cambalek, after which they were to labor with him as his suffragans.

Bl. Thomas returned to China with these missionaries and other friars, and arrived at Cambalek in 1308. He at once placed himself at the disposal of the new archbishop; and he was sent by him to preach the Gospel in Hindostan. Here he labored with great success for many years, converting thousands of pagans to the true faith, and at length crowned his apostolate with a glorious martyrdom.

In the company of Fr. James of Padua, Fr. Peter of Siena, and the lay Brother Demetrius of Tiflis,

the holy missionary set out for Colan, on the Malabar Coast, in India, but he was carried to Thana, in the island of Salsette, near Bombay. The governor of the district, urged on by fanatic Mohammedans, began a dispute with the friars on the divinity of Christ, and when

his arguments were triumphantly refuted, he angrily demanded of Bl. Thomas what he thought of Mohammed. The intrepid missionary replied that Mohammed was an impostor who would drag to perdition all that believed in his false doctrine. On hearing these words, the Mohammedans became furious and employed both threats and promises to induce him to recall what he



Bl. Thomas of Tolentino

had said. Seeing that Bl. Thomas and his brethren were immovable, they tore off their cowls and exposed the friars, tied to posts, to the full heat of the sun, which in those regions is so great that it causes death in a very short time. The holy confessors stood exposed to

the burning rays of the sun for six hours, singing the praises of the Lord, without suffering the least harm. This, however, served only to increase the rage of the persecutors. They led the friars to a place outside the town and cruelly put them to death. Bl. Thomas was the first to receive the martyr's crown. His head was struck off while he was kneeling in prayer, recommending his soul to the Lord and his Blessed Mother.

The glorious death of these martyrs took place on April 9, 1322.

Their bodies were buried by the Christians of the place, and many miracles were wrought at their tomb. Some years later, Bl. Odoric of Pordenone, passing through that country, exhumed their precious remains and brought them to China. The head of Bl. Thomas was taken to Italy and placed in the church of the Franciscans at Tolentino, his native city. Later it was transferred to the cathedral. Pope Pius VII, in 1809, confirmed the veneration paid to Bl. Thomas by the faithful.

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## Easter

Dawn on Judea's hills, the hills beloved  
By Him of Galilee; the glad birds sing  
An anthem through the vales: "This is the day  
The Lord hath made!" The listening lilies stir,  
And heavenward adoring faces lift.  
Within a garden, odorous and hushed,  
A woman kneels beside an open tomb.  
Her unbound hair, a shimmering, golden veil  
About her shoulders; shuddering sobs convulse  
Her bended form and part the quivering lips;  
A sudden step: "Woman, why weepest thou?"  
The eyes uplifted to the gardner's face.  
A world of sorrow in their depths reveal;  
Freighted with woe her tones: "My Master's gone.  
I know not where they've laid Him," like some flower  
Crushed by the blast, the golden head droops low;  
A hush expectant all the garden folds,  
And then a voice, soft as the silent drift  
Of wind-blown petals, murmurous and low,  
As crowning tide upon a distant shore.  
"Mary!" the joy-lit eyes uplift,—'tis He.  
Her heart's Beloved in His strength arrayed;  
"Babboni!" in that gladsome cry outpours  
The white-cleansed soul of her who hath loved much.  
—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

## BL. JOHN FOREST, O. F. M.

*By Fr. Francis Boryia, O.F.M.*

(Continued)

IT must have been early in 1533 that Forest with deep sorrow became aware of Lyst's treachery. The informing lay Brother, on his part, was racked with fear and remorse when he learned that his misdeeds were laid bare. In April, he wrote to Cromwell, requesting that his previous letters be burned, lest their contents be turned against him. At the same time, he pleaded for the minister's and the King's protection. Forest, he complained, would have nothing more to do with him and refused to answer him, when he offered "to make some amends unto God and to the religion whom he hath offended." Little faith, however, must be placed in this accusation against the saintly friar. If he really did treat the informer harshly, it was only to try him. How insincere Lyst was, we can judge from a letter he addressed to Cromwell soon after the arrival of the Commissary General. He writes:

There is a good father of our religion, a Frenchman, come from beyond sea unto us, which is chosen and assigned to be our minister, head, and ruler, here in this province, and I trust he shall do much good among us, if he will be indifferent *secundum veritatem*, as I trust he will, and help to reform Father Forest especially, and also some other things to be reformed among us. And so, if it were the King's pleasure and yours, good it were and also convenient, the King's Grace and also your Mastership to speak with our foresaid new minister, and to inform him under what manner he should use himself among us concerning the King's gracious honour. Also if it were your pleasure to help to reform Father Forest, and to get him removed out of this house, either to Newark or to Newcastle, I think you should do a meritorious deed, and have great reward of good therefor, and many thanks and prayers of many in our religion. And as for my part, I have done, and yet will do

as much as is in me possible, to the furtherance and accomplishment of the same, with the grace of Jesu, who have you in His blessed keeping. Amen.<sup>(1)</sup>

During Lent, the Commissary General arrived, and at a chapter held soon after he was chosen provincial. To ensure the removal of Forest from the vicinity of Greenwich and of the royal court, Lyst resorted to base trickery. He drew up a lengthy statement containing all the calumnies his black heart could fabricate against his worthy fellow friar. Having sent this statement to Cromwell, he laid a copy of it before the new provincial. Thus the latter, no longer free to act as justice demanded, was in some way forced to sacrifice Forest, in order to avoid greater difficulties. "Indeed," says Camm, "so wrongly were things now ordered, that it would seem as though the destiny of the noblest Father in the province were decided by the whim of the basest brother." In May, Lyst informed Cromwell that "Father Forest, your little friend and less lover, and mine also, for all his great cracks" had been removed from Greenwich. The worthless renegade adds that his letter incriminating Forest had been duly considered by the new minister and by all the Fathers of the house, who in consequence had removed Forest to a convent in the North. "This," Stone observes, "is so obviously the testimony of a false witness that we need be at no great pains to refute it. There is absolutely no evidence to show that Father Forest was ever out of favour with his brethren, but that, on the contrary, if we except the conduct of a few renegades such as Lyst and Laur-

1. Stone: *Faithful Unto Death* (London, 1892), pp. 10 sqq.



# FRANCISCAN HERALD

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THE THIRD ORDER AND ST. FRANCIS SOLANO MISSION ASSOCIATION

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Dear Grand Knight and Council:

We earnestly solicit your co-operation in assisting us to obtain the widest circulation for "Franciscans and the Protestant Revolution in England," a short review of which is inclosed. This book is already assured a large sale purely on its extraordinary merits and opportune publication at this time when there is much discussion of church unity by our separated brethren and when increasing numbers of Anglicans are entering the true Fold. We are receiving orders even from European countries; the largest educational institutions in the United States are among the purchasers.

This makes us confident of the instant popularity of Fr. Francis's book. It is hardly necessary to mention that our financial interest is secondary, although all proceeds from the book will be applied to the impoverished Indian missions, and the missionaries are, indeed, desperately in need of every penny sent them. Our chief desire, however, is to have this work placed in public libraries.

May we not have your esteemed order for a copy to be presented to the public library in your city with the compliments of your Council, or, better, two copies, one for the public library and one for your own? We shall be glad to make you a special price of \$3.50 for two copies.

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FRANCISCAN HERALD



ence, we find the greatest unanimity among them with regard to Henry's marriage with Catherine."

Bitter anguish rent the soul of Forest when he beheld to what a pass the King's "secret affair" had come. The storm of persecution, he felt, was inevitable. Soon it would spell death and destruction for the Order he loved so tenderly and for the Church for whose welfare he had labored so long. What pained him most, however, was the thought that one of his own brethren had wantonly severed the ties that bound him to the law of God and to the rule of St. Francis, and that he was bartering his immortal soul to gain the favor of a corrupt and godless court. As to his own removal from office, he looked upon it as a special favor from Heaven. Now he was free from weighty cares and responsibilities, and had ample time to devote himself entirely to prayer and penance. Many an hour he knelt before his hidden God in the tabernacle, wrapt in fervent prayer for the King, that he might leave the path of iniquity; for the Queen, that she might carry her cross with patience and perseverance; for the unfortunate lay Brother, that he might see his mistake and repent in time; for his other brethren and for himself, that they might remain firm in the hour of trial when they should be called upon to choose between the holy law of God and the wicked demand of the King. What joy and fatherly pride must have thrilled his loyal heart on learning that FF. Peyto and Elstow had boldly upbraided the King for his lawless policy, and rather than deny their sacred trust, had gladly gone into exile.

It is not known to which convent in the North Forest was transferred

nor how long he remained there. Perhaps it was at this time that he undertook to write his book in defense of the Church and of the Pope. Beginning with the words, "Let no man take the honor to himself, but he that is called by God, as Aaron was," the book is a bitter invective against the King's usurping of the spiritual supremacy which belonged to the Pope alone. Whether this had anything to do with the friar's imprisonment in 1534, is not clear.<sup>(2)</sup> There is little doubt, however, that Henry was enraged when he heard of it,<sup>(3)</sup> insomuch that, when late in the spring of that year, he determined to imprison the Observants and confiscate their convents, Forest was among the first to suffer. That he was in prison in 1534, seems quite certain from an official report in which the man of God is mentioned as being "there (London) in prison." To this Gasquet remarks, "Perhaps the most conclusive proof that he was probably in prison at this time is that we hear no more about him. Crumwell's 'remembrances' are silent about this formidable opponent." Neither is it certain whether he was in an ecclesiastical or a civil prison. Possibly, he was at first detained in the convent of the Grey Friars on the North Side of Newgate Street in London, and late in 1534 was cast into Newgate prison for again refusing to take the oath of supremacy, which, we know, became law on November 18 of that year.

Slanderous tongues did not scruple at the time to besmirch the name of Forest so widely known for sanctity and learning. Hall's Chronicle was especially influential in spreading these libels and leading later historians into error. Thus Wood avers that Forest had

<sup>2</sup> Bourchier: *Hist. Eccl. de Mart. FF. Ord. D. Francieei* (Paris, 1586), pp. 31 sqq. Though later historians say that Forest wrote this book in Newgate, Bourchier speaks of it rather as one of the causes that led to his imprisonment.—<sup>3</sup> Stone, I. c., p. 56, on the authority of Wood.

taken the oath of royal supremacy, while Stow contends that the friar himself later admitted he had taken the oath only with the outer man, but never consented thereto in conscience. "If this were true," declares Stone, "it would be in such direct opposition to all that we know of Father Forest's firmness under trial, of his strength of character, his sincerity and fearlessness, that his life would be a hopeless tangle of contradictions. It would have been so poor a preparation for a martyr's death, that instead of the cry of jubilation with which he greeted the fire and gallows, we should expect to hear him bartering for his life at the stake. But one who had stood up and publicly denounced his brethren, for their resistance to the representative of the Pope, one who, in the face of the King's ruthless passion, had persisted in an attitude which said as plainly as words could say, 'It is not lawful for thee to have this woman to wife,' was not the man to condescend to a mean subterfuge, in order to save a life which he had repeatedly exposed with greatest indifference. He was by his position, by his acknowledged virtue, and by his talents, a leader of men. Through his influence, the friars of Greenwich had been guided safely through the shoals and quicksands of the divorce and the royal supremacy, and if he had succumbed with his 'outer man,' he would have been the only member of his community to take the oath."<sup>(4)</sup>

We may take it for granted that the King's agents repeatedly visited Forest in prison and did all in their power to win him over to Henry's cause. But in vain. The faithful and fearless friar was as staunch in his allegiance to God and to his Order as the royal commis-

sioners were zealous in the service of Henry and of their own interests. He gloried in the thought of dying for the faith as FF. Rich and Risby had done but a twelvemonth before. Never, with the help of God, would he prove disloyal in a cause for which they had laid down their life. Cromwell fully realized this; he gave orders that the friar's durance be made more severe and at last had him condemned to death. Though for some reason or other the sentence was not immediately carried out, the fact that it had been passed on him is sufficiently attested by the letter he wrote to Queen Catherine three days before his martyrdom was to take place.

During his confinement in Newgate, he received a letter from Lady Elizabeth Hammond, at one time his penitent and now lady in waiting on the Queen. In this letter, he is told how the Queen is grieved and alarmed over his impending doom; that he should try to escape from prison, if possible, lest the Queen fall into an illness that would prove fatal. To this the holy man replied:

My Daughter, Elizabeth Hammond:—  
I am, indeed, sorely grieved at the sorrow which you and your mistress feel about the pains I am enduring, just as if there were no resurrection unto glory. These are certainly not principles which among other lessons of piety I have frequently impressed upon you; if they are, however, then know that at the time I was erring wide of the true road. Were I willing to barter my faith and deliver myself to the devil, from fear of suffering or from a desire for the riches of this world, I could without doubt easily escape; do thou, however, not entertain such thoughts. Learn, therefore, to suffer for the true teaching of Christ and for his spouse and thy mother, the Church, and do not attempt to turn me from those torments by which I hope to obtain eternal happiness.

Follow, I beseech you, in the footsteps of the Queen, your mistress, imitating the glorious example you see in her, and pray for me, that they may increase the severity of the torments which they intend to

<sup>4.</sup> Stone, l. c., pp. 48 seq., citing Canon Dixon's *History of the Church of England*.

inflict on me, since they are but small when compared with the glory of God which they are to further.<sup>(5)</sup>

In 1536, a number of events combined to cool Henry's rage against the Observants. In January, Catherine, his wronged Queen, departed this life. Four months later, Anne Boleyn was executed for treason. The people were restive and dissatisfied; the crops had failed and the taxes had become well-nigh unbearable. This to some extent led to a formidable rebellion in the North, known as the Pilgrimage of Grace. At court, there were some who denounced Henry's measures against the Observants as too severe, while Wriothesley, a member of the Privy Council, openly pleaded for them. Possibly at this juncture Forest, like others of the Observance, was permitted to leave Newgate and to take up his abode with the Grey Friars in London. Mental and bodily sufferings had greatly enfeebled him, and the King perhaps was still in hopes that clemency on his part and the influence of others less faithful would in the end triumph over the aged friar. How Forest lived in the London convent we learn from the memorandum of Lord Mordaunt who, in 1537, made his Easter confession to him.<sup>(6)</sup> Subject to the Conventual warden, a nominee of the King, Forest led a life of seclusion and prayer. Most conscientiously he observed the vow of poverty. He refused to take any remuneration from Lord Mordaunt, referring him to the porter who had charge of all money matters. He was not allowed to preach, but said the Lady's Mass every day and was much engaged in the confessional. On the question of the King's usurped supremacy he was silent except where duty forced him to speak.

Though the friar's outward conduct gave his enemies little chance for accusations, at heart he was as loyal and zealous as ever. Cromwell was anything but satisfied with Forest's condition in the London friary. Wholly bent on bringing him to the scaffold, he not only engaged spies to watch him, but even went so far as to abuse the Sacrament of Confession. The aforementioned memorandum of Lord Mordaunt is nothing less than a deposition regarding Forest's procedure in the sacred tribunal of Penance. Previous to the spring of 1538, however, nothing but vague and incoherent rumors could be gathered, until finally Cromwell struck upon a diabolical plan. One day, while Forest was hearing confessions, a certain Waferer entered the sacred tribunal. After making some sort of confession, the vile wretch complained that his conscience was troubling him ever since he had taken the oath of supremacy. Exhorting by the man of God to repent of his sin and to trust in the mercy of God, the hypocrite asked the unsuspecting friar whether he too had taken the oath. "No," came the ready reply, "I would rather burn than swear such a thing." This was enough. "Thank you," replied Waferer, "I do not wish to know more." With this he rose from his knees and at once reported the matter to headquarters.

Now Cromwell and his clique had positive proof that Forest was dissuading penitents from taking the oath. Without delay, the heroic priest was summoned before the Privy Council over which Cromwell presided. With undaunted courage he again defended the papal supremacy, at the same time maintaining strict silence on all matters that per-

5. Bourchier, l. c., pp.61 sqq.—5. The memorandum is quoted in full by Camm, *Lives of the English Martyrs* (London, 1904), Vol. I, pp. 235 sqq. It is dated February 25, 1538. This date, however, "must not be taken as that on which the incident happened, but as that on which the memorandum was written." Thaddeus: *Life of Blessed John Forest, O.S.F.* (London, 1888), p. 15.

tained to the seal of confession, lest he unwittingly implicate his penitents. "He succeeded in saving others," remarks Camm, "though his bold confession of the Faith, the boldest perhaps that we have of any martyr of this period, cost him his life." Cromwell in his blind fury was not satisfied with having him die the death of a traitor; he would have him convicted of heresy and burned at the stake.<sup>(7)</sup>

For the present, the helpless victim of base deceit was lodged in a solitary dungeon in Newgate. Here he underwent all the horrors and hardships that hatred and cruelty could devise. His hands and feet were bound with iron chains, and for several days he was left there suffering the greatest misery.<sup>(8)</sup> His condition must have been most pitiable. He was now sixty-seven years of age and his health was much impaired by the sorrow and worry of the last few years. He greeted his solitude, however, as a special favor from above and employed his time preparing for the final struggle.

On May 8, after a month of woe-ful durance in Newgate, Forest was arraigned before Cranmer's court at Lambeth. He realized that this was the beginning of the "greater combat," as he chose to call it in a letter to Bl. Thomas Abel,<sup>(9)</sup> one of his former penitents. Raising his eyes to heaven he prayed with all the ardor of his soul, "I give thee thanks, Lord God, who hast deigned to call me, a most miserable sinner, to the singular privilege of professing to-day, here in the presence of all, the true faith that I cherish, and of freely declaring what I hold regarding thy pure, unsullied, and only spouse, the Roman Catholic

Church. For the threats of the King, I fear not, nor consider the torments that, no doubt, are awaiting me on account of my faith; and so far am I from seeking and striving after earthly honors that I will not accept them, but will gladly suffer death."

After the usual court preliminaries, Forest was ordered to abjure as "most abominable heresies" four articles which on Cranmer's suggestion had been drawn up with a view to indicting him for heresy. The four articles read:

1. That the Holy Catholic Church was the Church of Rome, and that we ought to believe out of the same;
2. that we should believe in the Pope's pardon for the remission of sins;
3. that we ought to believe and do as our fathers have done aforetime fourteen years past;
4. that a priest may turn and change the pains of hell of a sinner, truly penitent, contrite of his sins, by certain penance enjoined him in(to) the pains of purgatory.—Which said articles be most abominable heresies, blasphemy against God, and contrary to Scripture and the teaching of Christ and His Apostles, and to abhor any true Christian heart to think.

Although he clearly foresaw what the sequel would be, the fearless friar declined to make the required abjuration. He was convinced that the first three articles embody Catholic doctrine; and as to the fourth, he readily detected its insidious character and firmly refused to forswear it in its proposed form. Accordingly, he was remanded to Newgate. His confinement now became less severe, if Latimer's suspicions are correct. Latimer writing to Cromwell, on May 18, claimed he had heard that Forest was permitted to confer with others imprisoned for the faith and even to hear holy Mass and receive the sacraments. Prob-

7. This is evident from the *Extracts* of Forest's so-called *Confessions*, i. e., the examinations he was subjected to before the Privy Council. Cromwell's mind in this regard is further clear from Cranmer's letter written to him on April 6, 1538. See Camm, I. c. p. 331.—8. See Bourchier, I. c. p. 39.—9. He was a secular priest, a man of eminent sanctity and learning, and from the start, a staunch advocate of Queen Catherine's rights, who had appointed him her chaplain and director of music. In 1533, when the case of the Holy Maid of Kent came up, he was imprisoned but later set at liberty. He openly defended the papal supremacy, for which he was again cast into prison and finally, on July 10, 1540, martyred at Smithfield. He was among those who were beatified by Pope Leo XIII, on December 9, 1886.

ably, the goaler admired and felt for the feeble old friar bearing his sufferings so patiently, and hence allowed him such liberties as were compatible with his own safety. Perhaps, too, it was only a last attempt on the part of Forest's enemies to cajole him into submission. Be this as it may; prayer and meditation strengthened the man of God in his determination bravely to fight the good fight to the end. In vain, therefore, the royal officials came to him in prison and demanded that he sign the abjuration of the four articles. Neither threats nor

promises could shake his constancy. With equal intrepidity he turned a deaf ear to Cromwell directing that he attend Latimer's sermon at St. Paul's Cross on May 12 and do public penance for his heresies. Needless to say, this uncompromising attitude of the loyal friar infuriated his enemies. He was forthwith pronounced a confirmed heretic and sentenced to die at the stake. In his afore-mentioned letter to Cromwell Latimer consented "to play the fool" and preach the sermon at Forest's burning.

*(To be concluded)*



## Who Are These In Bright Array?

Who are these in bright array?  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar, night and day,  
Tuning their triumphant song?  
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
Blessing, honor, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;  
New dominion every hour.

These through fiery trials trod;  
These from great affliction came;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Sealed with his eternal name:  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor palms in every hand,  
Through their great Redeemer's might  
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
Perfect love dispels their fears;  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away their tears.

— James Montgomery

## A VAIN BOAST

*By Fr. A. L., O.F.M.*

POWERFUL sermons—that is what everybody called them. The preacher, who occupied the pulpit in St. Francis's Church during the season of Lent, had explained in clear and forcible language the teaching of the Church on the "great sacrament." With a fearlessness born of the truth, he exposed the dangers with which this sacred institution is beset on all sides and gave ways and means for safeguarding its sanctity. But it was in the last sermon of the series, when he treated of the time-worn but ever timely subject of mixed marriages, that the brown-robed friar developed all the fire of his eloquence and held his audience spellbound, as with the glowing zeal of an Elias and the pitying heart of a Jeremias, he depicted the evils arising from this source like mushrooms from a dank field. And as the people filed out of the church, they remarked one to another how true the preacher had spoken.

But not everybody agreed with the preacher. May Butler, for one, although she had religiously attended the entire series of sermons, still had opinions of her own on the subject. Had she heard the sermons a year previous, no one would have accorded the friar a more hearty assent than she. But that was before she had made the acquaintance of the handsome, witty, and intellectual young interne at the City Hospital, James Randall

Murdock, M. D. Since then her sentiments on the matter of mixed marriages had undergone a rather sudden and curious change. May did not at once realize that this change had taken place. When she did, she strove to quiet her conscience with the thought that her case was different from the rest. Yes, she even averred that if all non-Catholic suitors were like Dr. Murdock, the Church would never dream of discountenancing their matrimonial alliances with Catholic maidens. And when the Reverend Director of the Third Order—for May Butler was a more or less fervent member of the young women's Tertiary conference—endeavored to make one last effort to bring her to her senses, she retorted rather snappingly that the very fact that she was a Tertiary precluded from the beginning many of the dangers incident to mixed marriages.

"And besides, Father, Dr. Murdock is one of the most broad-minded men I've ever met. Of course, he doesn't profess any religion at all—in fact, he isn't even baptized,—but I've never heard a non-Catholic speak in such glowing terms of the beauty and grandeur of the Catholic Church. Really, he has made me feel proud of my faith, and I'm positive that it will take very little to induce him to join the Church after our marriage."

"Well, why not have him join be-

fore?" suggested the priest kindly.

"Oh, I don't want to rush matters like that, Father, and force him into the Fold. He has made all the promises the Church demands, and I think that is about all I can expect for the present. At any rate, it is too late now, for Father John has arranged to marry us next week."

The Murdocks had passed many a year of their conjugal life, and the years had unquestionably been years of marked prosperity and of apparently unalloyed happiness. Dr. Murdock's practice had grown with the years, and he was acknowledged to be one of the foremost physicians of the city, in spite of the fact that he was known to advocate—and even to practice in secret, as some asserted *sotto voce*—certain medical fads that conscientious doctors of the old Christian school looked at askance. Mrs. Murdock knew of his malpractices and, while deeply regretting them in her heart, she dared not take her husband to task therefor. She even excused him to others by saying that so eminent a scholar certainly knew what he was allowed to do, and that he would not wantonly abuse the tiniest animal much less a human being.

God had blessed their union with five children, four girls and one boy, and although Dr. Murdock himself never made up his mind to join his wife's church, yet he had faithfully kept his promise not to interfere with her religious practices nor with the Catholic education of his children. He not only permitted

them all to attend Catholic primary and secondary schools, but even made no objections when Martha, the eldest daughter, begged to devote herself to the service of God in the cloister. It was little wonder, therefore, that the Murdocks were accounted one of the most fortunate families in the parish.

But while the world, that superficial judge, called her blessed, Mrs. Murdock was far from enjoying true happiness. Apart from the sorrow caused by her husband's continued unbelief and his questionable medical practices, Mrs. Murdock had long since learned what it means for a Catholic mother to rear her children in the Faith with a non-Catholic father in the family. It was when James Randall, Junior, was about three years old that this was most unexpectedly and forcibly brought home to her. For some days, she had noticed that when she and the child recited grace before and after meals, the little fellow would suddenly pause in his lisping prayer and gaze in wide-mouthed wonderment at his father, who sat mutely on the opposite side of the table toying with his fork or arranging his napkin.

"Papa, why don't you say grace like me and mamma?" he blurted out one evening before dinner.

Dr. Murdock was taken aback for a moment and blushed deeply. Then recovering himself, he replied with a smile and, as he thought, very diplomatically:

"Oh, big men like me don't have to pray."

"Then I won't have to pray eith-

er when I'm a big man, will I, papa?" queried the child.

"Yes, you will," interrupted Mrs. Murdock, her heart beating fast, "because all good people say their prayers."

"Isn't papa good?" came the next question naively.

"Yes, but—"

"Now look here, young man," broke in Dr. Murdock with emphasis, "you eat your dinner and stop asking such foolish questions!"

The child silently obeyed the injunction, no doubt wondering in his busy little mind why his simple question had caused such a disturbance. That night, the Murdocks had their first words together, and although the doctor finally consented for the sake of peace to fold his hands during grace, he resolutely refused to recite the prayers, declaring that he would not demean himself by praying to a God in whom he did not believe. His wife swallowed the bitter pill as best she could. But from that day, although she appeared outwardly the same blithesome creature she had always been, her heart was tormented with all kinds of vague fears, fully realizing that the very presence of her atheistic husband was in itself a menace to the faith of their children. For, notwithstanding her worldliness, Mrs. Murdock was sincerely attached to her holy religion and earnestly devoted to the spiritual interests of her children. Her beautiful home, too, although furnished with every convenience, lacked that indescribable "Catholic atmosphere" that

was so characteristic of the home of her childhood. All this, added to the growing intimacy of her children with their non-Catholic relatives, gave the poor mother many an anxious hour.

It was her only son James, however, who caused her the greatest concern. For in spite of his thorough Catholic training, he seemed to have imbibed some of his father's religious indifference; and when his mother urged him to greater zeal in the performance of his religious duties, he was wont to reply, "I can't see into that absolute necessity of religion, mother. In fact, I think that one could almost do as well without it. Dad hasn't got any religion and never had any, and there isn't a better man in town than he is." This last was the boy's favorite argument. His father was his hero, and he wished for nothing more ardently than to become like him. He knew, too, that his mother never attempted to answer this argument and this made him all the bolder in using it.

James had now completed his college course and he was planning to enter a university to take up the study of medicine. His mother had chosen St. Anselm's University, which was known far and wide for its excellent medical school. But his father for the first time objected to her choice and insisted on sending James to the State University, where he himself had made his studies and where several of his most intimate friends were professors in the department of medicine. When Mrs. Murdock expostulated

with him, the doctor lost patience and exclaimed:

"Now, May, listen to a little reason! James is now twenty-one, and all these years he has attended Catholic institutions. I didn't say a word against it, for I had promised to give you full control over his religious education. But, I think that he has about all the religion that can be crammed into him, and if by this time he isn't well enough instructed in Catholicism, he never will be. St. Anselm's may be all right; but it can't begin to complete with the State U, and I am determined to give James the very best he can get in the medical line."

Thus the matter was decided; although it was with a heavy heart that she bade her boy good bye,—for she was well aware of the godless spirit that pervaded the State University, still she hoped against hope that James's early education would effectually shield his faith from danger, and that the proud boast of her girlhood—that her mixed marriage would be different from the rest—would yet be realized.

Five years after James Randall

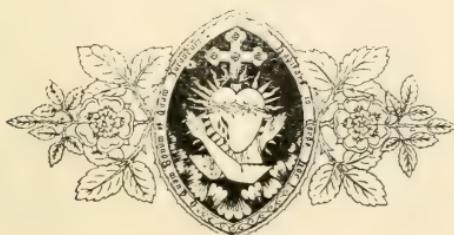
Murdock, Junior, had matriculated as freshman in the medical department of the State University, a Sister accompanied by three fashionably dressed young ladies, evidently her sisters, silently made her way from a private hospital for the feeble-minded to the street below. The eyes of all were red and swollen and their comely faces betrayed intense sorrow. As they entered the electric automobile that was awaiting them at the curb, the youngest of the group remarked to Sister Agnes:

"Martha, what do you think mother is referring to when she continually repeats so piteously, 'I thought mine would be different'?"

"Heaven knows, Hilda!" replied the good nun with a deep sigh, and then all relapsed again into silence.

In her heart, however, Sister Agnes Murdock knew that it was her beloved but wayward brother's total defection from the Faith and his marriage to a dashing young divorcee that had broken his poor mother's heart and unbalanced her mind.

May Butler's mixed marriage had not been different.



## THE MISSION AS A FRONTIER INSTITUTION IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN COLONIES\*

By Herbert E. Bolton, Professor of American History. Berkley

OF the missions in Spanish America, particularly those in California, much has been written. But most of what has been produced consists of chronicles of the deeds of the Fathers, polemic discussions by sectarian partisans, or sentimental effusions with literary, edifying, or financial intent. They deal with the heroic exploits of individuals, with mooted questions of belief and practice, or with the romance that hovers round the mission ruins. All this is very well, and not to be ridiculed, but it is none the less true that little has been said of these missions in their relation to the general Spanish colonial policy, of which they were an integral and a most important part. Father Engelhardt's learned books are a notable exception, but his view is confined closely to California, whereas the mission, in the Spanish colonies, was an almost universal establishment.

One of the marvels in the history of the modern world is the way in which that little Iberian nation, Spain, when most of her blood and treasure were absorbed in European wars, with a handful of men took possession of the Caribbean archipelago, and by rapid yet steady advance spread her culture, her religion, her law, and her language over more than half of the two American continents, where they still are dominant and still are secure—in South America, Central America, and a large fraction of North America, for fifty million people in America to-day are tinged with Spanish blood, still speak the

Spanish language, still worship at the altar set up by the Catholic kings, still live under laws essentially Spanish, and still possess a culture largely inherited from Spain.

These results are an index of the vigor and the virility of Spain's frontier forces; they should give pause to those who glibly speak of Spain's failure as a colonizing nation; and they suggest the importance of a thoughtful study of Spain's frontier institutions and methods. Professor Turner has devoted his life to a study of the Anglo-American frontier, and rich has been his reward. Scarcely less conspicuous in the history of the Western world than the advance of the Anglo-American frontier has been the spread of Spanish culture, and for him who interprets, with Turner's insight, the methods and the significance of the Spanish-American frontier, there awaits a recognition not less marked or less deserved.

Whoever essays this task, whoever undertakes to interpret the forces by which Spain extended her rule, her language, her law, and her traditions, over the frontiers of her vast American possessions, must give close attention to the missions, for in that work they constituted a primary agency. Each of the colonizing nations in America had its peculiar frontier institutions and classes. In the French colonies the pioneers of pioneers were the fur-trader and the missionary. Penetrating the innermost wilds of the continent, one in search of the beaver, the other in quest of souls to save, together they extended the

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French domains, and brought the savage tribes into friendly relations with the French government, and into profitable relations with the French outposts. In the English colonies the fur-trader blazed the way and opened new trails, but it was the backwoods settler who hewed down the forest, and step by step drove back the Indian with whom he did not readily mingle. In the Spanish colonies the men to whom fell the task of extending and holding the frontiers were the *conquistador*, the presidial soldier, and the missionary.

All of these agents were important; but in my study of frontier institutions in general, and in my endeavor in particular to understand the methods and forces by which Spain's frontiers were extended, held, and developed, I have been more and more impressed with the importance of the mission as a pioneering agency. Taking for granted for the moment its very obvious religious aspects, I shall here devote my attention more especially to the mission's political and social meaning. My point of view embraces all of New Spain—all of the Spanish colonies, indeed—but more particularly the northern provinces, from Sinaloa to Texas, from Florida to California. My conclusions are based on the study of documents, unprinted for the most part, which have been gathered mainly from the archives of Mexico and Spain.

The functions of the mission, from the political standpoint, will be better understood if it is considered in its historical relations. The central interest around which the mission was built was the Indian. In respect to the native, the Spanish sovereigns, from the outset, had three fundamental purposes. They desired to convert him, to civilize him, and to exploit him. To serve these three purposes, there was devised, out of the experience of the

early conquerors, the *encomienda* system. It was soon found that if the savage were to be converted, or disciplined, or exploited, he must be put under control. To provide such control, the land and the people were distributed among Spaniards, who held them in trust, or in *encomienda*. The trustee, or *encomendero*, as he was called, was strictly charged by the sovereign, as a condition of his grant, to provide for the protection, the conversion, and the civilization of the aborigines. In return he was empowered to exploit their labor, sharing the profits with the king. To provide the spiritual instruction and to conduct schools for the natives—for Indian schools were actually prescribed and maintained—the *encomenderos* were required to support the necessary friars, by whom the instruction was given. Thus great monasteries were established in the conquered districts.

But the native had his own notions, especially about being exploited, and he sometimes fled to the woods. It was soon discovered, therefore, that in order properly to convert, instruct, and exploit the Indian, he must be kept in a fixed place of residence. This need was early reported to the sovereigns by *encomenderos* and friars alike, and it soon became a law that Indians must be congregated in pueblos, and made to stay there, by force if necessary. The pueblos were modelled on the Spanish towns, and were designed not alone as a means of control, but as schools in self-control as well.

Thus, during the early years of the conquest, the natives were largely in the hands of the *encomenderos*, mainly secular land-holders. The friars, and afterward the Jesuit priests, came in great numbers, to preach and teach, but they lacked the authority of later days. In 1574 there were in the conquered

districts of Spanish America nearly nine thousand Indian towns, containing about one and a half million adult males, representing some five million people, subject to tribute. These nine thousand towns were *encomiendas* of the king and some four thousand *encomenderos*.

The *encomienda* system then, by intention, was benevolent. It was designed for the conversion and the civilization of the native, as well as for the exploitation of his labor. But the flesh is weak, and the system was abused. The obligations to protect, convert, and civilize were forgotten, and the right to exploit was perverted into license. Practical slavery soon resulted, and the *encomienda* system became the black spot in the Spanish-American code. Philanthropists, led by Las Casas, begged for reform; abuses were checked, and *encomiendas* were gradually, though slowly, abolished.

This improvement was made easier by the decreasing attractiveness of *encomiendas*, as the conquest proceeded to the outlying districts. The semi-civilized Indians of central Mexico and Peru had been fairly docile, had had a steady food supply and fixed homes, were accustomed to labor, and were worth exploiting. The wilder tribes encountered later—the Chichimecos, as they were called—were hostile, had few crops, were unused to labor, had no fixed villages, would not stand still to be exploited, and were hardly worth the candle. Colonists were no longer so eager for *encomiendas*, and were willing to escape the obligation to protect and civilize the wild tribes, which were as uncomfortable burdens, sometimes, as cub-tigers in a sack. Moreover, the sovereigns, with increasing emphasis, forbade the old-time abuses of exploitation, but as strongly as before adhered to the ideal of conversion and civilization. Here, then, was a larger opening for the mis-

sionary, and to him was entrusted, or upon him was thrust, consciously or unconsciously, not only the old work of conversion, but a larger and larger element of responsibility and control. On the northern frontier, therefore, among the roving tribes, the place of the discredited *encomendero* was largely taken by the missionary, and that of the *encomienda* by the mission, the design being to check the evils of exploitation, and at the same time to realize the ideal of conversion, protection, and civilization.

These missionaries became a veritable corps of Indian agents, serving both Church and State. The double capacity in which they served was made easier and more natural by the close union between Church and State in Spanish America, where the king exercised the *real patronato*, and where the viceroys were sometimes archbishops as well.

Under these conditions, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, on the expanding frontiers of Spanish America, missions became well-nigh universal. In South America the outstanding examples were the Jesuit missions in Paraguay. Conspicuous in North America were the great Franciscan establishments in Alta California, the last of Spain's conquests. Not here alone, however, but everywhere on the northern frontier they played their part—in Sinaloa, Sonora, and Lower California; in Chihuahua, Coahuila, Nuevo León, and Nuevo Santander; in Florida, New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona. If there were twenty-one missions in California, there were as many in Texas, more in Florida, and twice as many in New Mexico. At one time the California missions had over thirty thousand Indians under instruction; but a century and a half earlier the missions of Florida and New Mexico each had an equal number.

The missionary work on the north-

ern frontier of New Spain was conducted chiefly by Franciscans, Jesuits, and Dominicans. The north-eastern field fell chiefly to the Franciscans, who entered Coahuila, Nuevo León, Nuevo Santander, New Mexico, Texas, and Florida. To the Northwest came the Jesuits, who, after withdrawing from Florida, worked especially in Sinaloa, Sonora, Chihuahua, Lower California, and Arizona. In 1767 the Jesuits were expelled from all Spanish America, and their places taken by the other orders. To Lower California came the Dominicans, to Alta California the Franciscans of the College of San Fernando, in the City of Mexico.

The missions, then like the presidios, or garrisons, were characteristically and designedly frontier institutions, and it is as pioneer agencies that they must be studied. This is true whether they be considered from the religious, the political, or the social standpoint. As religious institutions they were designed to introduce the Faith among the heathen. Having done this, their function was to cease. Being designed for the frontier, they were intended to be temporary. As soon as his work was finished on one frontier, the missionary was expected to move on to another. In the theory of the law, within ten years each mission must be turned over to the secular clergy, and the common mission lands distributed among the Indians. But this law had been based on experience with the more advanced tribes of Mexico, Central America, and Peru. On the northern frontier, among the barbarian tribes, a longer period of tutelage was always found necessary.

The result, almost without fail, was a struggle over secularization, such as occurred in California. So long as the Indians were under the missionaries, their lands were se-

cure from the land-grabber. The land-grabber always, therefore, urged the fulfillment of the ten-year law, just as the "squatters," the "sooners," and the "boomers" have always urged the opening of our Indian reservations. But the missionaries always knew the danger, and they always resisted secularization until their work was finished. Sooner or later, however, with the disappearance of frontier conditions, the missionary was expected to move on. His religious task was beside the soldier, *entre infieles*, in the outposts of civilization.

But the missionaries were not alone religious agents. Designedly in part, and incidentally in part, they were political and civilizing agents of a very positive sort, and as such they constituted a vital feature of Spain's pioneering system. From the standpoint of the Church, and as viewed by themselves, their principal work was to spread the Faith, first, last, and always. To doubt this is to confess complete and disqualifying ignorance of the great mass of existing missionary correspondence, printed and unprinted, so fraught with unmistakable proofs of the religious zeal and devotion of the vast majority of the missionaries. It is quite true, as Engelhardt says, that they "came not as scientists, as geographers, as school-masters, nor as philanthropists, eager to uplift the people in a worldly sense, to the exclusion or neglect of the religious duties pointed out by Christ." But it is equally true, and greatly to their credit, that, incidentally from their own standpoint and designedly from that of the government, they were all these and more, and that to all these and other services they frequently and justly made claim, when they asked for government aid.

The missions, then, were agencies of the State as well as of the Church. They served not alone to Christian-

ize the frontier, but also to aid in extending, holding, and civilizing it. Since Christianity was the basic element of European civilization, and since it was the acknowledged duty of the State to extend the Faith, the first task of the missionary, from the standpoint of both State and Church, was to convert the heathen. But neither the State nor the Church—nor the missionary himself—in Spanish dominions, considered the work of the mission as ending here. If the Indian were to become either a worthy Christian or a desirable subject, he must be disciplined in the rudiments of civilized life. The task of giving the discipline was likewise turned over to the missionary. Hence, the missions were designed to be not only Christian seminaries, but in addition were outposts for the control and training schools for the civilizing of the frontier.

Since they served the State, the missions were supported by the State. It is a patent fact, and scarcely needs demonstrating, that they were maintained to a very considerable extent by the royal treasury. The Franciscan missions of New Spain in the eighteenth century had four principal means of support. The annual stipends of the missionaries (*the sinodos*) were usually paid by the government. These *sinodos* varied in amount according to the remoteness of the missions, and on the northernmost frontier were usually \$450 for each missionary. In 1758, for example, the treasury of New Spain was annually paying *sinodos* for twelve Querétaran friars in Coahuila and Texas, six Jaliscans in Coahuila, eleven Zacatecans in Texas, ten Fernandinos in the Sierra Gorda, six Jaliscans in Nayarit, twenty-two Zacatecans in Nuevo León and Nueva Vizcaya, seventeen Zacatecans in Nuevo Santander, five San Diegans in Sierra Gorda, and thir-

ty-four friars of the Provincia del Santo Evangelio in New Mexico, or, in all, 123 friars, at an average of about 350 pesos each. This report did not include the Provincia de Campeche or the Yslas de Barlovento, for which separate reports had been asked. Other appropriations were made for missionaries in the Marianas and the Philippine Islands, dependencies of New Spain.

Besides the *sinodos*, the government regularly furnished the missionaries with military protection, by detaching from the near-by presidios from two to half a dozen or more soldiers for each mission. In addition, the royal treasury usually made an initial grant (*ayuda de costa*) of \$1000 to each mission, to pay for bells, vestments, tools, and other expenses of the founding, and in cases of emergency it frequently made special grants for building or other purposes.

These government subsidies did not preclude private gifts, or alms, which were often sought and secured. In the founding of new missions the older establishments were expected to give aid, and if able they did respond in liberal measure. And then there were endowments. The classic examples of private endowments on the northern frontier were the gifts of Don Pedro de Terreros, later Conde de Regla, who offered \$150,000 to found Apache missions in Coahuila and Texas, and the Jesuit Fondo Piadoso, or Pious Fund, of California. This latter fund, begun in 1697, grew by a variety of gifts to such an amount that the missions of Lower California were largely supported by the increase alone. With the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1767 the fund was taken over by the government, and became the principal means of support of the new Franciscan missions of Alta California, besides being devoted in part to secular purposes. Even in

Alta California, however, the royal treasury paid the wages (*sueldos*) of the mission guards, and gave other financial aid.

Finally, the Indians of the missions were expected soon to become self-supporting, and, indeed, in many cases they did acquire large wealth through stock-raising and agricultural pursuits. But not a penny of this belonged to the missionaries, and the annual *sinodos*, or salaries, continued to be paid from other sources, from the Pious Fund in California, and from the royal treasury generally elsewhere.

While it is thus true that the missions were supported to a very considerable degree by the royal treasury, it is just as plain that the amount of government aid, and the ease with which it was secured, depended largely upon the extent to which political ends could be combined with religious purposes.

The importance of political necessity in loosening the royal purse-strings is seen at every turn in the history of Spanish North America. Knowing the strength of a political appeal, the friars always made use of it in their requests for permission and aid. While the monarchs ever used pious phrases, and praised the work of the padres—without hypocrisy no doubt—the royal pocketbook was not readily opened to found new missions unless there was an important political as well as a religious object to be gained.

Striking examples of this fact are found in the histories of Texas and California. The missionaries of the northern frontier had long had their eyes on the "Kingdom of the Texas" as a promising field of labor, and had even appealed to the government for aid in cultivating it. But in vain, till La Salle planted a French colony at Matagorda Bay. Then the royal treasury was opened, and funds were provided for mis-

sions in eastern Texas. The French danger passed for the moment, and the missions were withdrawn. Then for another decade Father Hidalgo appealed in vain for funds and permission to re-establish the missions. But when St. Denis, agent of the French governor of Louisiana, intruded himself into Coahuila, the Spanish government at once gave liberal support for the refounding of the missions, to aid in restraining the French.

The case was the same for California. Since the time of Vizcaíno the missionaries had clamored for aid and for permission to found missions at San Diego and Monterey. In 1620 Father Ascensión, who had been with Vizcaíno eighteen years before, wrote, "I do not know what security His Majesty can have in his conscience for delaying so long to send ministers of the Gospel to this realm of California," and, during the next century and a half, a hundred others echoed this admonition. But all to no purpose till the Russian Bear began to amble or to threaten to amble down the Pacific Coast. Then money was forthcoming—partly from the confiscated Pious Fund, it is true—and then missionaries were sent to help hold the country for the crown. On this point Father Engelhardt correctly remarks:

The missionaries, who generally offered to undergo any hardships in order to convert the Indians, appear to have been enlisted merely for the purpose of securing the territory for the Spanish king .... [and] the Spanish government would not have sent ships and troops to the northwest if the Russians had not crept down the Pacific coast.....

The men who presumed to guide the destinies of Spain, then, and, as a rule ever since, cared not for the success of Religion or the welfare of its ministers except in so far as both could be used to promote political schemes.

In this last, I think, Father Engelhardt is too hard on the Spanish monarchs. Their pious profession were not pure hypocrisy. The

were truly desirous of spreading the Faith. But they were terribly "hard up," and they had little means to support religious projects unless they served both political and religious ends.

The value of the missionaries as frontier agents was thus clearly recognized, and their services were thus consciously utilized by the government. In the first place, they were often the most useful of explorers and diplomatic agents. The unattended missionary could sometimes go unmolested, and without arousing suspicion and hostility, into districts where the soldier was not welcome, while by their education and their trained habits of thought they were the class best fitted to record what they saw and to report what should be done. For this reason they were often sent alone to explore new frontiers, or as peace emissaries to hostile tribes, or as chroniclers of expeditions led by others. Hence it is that the best of the diaries of early exploration in the Southwest—and, indeed, in most of America—were written by the missionaries.

As illustrations of this kind of frontier service on the part of the missionaries we have but to recall the example of Friar Marcos, who was sent by Viceroy Mendoza to seek the rumored "Seven Cities" in New Mexico; the rediscovery of that province, under the viceroy's patronage, by the party led by Fray Agustín Rodríguez; the expeditions of Father Larios, unattended, into Coahuila; the forty or more journeys of Father Kino across the deserts of Sonora, and his demonstration that California was a peninsula, not an

island, as most men had thought; the part played by Kino in pacifying the revolt of the Pimas in 1695, and in making the frontier safe for settlers; the diplomatic errands of Fathers Calahorra and Ramírez, sent by the governors of Texas to the hostile northern tribes; the lone travels of Father Garcés, of two thousand miles or more, over the untrod trails, in Arizona, California, and New Mexico, seeking a better route to California; and the expedition of Fathers Dominguez and Escalante, pathfinders for an equal distance in and about the Great Basin between the Rockies and the Sierras.

The missions served also as a means of defense to the king's dominions. This explains why the government was more willing to support missions when the frontier needed defending than at other times, as in the cases, already cited, of Texas and California. It is significant, too, in this connection, that the Real Hacienda, or Royal Fisc, charged the expenses for presidios and missions both to the same account, the Ramo de Guerra, or "War Fund." In a report for New Spain made in 1758 a treasury official casually remarked,

Presidios are erected and missions founded in *tierra firme* whenever it is necessary to defend conquered districts from the hostilities and invasions of warlike, barbarian tribes, and to plant and extend our Holy Faith, for which purposes *juntas de guerra y hacienda* are held.

It is indeed true that appropriations for missions were usually made and that permission to found missions was usually given in councils of war and finance.

(To be concluded)



## PAPAGO AND PIMA MEDICINE MEN

*By Fr. Tiburtius, O.F.M.*

THE most serious obstacle we missionaries among the Papagos and Pimas meet with in our work of conversion is the influence of the medicine men. They are continually at work trying to induce especially the older Indians to remain true to their ancient heathen traditions. At the same time, they vilify the Catholic faith, knowing that the more Indians we gain over to the fold of Christ, the more their own influence and authority will be undermined. Apparently, it is in most cases servile fear that makes many indifferent Indians throw in their lot with the medicine men; for threatened by them with sickness, death, hard times, etc., the aborigines are eager to be on the safe side.

These Indian magicians are generally advanced in age and for the most part as ugly as gargoyles. The greater number of them are men; among the Papagos, however, also women are found who practice "medicine." They claim to have obtained certain powers during a dream or so-called "second sight." In former times, their practices entailed grave perils for them. Some old Indians possess what they call "calendar sticks," on which the principal events of the year are recorded by means of incisions. Thus it often happened in the past forty or fifty years, that the most noteworthy event recorded in this man-

ner was the execution of three or four medicine men who were put to death with arrows, because they had been accused of having brought on sickness, drought, or some other calamity. The number of medicine men is still considerable. Some enjoy a great reputation and a large practice; while others are famous only in a certain district.

Besides medicine men, there are in almost every village herb and massage doctors, who are often very skillful. Nor can anything be said to their discredit. On the contrary, frequently they understand better than the whites the sicknesses peculiar to the Indian. I know a woman who has acquired great skill in removing with the aid of cactus burrs the crystals from beneath the eyelids of a person stricken with trichoma, an eye sickness very common among the Indians and generally leading to blindness. Many people whom physicians had treated without success were entirely cured by this woman.

But unlike these Indian doctors, the medicine men perform functions of a spiritual nature. If any one takes sick and desires to see the medicine man—sometimes two or three are summoned—it is necessary in the first place to remove from him all sinister influences. That is to say, the patient must first be induced to sever his connections with the missionary. On his next visit to the village, the

priest will be greeted with suspicious looks, so that he immediately knows how the wind lies. Often, on meeting an Indian at a distance from his village, one finds him courteous and obsequious. But let him return home and come once more under the influence of the medicine men whom he fears, and what a change in his outward behavior.

This, of course, is true only of the would-be Catholic Indians, who indeed pose as "santos" (Catholics) but in reality are nothing else than pagans. The good Catholic Indians will have nothing to do with the medicine man. One who knows the Indian, the conditions and circumstances he lives in, often has occasion to admire his heroic virtue, especially in time of sickness, when despite the entreaties of relatives and even of parents, he firmly refuses the services of the medicine man.

Having succeeded in supplanting the priest, the medicine man next tries to remove everything connected with the priest. Recently an Indian brought me a package. On opening it, I found that it contained several holy pictures

which I had hung up in the village church. The wife of this Indian had become insane and the medicine men declared that it was due to the holy pictures in the church. Immediately they were taken down together with two others which Fr. Mathias, of blessed memory, had given to him. That the poor woman remained insane and died insane was immaterial. Worst of all, barring the devil's share in these matters, is

the fact that the helpless sick are deprived of rest, so that, as a rule, death is inevitable. Should they die while under treatment of a missionary or of an American doctor, it is not so easily forgotten; but if they



Catholic Indian Chief and His Family

die when under the care of the medicine men, nobody seems to note it.

One can not help pitying these poor victims of foolish and ungodly superstition. At the same time, it fills one with anger and disgust to see how they quail beneath the evil eye of the medicine man. He usually performs his incantations at night. Bending over the sick person, and performing various ceremonies, he blows the smoke of

a cigarette over him. The whole night long he sings, holding a rattle in one hand and eagle feathers in the other. These antics he repeats often four nights in succession. If at the end of this time the sick person is not yet well—or dead, another medicine man comes to try his luck. What is more natural than that the sickness soon grows desperate? In no hospital do the nurses give such attention to the sick as the Indian is wont to bestow on them in his way. All other work is put off; parents and relatives are constantly in attendance; the faintest wish of the sick person they readily perceive and, if possible, fulfill. But that endless singing at night, during which, of course, the patient must stay awake instead of getting his much-needed rest, soon brings him to death's door. The medicine man, of course, is well paid for his services; he generally returns home richer by a horse or a cow.

Of late years, we are glad to state, conditions in this regard have improved. But it is surprising how even those Indians who have enjoyed a good education, still cling to such follies. Of my many experiences, I shall relate one that I had only last week. A girl who had attended school took sick. I visited her, administered the Sacraments, and promised to bring her Holy Communion again within two days. Sunday, two old women who waited on her, after going to Confession asked me whether they too might receive Holy Communion in the house of the sick girl, be-

cause they had to nurse her and had a far way to church. I replied in the affirmative. Monday morning, it rained, and I put off the visit till the next day. Early Tuesday morning, the two old women came to the church to receive Holy Communion and to inform me that the sick person could not receive because she had broken her fast. I scented trouble immediately. Their object was to keep me away from the house; because the medicine man was there. This did not, however, deter me from making the visit; I went, I saw, and—well—I was conquered. The medicine man was there sitting in a corner of the room. Evidently, the poor girl did not want him near her. But, as I observed above, she appeared quite differently disposed in the presence of the old Indians who had called the medicine man. When I asked her whether she did not wish to receive Jesus, she remained silent. All I could do under the circumstances was to instruct and admonish her not to participate in the rites of the medicine man. With the sacred species in the pyx, I then went to the next village, where I found a young woman very sick. I heard her Confession and gave her Holy Communion. The next morning, I again called on her. She told me that her father intended to fetch the medicine man. I reminded her that shortly before Jesus had come to her and that now she ought not permit the devil to drive him away. I am happy to say that she followed my instructions faithfully. But that same morning the girl in the neighboring village died.

## A TEST OF FORTITUDE

*By Grover C. Maclin, Tertiary*

**H**AYES, the new 'Chief' wants to see us in the general office at once."

"Thanks, Webster. Gee, I'm a sight to go before the 'Big Chief' for an interview with all this grime over my arms and face - but I believe you are carrying a peck more dirt than I am." Whereupon the two friends started for the office of the Simmons Mills, each laughing heartily at the untidy appearance of the other.

Entering the main office, the two young men were escorted to a smaller private office furnished with massive mahogany furniture, which tended to make the room appear much smaller than it really was. Seated behind a flat top desk was the "Big Chief," a little man with gray hair, gray eyes, and gray clothing. Webster fairly itched to remark to his companion on the incongruity of calling that man the "Big Chief," but he sensed this was no occasion for levity.

"My name is Hayes, sir, Larry Hayes, and this is Daniel Webster."

"Sit down," came from the lips of the man in gray, as his penetrating eyes took in every detail of the physiognomies of the young men before him.

Then followed a period of silence, during which time the "Chief" picked up a pencil and began tapping against a marble paperweight on the mahogany table. Finally, in a quiet, colorless voice, he began:

"Hayes, what rental do you pay for the use of No. 12, Glidden Street?"

"Why, I pay no rental whatsoever, sir. I secured permission from the former superintendent to use the property for the purpose of a temporary school and chapel, and it was gladly given rent free."

"How many months have you used this building?"

"The sixth month is drawing to a close. I might say, sir, that I personally pay for the electricity and fuel used."

"Six months at twenty-five dollars makes one hundred and fifty dollars." And after a pause he continued, "I'll have to charge you rent in the future. I guess I can give you thirty days in which to pay the hundred and fifty now due."

Hayes and Webster were dumbfounded at this intelligence and looked at each other in undisguised amazement.

"But, Mr.—Chief," Larry managed to stammer finally, "you surely must not know that this building is used for the moral and intellectual good of your employees."

"On the contrary, Hayes, I am perfectly acquainted with the use to which the building is put. I have been told in detail of the propaganda you, particularly, carry on for Catholicism among my mill people. You can thank your good stars I give you the privilege of continu-

ing simply by paying rent."

"I feel, sir, that you have been somehow misinformed about the work we are trying to do for the people of your mills and the adjacent district. Our 'propaganda' is not something sly and mysterious, but simply a sincere effort to bring religious hope and intellectual happiness to the unfortunates who have been neglected and despised on account of their poverty. Our teachers draw no salaries, and Father Spencer receives not one penny from these people for the hours he spends ministering to their wants. There is nothing commercial connected with the 'Mission,' and in the face of this fact do you still ask for rent?"

"Yes, rent, Rent, RENT!" was the angry response. "And if the back rent is not settled for in thirty days, I'll have all your trappings thrown into the street! Get out!"

It would be hard to imagine more nonplussed young men than Hayes and Webster as they silently walked back to their stations in the mills. They were absolutely too full of emotion to express themselves even in monosyllables.

That evening, the classes formed as usual at the "Mission" school and they were efficiently conducted in the accustomed manner. As the moment for closing approached, Larry chose a point of vantage and with a wistful smile began:

"We have been exceedingly blessed all these months, friends, in our endeavor to improve ourselves morally and mentally. God has been good to us in a multitude

of ways. We have grown from a mere handful until we can count ourselves in decades, and I sincerely hope each of us has acquired a degree of Christian fortitude during this period. As you know, our former 'Chief' graciously allowed us the use of this building rent free. I regret to say that not only has this privilege been taken from us, we are also asked to pay six months back rent at the rate of twenty-five dollars per month."

"Mister Hayes, you don't mean it?" one of the mill boys queried.

"Is it the new boss that's doin' all this?" asked another.

"He's an old skin-flint and ought to be run out of town if he holds us up like that," a third suggested.

"Sh-h-h! Silence!" Larry commanded. "I am surprised you immediately begin such remarks as these. This is a real test of our fortitude and we need more than ever to have recourse to prayer for guidance. It is not a matter simply of raising the back rent, but it resolves itself into justifying ourselves before the men now in charge of these mills. The burden of doing this rests personally on each of us, and it is necessary during the coming days that you be particularly guarded in your actions and conversations. Acquit yourselves as good Catholics. I wish you all good night."

As the mill people filed out of the "Mission," they formed in groups to discuss this ultimatum from the "Big Chief" and the consequent admonition of their young shepherd, who was fairly idolized by

them all.

When Larry joined his friend, Bill Carr, he suggested:

"Let's walk instead of riding to-night, Bill. I need the air and I also want to talk to you."

"Surely, it's perfectly agreeable to me to walk after being shut in the office all day. Also, I'm impatient to know about this rent proposition you spoke of at the conclusion of the classes. What's the 'Chief's' idea? Do you really think he wants the money or is there something more subtle in this move of his?"

"Frankly, I'm extremely puzzled over the situation. I could hand him a check to-morrow for that blooming rent, but I feel that we have been discredited in his eyes by some one, and our problem is to rectify that. I am astonished he did not refuse us the use of the building entirely."

"I suppose you will immediately see Father Spencer and let him help solve the difficulty of making 'Chief' see this matter in its true light."

"On the contrary, I shall not do that, because Father Spencer has troubles of his own. I feel the whole responsibility rests on my shoulders, because I am recognized as being the ringleader of our Catholic group at the mills, and I am just pugnacious enough to want to see the thing through without bothering Father Spencer, unless it proves necessary to do so. Now, how can we bring 'Chief' to our viewpoint and obtain his unqualified sanction to continue the good work

we are trying to do?"

"You've got me there, Larry," was the rejoinder. "For one thing we must pray fervently and trust that our patron St. Francis will come to our rescue. Let's say the Seraphic Office as we walk along." And as the young men trod the deserted streets, they quietly intoned the Our Father, Hail Marys, and Glories.

On the evening of the tenth day after these events, the classes at the "Mission" were at the point of being dismissed when one of the mill employees rushed in, almost out of breath, exclaiming:

"There's a collision on the elevated at Halstead and Market,—some dead and lots of injured—come on and help rescue 'em," and with a rush he was gone again.

The "Mission" was speedily emptied and closed for the night, Bill and Larry racing at a break-neck pace to the scene of the accident. As they approached the elevated railroad, a scene of indescribable horror met their gaze. The intersecting streets were strewn with wreckage and with the bodies of the dead and injured.

With a will all the "Mission" students began the work of rescue, and as fast as ambulances arrived, they were filled with the injured and dying. Larry discovered a partially demolished limousine near by. The chauffeur was impaled on the shattered windshield and apparently dead. Hanging head down from the door of the car he found a man feebly moaning and bleeding profusely, while on the inside, in

promiscuous positions, were two women and a young man, all unconscious. Gently Larry drew the form of the elderly man onto the pavement and into the glare of the arc light, and as he looked he was stunned to find he held the body of the "Big Chief" in his arms. He quickly surmised that the women and the young man were the wife and daughter and son of the "Chief," and he rushed like mad to solicit the aid of an ambulance. He ordered the injured to be taken to St. Roch's Hospital and jumped to the vacant seat beside the chauffeur.

At the hospital, a preliminary examination showed there was still hope for the "Chief" and his family, although all were extremely weak from loss of blood. Larry wrung a promise from the physician to keep him fully informed as to the condition of the injured; and then he rushed back to the scene of the wreck. On looking over the situation it was apparent that the limousine about to pass under the elevated when the collision occurred had been struck a glancing blow by a portion of the wrecked elevated car.

On the following morning, Larry called at the hospital and received the information that the members of the Ashley family—for the first time he discovered the name of his "Chief"—were in an extremely critical condition and that transfusion of blood was necessary in order to save them.

"Mr. Hayes, we shall have to employ the services of several robust men in order to save the lives

of Mr. Ashley and the members of his family. Would you undertake to secure volunteers for me?" asked the physician.

"I believe I can get any number of volunteers at the mills, Doctor. I'll let you know in thirty minutes."

Within twenty-eight minutes, eight sturdy young men were ushered into the private office of Dr. Rambeau at St. Roch's Hospital.

"Well, this is prompt work, Mr. Hayes," smiled the physician. "There's no doubt about it, you're a hustler, and you have done me a genuine service in bringing these young men. I believe we can save the Ashleys."

Some weeks later, Larry received a summons to call on the Ashley family at their home in Grand Boulevard. He found the members of the family gathered in the sun parlor, where they had been rolled in hospital chairs. With formality he shook hands with the father; and then he was duly introduced to the daughter, the son, and finally Mrs. Ashley. The mother was profuse in her thanks for the assistance Larry had rendered; and praise for his goodness was echoed by the daughter, whose charming personality was not lost on him. Mr. Ashley seemed rather uncommunicative, and Larry conjectured he was groping for suitable words with which to express himself.

"Mr. Hayes, we are so anxious to meet the men who gave so freely of themselves that we might live. Please bring them over to see us," the daughter urged.

"I'm afraid they're too shy for

such a meeting, Miss Ashley. I would frighten them speechless just to extend such an invitation.

"Timid! And they gave their blood without hesitation?"

"Well," laughed Larry, "I'll try to persuade them to come around—I'll ask them to call on Sunday afternoon and will personally conduct them." And with a cordial round of farewells he took his departure.

On the Sunday afternoon following, eight young men were ushered into the reception hall at the Ashley home. Miss Ashley and her brother had recovered sufficiently to meet them and they extended a hearty welcome. The father and the mother had not recuperated so rapidly and they were still unable to move about with ease. So the party proceeded to the sun parlor. The penetrating eyes of the "Chief" very gravely scrutinized the faces of his guests, and Larry was not the only member of the party that wondered what thoughts were passing through that restless mind.

Miss Ashley, with her charm and grace, was the life of the assemblage, and she succeeded in impressing on the men how sincerely grateful the family was for their unselfish devotion. A delightful hour was passed with music and refreshments, when, at a gesture from Mr. Ashley, the group gave him their undivided attention. Turning to the young man nearest to him he said:

"Tell me your name again, young man."

"Webster, a 'Mission' man, sir."

"And yours?" he queried, of the second.

"Jackson, also a 'Mission' man, sir."

So the men replied one after the other. Each one belonged to the Catholic "Mission" on Glidden Street. Larry's foresight was be-

coming apparent.

"Hayes, my boy, I've been most unkind to you and to the work you have been so unselfishly undertaking for the people at the mills," and here a shadow of a smile appeared to come from the depths of the gray eyes. "I want to apologize, Hayes. Frankly, I had no love for Catholics when I took personal charge of the mills, and very foolishly I listened to a group of men who wished you no good. Will you accept my apology?"

"Very heartily, sir. I wish to add that I could have disposed of the rent item when we concluded our first interview had I felt it was simply a matter of money. I saw, however, that your good will was essential to genuine success in the work we were trying to do at the mills, and if I have secured your favor in this connection I am very happy."

"It is needless for me to say that the question of rent is not to impede your work henceforward. I have been considering how I could best show my personal appreciation for your untiring efforts during the unfortunate period we have just experienced, and since I realize a monetary reward would not be countenanced by you, I have decided to erect a modern community house near the mills to be known as the 'Hayes Community Center'—"

"And, father," interposed Miss Ashley, "let mother, brother, and me design and furnish the chapel, for of course the chapel is a prime requisite."

"Gee," exclaimed Larry, momentarily forgetting the formality of the situation, "that's great! Why, this generosity almost takes my breath away." Then turning to his companions he said:

"Boys, let's give three cheers for the Ashley family even though it is Sunday," and the Sabbath quite was rent with lusty cheers.

## ST. MARY'S INDUSTRIAL INDIAN SCHOOL

*By Sr. M. Macaria, O. S. F.*

(Continued)



Lucy Doherty

little Indian girls, one of whom, in particular, would make almost any lover of the beautiful pause to admire. A glance into the merry eyes of these little ones, and we find ourselves addressing them in the words of Longfellow:

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are the living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.

"*Nigra sum sed formosa,*" is only one of many similar remarks concerning our children. Made by those who have ample opportunity to study the great volume of life in men, things, and books, these statements must be worthy of some consideration. Our readers will, therefore, we think, readily admit that this beauty is not the result of optical illusion on the part of highly enthusiastic visitors; for the portrait of Cecilia Harto in the March number of the *Herald* is a convincing proof that beauty does exist in these

"*Nigra sum sed formosa.*" ("I am black but beautiful") exclaimed a Franciscan Father, who recently visited St. Mary's, on beholding a group of our

children of the forest. By way of comment, it may be added that the engraving referred to was taken from a crayon study of the little girl, which was executed by her grandfather, Antoine Denomie. Another point in favor of this Indian artist is the fact that Mother Nature was Mr. Denomie's only teacher in this respect.

But the domain of beauty is more extensive than the domain of the physical world exposed to our view, and bodily comeliness is only one phase of the subject under consideration; for, spiritual loveliness, baptismal innocence, and other peerless gifts of the soul, which attracted the Lover of Children when He folded the little ones to his Sacred Heart, saying, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," is also theirs. To preserve and increase this higher type of loveliness, this spiritual beauty, is the ambition of every Catholic school, of every Catholic educator. Judge for yourself, Catholic reader, if this latter type was not conspicuous in little six-year-old Lucy Doherty, a lovely human blossom amid the Odanah pines, when St. Mary's School was yet in its infancy. Her brief life beautifully illustrates the poet's conviction:

The young, the lovely, pass away,  
Ne'er to be seen again;  
Earth's fairest flowers too soon decay,  
Its blasted trees remain.

Full oft we see the brightest thing  
That lifts its head on high,  
Smile in the light, then droop its wing,  
And fade away, and die.

And kindly is the lesson given;  
Then dry the falling tear,  
They came to raise our hearts to heaven,  
They go to call us there.

Yes, Lucy was truly beautiful! Favored outwardly with nature's choicest gifts, her exterior was but the reflection of her beautiful soul, still in its baptismal innocence, and as the Heavenly Reaper, with glistening eyes, gazed upon this fair flower, He seems to have said, "You are far too lovely to wither under the scorching heat of sin; ere you lose your pristine splendor, I shall transplant you into my heavenly garden, where the heat of temptation or the scathing fire of sin will never cause you to wither or fade." And soon little Lucy became very ill.

Although little more than an infant, she knew her catechism better than many twelve-year-olds. Good Father Chrysostom was so edified by her correct answers that he thought it proper to give her the Holy Viaticum. To his question, "Who is present in the Blessed Sacrament?" she promptly answered, "Jesus." Some time after she had received the Holy Viaticum, a Sister asked her, whom she had received, and again she responded joyously and promptly, "Jesus." It was evident to all that the hand of death had touched her; hence, her relatives gathered around her bed, and among them was her father who had not received the Sacraments for twenty years.

The little angel responded to every prayer and repeated every pious ejaculation suggested by the Sister who assisted her; but she seemed to

linger in the agonies of death, and the Sister said to herself, "Poor child, something detains you in this vale of tears." Then she said to Lucy's mother, "Go to her and give her up." The mother arose and, bending over her darling, clearly and firmly repeated, "Lucy, go back to your Creator, and pray for your father and your mother, your sister and your brother." That same instant, the child's beautiful eyes closed, never to open again in this world, and her pure soul, which had been waiting for her mother to make a voluntary sacrifice of her darling's life, was in the hands of its Maker. Her intercession in behalf of her father was visible in his speedy conversion, for he soon made his peace with God.

Two other tender blossoms, transplanted by the Heavenly Gardener, also claim our attention. One of these aged fifteen, had made her First Communion, and both of them were models of piety and innocence. On Sunday morning, the elder had received our Divine Savior with marked sentiments of devotion. On Tuesday, good Father Chrysostom announced after Mass that he would be absent for days, and, consequently, would hear the children's confessions before leaving; "For," said he, "we never know what may happen."

After Mass, the Sister in charge prepared her class, and sent the boys to church, saying that the girls might go later. At eleven o'clock in the morning, the younger of the two girls approached the Sister's desk, looked frankly into her face,

and said, "May I go to confession now?" "Do you want to go right away?" said Sister. "Yes," earnestly pleaded the child, "I want to go right now." "Well," said Sister, "the girls were to go this afternoon, but if you want to go very badly, you may go now." She went.

On her return from church, she cheerfully took up her task, and jotted down, apparently at random, the following lines:

Over the river, the beautiful river,  
The Angel of Death will carry me.

Her elder sister also had some pious aspiration to St. Joseph for a happy death written above her task; thus it would seem both of them had some presentiment of the near approach of death, but they left the schoolroom smiling and happy; whether or not they realized they

were never to enter it again, is known to God alone.

On returning to school that afternoon, the larger of the two girls, in company with her cousin, skated along the margin of Bad River, calling pleasantly to her little sister to follow them. At first, the child hesitated; but seeing her older sister and cousin quite at their ease, she joined them, and soon all three were beneath the icy waters of Bad River.

Every effort was made to rescue them, and the eldest of the three, the cousin of the two sisters, was drawn out in time to save her life. Perhaps, she was not prepared to meet her Creator; but our two little blossoms

Had crossed the river, the beautiful river  
Which separates time from eternity.

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### AS TO THIRD ORDER EMBLEMS

Three years ago, when *Franciscan Herald* ventured on the market with a Third Order emblem, it did so with no little trepidation. The rapid sale of the emblem, however, convinced us that our misgivings were altogether unfounded and that it was meeting a popular demand. Our principal aim in placing these emblems on the market was to give the Third Order a distinctive, which could be worn on all occasions and in all places and thus serve as a means of mutual recognition. It was for this reason, too, that we arranged our price list to meet the purse of even the poorest Tertiary. We regret that, owing to the increased cost of material and production and also to a war tax that we must pay on each button, we are compelled to raise the prices slightly. That we do this with great reluctance, goes without saying, and we trust that the Reverend Directors and the Tertiaries will understand our difficulty and will continue to purchase our Third Order emblems even at the advanced prices. The revised price list will be found on the outside rear cover of this issue of the *Herald*.

## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—The sacred relics of St. Antony of Padua are now in the Vatican palace. They were secretly removed from Padua on account of the air raiders that recently visited the city. A bomb dropped by one of the airplanes did considerable damage to the facade of the famous church dedicated to St. Antony. Other treasures of the church were likewise taken to a safer place.

**Ferrara, Italy.**—The society *Pro Patria* (For the Fatherland) of Ferrara owes its founding to the members of the Third Order of St. Francis. Almost all on the executive committee are Tertiaries. The object of the society is to provide a home and an education for young girls in unhappy circumstances. Besides study, the girls also devote themselves to manual labor, and receive for themselves two-thirds of the profits. Thus they are enabled to provide for their future. At present, the zealous committee is devising plans for a similar home and school for boys.

**Agra, India.**—The Holy Father has chosen Rt. Rev. Monsignor Raphael Bernacchioni for the archiepiscopal see of Agra. The mission of Agra is in charge of the Capuchins of the Province of Tuscany. The newly appointed prelate has been active in the missions since 1884. Thus he is well qualified to discharge the difficult and important office to which he has been assigned.

**Bolivia.**—Since last May, Rev. Daniel Carballo, O.F.M., is laboring unceasingly for the conversion of the natives in Tarata, who seem to be very distrustful of the whites and at times manifest barbarous

ferocity. The fearless missionary has already undertaken various friendly expeditions into the wild forests, and he hopes soon to be able to win many of these barbarians for the fold of Christ. Five of these he has already brought from the forest and placed in the village. They seem quite contented with their new surroundings in the mission and manifest a sincere attachment to the missionary. They will, no doubt, be of invaluable service to him in making new and greater conquests for the kingdom of Christ among their benighted brethren of the forest.—

The President of the Republic of Bolivia has designated Rev. Francis Pierini, O.F.M., as his choice for the episcopal see of Cochamba. The esteemed friar is at present guardian of the Franciscan College of the Propagation of the Faith at Tarata, in Bolivia.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—At the meetings of the Third Order held on the first and third Sundays in February, seventy-four persons were admitted, fourteen of whom were men and young men. The Tertiaries of Chicago will be pleased to learn that two new confessionalists have been installed in St. Peter's, for use especially before the higher feasts of the year, when eight Fathers instead of six will hear confessions.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church.**—On February 7, Rev. Fr. Alardus Andrescheck, O. F. M., with characteristic simplicity celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood. Born at Breslau, Germany, on May 29, 1839, he entered the Franciscan Order, on February 9,

1862. In 1867, he came as deacon to this country, and in the following year, on February 7, he was ordained priest in the parish church at Teutopolis, Ill., by the Right Rev. Bishop Junker, of Alton. His first appointment was as professor of St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, during which time he also acted as pastor of St. Antony's parish in Effingham, Ill. In 1869, Fr. Alardus was sent as superior and pastor to the growing parish of St. Antony at St. Louis, Mo., where he remained until 1871. Then he labored successively at Quincy, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., where he built the first Franciscan church, Cleveland, O., Lillyville, Ill., Bishop, Ill., and Washington Mo. Finally, he was, in 1900, sent back to St. Joseph's Church in Cleveland, where he has since resided. Zealous and eminently practical as he always was, Fr. Alardus has spent fifty golden years in the holy priesthood, everywhere leaving spiritual and material monuments of his priestly fervor, while at the same time winning the respect of all by his thorough religious spirit. *Franciscan Herald* extends to the Rev. Jubilarian its heartiest congratulations.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.**—On Washington's Birthday, the college thespians, who have merited much praise by their fine dramatical performances during the course of the year, presented the famous old English morality play *Everyman* in the college hall. The special stage settings in somber black, the rich and appropriate costuming, the numerous songs with which the play was interspersed, the medieval manner of presentation, and the splendid portrayal of the various rôles all combined to make this performance the most notable of the year. The Morality Plays of the medieval ages, of which *Everyman* is perhaps the best

known in our day, were intended to enforce a great moral lesson, and pictured the eternal struggle between good and evil with a view to inculcating in the hearts of the audience Christian virtues and rules of conduct. The characters appearing in these plays are not real but allegorical—personified abstractions of the good and bad within man. Hence, the primary aim of these dramas is not to entertain but to edify, and they are, therefore, peculiarly adapted to the holy season of Lent. The performance was repeated on the following Sunday in the Teutopolis parish hall, and on Sunday, March 10, in St. Antony's parish hall, in Effingham, Ill. The reverent silence with which the three audiences received this unique play gave evidence of the deep impression it made on them. The proceeds from the triple performance were presented to Rev. Fr. Lambert, O.F.M., pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Island Grove, Ill., for his building fund. As our readers will recall, the people of Island Grove lost their beautiful church last December by fire.

The characters of the play were impersonated as follows:

Everyman	Paul Eberle
Death	Herm. Kohlberg
Fellowship	Antony Glauber
Kindred	Alph. Limacher
Cousin	Othmar Thomas
Riches	Edward Voss
Good Deeds	John Freudinger
Knowledge	Leo Hasenstab
Confession	Chas. Pfeilschifter
Beauty	Chas. Eberle
Strength	Ralph Patterson
Discretion	Joseph Schmidt
Five Wits	Alph. Habig
Angel	Antony Frerichs
Messenger	Alph. Schladweiler

Following is a list of the songs, mostly from the Catholic liturgy, with which the play was interspersed:

I Met the Good Shepherd	A. E. Tozer
Gaudeteamus igitur	Popular Melody
Dies Irae	Roman Gradual
Omnis amici mei	L. Viadana
Scindit corda vestra	C. Jaspers
O salutaris hostia	Floribert Jaspers, O. F. M.
Pange lingua	Roman Gradual
Tantum ergo	L. Lindner
O bone Jesu	G. P. Palestrina
Farewell, earth	A. E. Tozer
In manus tuas	Roman Vesperral

Requiem aeternam..... C. Jaspers  
 In paradisum..... Roman Gradual  
 Now he is saved..... Thomas Rust, O.F.M.

The Rev. Fr. Rector's Saint's day was appropriately celebrated on March 13. After a solemn High Mass in the college chapel, at which Rev. Fr. Rector officiated, the students entertained him in the dramatic hall with the following pleasing program:

Sobre las Olas (Waltz)	Jurentino Rosas
College Orchestra	
Congratulatory Address.....	Paul Eberle
Stille die Wellen (Four-part Chorus).....	J. Strubel
College Choir	
The Brave Fireman (Reading).....	Eben E. Rexford
Francis Frey	
The Schoolboy's Apples (Reading).....	Anon.
John Mactko	
Largo.....	G. F. Handel
College Orchestra	
The Battle of Waterloo (Reading).....	Victor Hugo
Ralph Patterson	
Anchored (Soprano Solo).....	M. Watson
Select Junior Choir	
The Gift of Tritemis (Reading).....	John G. Whittier
Walter Mescher	
Liberty or Death (Reading).....	Patrick Henry
Leo Hasenstab	
Social Life (March).....	J. G. Boehme
College Orchestra	

A contest in Latin essay-writing, in which members of all the classes took part, closed with the following boys as victors: III Collegiate: Paul Eberle, 93.66; II Collegiate: John Dittmann, 96.66; I Collegiate: John Rutherford, 99; IV Academic: Edwin Reyling, 99.33; III Academic: Joseph Ritter, 96; II Academic: Raymond Gross, 98.80. The winners of the prizes had the honor of reading their papers to the assembled Fathers and students in the dramatic hall on the evening of March 19.

**Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church.** — The counselors of the Third Order have recently established an agency for the *Franciscan Herald*, where new subscriptions and renewals will be promptly taken care of. This service is not restricted to the Tertiaries, but will be gladly extended to all the patrons and friends of the *Herald* in the city.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.** — On March 3, at the regular monthly meeting of the Third Order, a very large number of Tertiaries were in attendance—surely,

an inspiring sight for all present, but particularly for the candidates and visitors. On this occasion, eight postulants were invested with the scapular and cord, and fifteen novices were professed. Our Rev. Director very appropriately chose for the subject of his discourse that portion of the Rule pertaining to fasting. He called attention to the two special fast days for the Tertiaries, and related the following interesting incident from the life of the eminent Tertiary, Pope Leo XIII. "When his servant placed meat before Pope Leo on the eve of the feast of St. Francis, he said, 'We Tertiaries, children of the great spiritual father, St. Francis, have two fasts: that before the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and the other before the feast of our Father St. Francis. I rejoice to keep this fast to-day.'"

The enthusiasm over the proposed Third Order Center is growing so strong that at the last councillors' meeting it was decided to invite all the Tertiaries to the business meetings in the future. Recently, over \$250 were added to the building fund. Up to date, one hundred and fifty members have contributed to the project the sum of \$23,081.67.

**Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church.** — The so-called district organization of the Third Order for Fruitvale and vicinity has now been completed. Each district has its own prefect and council and these are to constitute the general council for the Third Order on this side of the Bay. The members of this council will meet regularly every Monday evening before the second Sunday of the month. The officers are: Chairman, Mr. Joseph Kenney; First Vice-Chairman, Mr. Minier; Second Vice-Chairman, Mr. Joseph Scott; Prefect, Miss M. Kennedy, Vice-Prefect, Miss Nora Clark; Secretary, Miss Gertrude Murphy.

**Superior, Wis., St. Francis Xavier**

**Church.**—Our Rev. Director, Fr. Maximus, O.F.M., has adopted a unique method of making propaganda for the Third Order in our city. He recently sent a letter to each of his Tertiaries enclosing several complimentary tickets to a series of lectures he is giving in St. Francis Church on the Third Order. The reverse side of the ticket had this list of subjects: 1. Purpose and Mission of the Third Order (Jan. 27); 2. Candidature, Novitiate, and Profession (Feb. 24); 3. The Platform of the Third Order: I. Moderation, the golden mean (March 24); 4. The Platform of the Third Order: II. Religion, a Sunday affair? (Apr. 28); 5. Privileges, Obligations, Dispensations from the Rule. The Tertiaries were requested to give these tickets to their friends who are likely to be interested in the lectures. The plan is working well, and much good is expected to result from it for the local fraternity.

**Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church**—(We regret that the following interesting report reached us too late for insertion in our last issue. Ed.)—The annual meetings of the German branch, January 27, and of the English-speaking branch, on February 3, were both largely attended. Very interesting reports of the past year were read. The German-speaking branch now numbers 1013 members, 89 having been received during the past year and 44 professed. The English-speaking branch has 381 members, 91 having been invested and 44 admitted to profession within the past year. Moreover, during the year 1917, four of our Tertiaries entered the religious life, while 28 passed to their eternal reward. All listened with marked attention to the reports on the progress of the Adoration Society of Atonement and of the Day Nursery, which have been the principal works of the local conferences during the past year.

For the coming year, plans were outlined for a more extensive and intensive propaganda for the Third Order. Notifications in papers and pamphlets, the spread of Tertiary literature, and personal endeavors of the members themselves were the means considered and finally adopted for this purpose. The Rev. Fr. Director, feeling the need of a more thorough understanding of the Rule of the Third Order on the part of the members, has proposed to give a series of instructions to which all the Tertiaries are cordially invited. These instructions will be given in the parish hall, on the regular conference Sundays, and will be followed by Benediction in the church. As these lectures will be given in the hall, Tertiaries will be at liberty to put any question to the speaker after the instruction. Tertiaries are urged to bring their non-Tertiary friends to these meetings the better to win them over to the Third Order.

Plans were likewise discussed regarding the formation of a Nurses' Association under the auspices of the Third Order for the care of the sick members and of the poor sick in general. Through the kindness of some friends of our Day Nursery, a benefit performance was arranged for February 10. Every available seat in the spacious St. Francis Hall was taken, which fact assures us of the good will and full endorsement of all in our new and difficult undertaking. All the performers gave their time and services for the entertainment gratis, for which our hearty thanks. An announcement hailed with joy by all the members of the local conference was, that in the following year it will celebrate the golden anniversary of its establishment.—

The last monthly meetings of our conferences proved to be most interesting in every respect. They marked the opening of the series of

lectures on the Third Order and its Rule, as had been announced at the annual meeting. The lectures for both the German-speaking and English-speaking branch were well attended. At the former there were over 600 members and their friends present, the latter having an attendance of about 300. The special feature of asking questions concerning the Third Order Rule after the lecture, is highly appreciated by the members. In order that the knowledge of the Third Order may be brought to the notice of a still greater number, attention is again called to the time and place of meeting: the first Sunday of each month, at 3.15 P.M., in St. Francis Parish Hall. A cordial invitation is extended through the members to all their friends. Bring as many as possible with you.

**San Xavier, Arizona.**—Wednesday, February 13, was a day of mourning for the Indians of San Xavier Mission. For on that day they laid to rest Sergt. Charles Solis, the first Indian soldier boy of Pima County to die in the present great war. Charlie, as everybody called him, was a Cherokee Indian, who had been baptized in El Paso, but who had married a San Xavier Indian maiden and then made his home among the Pimas of Arizona. That he loved his holy faith dearly is evidenced by the fact that he

lost a good Government position on account of it. Possessed of a strong, sturdy body, indicative of his bold and manly character, Charlie little thought when he responded to the summons of his country a few months ago, that he would not live to see active service in the army. He died while in training at Camp Kearney. His remains were brought to San Xavier, where they were interred with military honors. This was the first funeral of its kind on the Reservation. His untimely death is deeply deplored by his good young wife with her infant babe, as also by the Mission Fathers and his many relatives and friends.

R. I. P.—

On February 11, the Children of Mary of San Xavier, with a large number of Indians and many Catholics from Tucson, wended their way in solemn procession to the local grotto of Lourdes. The Very Rev. Father Portella, administrator of the diocese of Sonora, Mexico, who is now living in exile, sang the solemn High Mass on the occasion. Then followed the procession around the mountain, after which Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament closed the celebration. It was all very impressive, and we trust that Our Lady of Lourdes will look with favor on her shrine in our midst and bountifully bless those who here have recourse to her.

## OBITUARY

**Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church:**—Anna Kloep, Sr. Crescentia.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**

*St. Francis Fraternity:*—Elizabeth Brownlee, Sr. Dominica; Margaret Otto, Sr. Colette; Zita Tierney, a postulant.

*St. Louis Fraternity:*—Catherine Burgess, Sr. Elizabeth.

*St. Elizabeth Fraternity:*—Maria Bredmann, Sr. Magdalen; Elizabeth Becker, Sr. Clare; Magdalena Schmitz, Sr. Veronica; Justina Kosuschek, Sr. Blandina; Maria Naegel, Sr. Elizabeth; Susanna Thiel, Sr. Francisca.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:**—Nellie Tompkins, Sr. Anne; Mary McAndrews, Sr. Agnes; Frances Padden, Sr. Clare; Anna Eland, Sr. Mary; Catherine Johannes, Sr. Barbara; Agnes Quellich, Sr. Antonia; Mary Diederich, Sr. Elizabeth.

**Dubuque, Iowa, St. Francis Home:**—Elizabeth Dotterweich, Sr. Mary.

**Washington, Mo., St. Francis Xavier Church:**—Mary Gertrude Micka, Sr. Helen.

*Requiescant in pace.*





Specht Pinx

Give us this day our daily bread

# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

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## Editorial Comment

### "GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD"

There is a marked difference between the first three and the last four petitions of the Lord's Prayer. Whereas the former refer solely to Almighty God—to the glory of his name, to the spread of his kingdom, and to the fulfilment of his holy will—and are couched in general and impersonal terms, the latter deal directly with our present condition of want, of indebtedness, of infirmity, of sinfulness, and are, therefore, uttered in our own name. Another apparent difference consists in this that the first three wishes can be fulfilled only partially on earth; while the latter four find their consummation only here. Thus from the sublime heights of heaven we descend to the humble cares of earth. The chief care of most people is that regarding their sustenance. For that reason, Christ has taught us to pray before all other earthly things for our daily bread.

The term "bread" embraces whatever is necessary for sustaining the life of the body and of the soul; hence, in the first place, food, raiment, and shelter. But, we must not anticipate. Every word of the petition contains so many beautiful thoughts that it is well worth our while to consider each in turn.

The word "give" reminds us of our loving Father in heaven, who is ever ready to assist us in all our needs. He who provides even for the beasts of the forests, the birds of the air, and the flowers of the field, will he be less solicitous about his own children? If even the heart of an earthly father is touched by the pitiful cry of his hungry children for bread, how much more will the heart of the tenderest of fathers be moved by the same plea of his needy children. Whoever utters this petition with childlike confidence, can not but find a hearing.

The pronoun "us" admonishes us to pray not only for our own needs and intentions but for those of others. For are we not all children of the same Fathers who is in heaven? As it would be unjust for one child to demand all the paternal goods and to refuse to share them with the other children, so it is reprehensible in us to envy others for their temporal goods, to withhold from them their due, and to refuse to give them of our abundance when they are in need.

The phrase "this day" contains a warning against excessive solicitude regarding our temporal affairs. Our dear Savior says, "Be not solicitous, therefore, saying! What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or where-with shall we be clothed?" For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things." We are only children of to-day. Why, therefore,

be solicitous for to-morrow? "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

The word "our" suggests that every one should eat his own bread and not that of others. We may call that bread our own which we have earned in an honest way. Even the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who, according to his own testimony, had done more for the spread of Christ's kingdom than the other Apostles, wished to support himself by the labor of his own hands. What an example and what a condemnation for all idlers, vagabonds, thieves, and swindlers, usurers, gamblers, extortioners, oppressors of the poor, and all others who strive to increase their possessions by unjust means.

The modifier "daily" reminds us of our ever present needs and of our entire dependence on Almighty God. It is the thought of this dependence that should inspire all, especially Franciscan Tertiaries "neither to sit down to table nor to rise from it without first devoutly and gratefully invoking God." (Rule of Third Order.)

By the substantive "bread" is indicated that we should not crave delicacies and superfluities, but that we should be satisfied with simple fare, yes, with the necessities of life. Here again, how pertinent the warning of the Third Order Rule "to refrain with the utmost caution . . . from all revelry" and to be "frugal in eating and drinking," especially in these sad times of war and want. At a time when half of the world is actually threatened with famine, it ill becomes us to tickle the palate with dainties or to complain of the restrictions, few and light, that the Government has seen fit to place on us in the matter of food. "We pray for our daily bread," says St. Gregory of Nyssa, "not for splendid banquets and ornaments of gold and brilliant stones, not for extensive possessions and high-sounding titles, not for garments of delicate silk, in a word not for creature comforts nor for any of those things by which the spirit is withdrawn from serious and heavenly things—we pray solely for bread, i. e., for the necessary food and clothing and shelter."

Not only the mortal part of man needs food to sustain its life. Also his immortal soul is in need of spiritual pabulum. "Come," says eternal Wisdom, "Come, eat my bread, and drink the wine which I have mingled for you." This superior nourishment, which sustains the soul to life eternal, consists in the grace of Heaven, in the word of God, and in the sacraments of the Church. Supernatural grace, infused into the soul, transforms it and raises it as it were to the enjoyment of a divine life by making it participant of the divine nature. "By whom he hath given us most great and precious promises: that by these you may be made partakers of the divine nature." As for the word of God, to hear it with gladness is a sign of preelection. "He that is of God heareth the words of God," says our Savior. And again, "Not in bread alone doth man live; but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." The holy sacraments are the channels by which grace is transfused into the soul, and in one of them, the Holy Eucharist, the Author of grace himself is communicated and united to the soul so that whoever "eateth this bread shall live forever." According to the wish of Mother Church, Holy Communion should be the daily bread of our souls no less than bread is the daily nourishment of our bodies.

All this and much more is contained in the petition "Give us this day our daily bread." May this brief meditation assist us always to repeat it with the proper devotion and with the full consciousness of its deep significance.

## WHAT OF A NATIONAL THIRD ORDER CONVENTION?

Though historians are not of one mind regarding the precise year in which the Third Order took its origin, they are quite unanimous in the opinion that 1221 is the year in which the disciples of St. Francis living in the world began to be known as the Brothers of Penance, and that for this reason they must have had some form, however crude, of organization. We mention this merely, because we wish to call attention to the fact that if we accept—and for practical reasons we shall have to accept—1221 as the year of the founding of the Third Order, the seventh centenary of this event is not far off. Franciscan Tertiaries the world over will undoubtedly commemorate the seven hundredth recurrence of this year in a manner befitting its great historical significance. Naturally, American Tertiaries also will be expected to show their appreciation of the importance of the event, and how could they better do so than by assembling in a national convention.

To some this suggestion will seem rather premature, if not altogether startling. We give it as our deliberate opinion, however, that a national convention of American Tertiaries in the near future is not only a possibility but a necessity. That it is a possibility, goes almost without saying. For certainly there are many societies with a membership far below 50,000 that have held national conventions. If numbers only are required, the Third Order in this country has them in plenty and to spare.

That such a meeting at the present time or in the not far distant future is a necessity, will become evident on a little reflection. We have said again and again that the Third Order in the United States has not the prestige with the clergy and the laity that it enjoys in other countries, and that this is one reason why it is not so active here as elsewhere. It is too little known and too little appreciated, because it dreads the light. Surely, the Third Order has nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to hide, nothing to fear. Hence, why not come out into the open and convince the world that it is alive and that it has a right to live, that it deserves not merely toleration but recognition and support. A national convention is the only means we can think of to bring about these ends.

Besides, the Order lacks federation, and yet it was this that the lamented Pius X particularly insisted on in one of his last pronouncements on the Order. The Third Order is the only Catholic society of any size in the country that has not a national board of directors or staff of officers. The Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Foresters, the Catholic Church Extension Society, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Holy Name Society, have long since been convinced of the need of some sort of central government and they have lost no time in establishing one. It is to this circumstance more than anything else that they owe their great strength and nation-wide influence. Federation of the fraternities of the Third Order, if it is ever to come, must be effected at a meeting of accredited representatives from all parts of the country, in other words, at a national convention. We can conceive of no other way.

If before our entry into the World-War, the federation of the existing Third Order conferences was a consummation devoutly to be wished, it has since become an urgent necessity. Social, religious, and economic problems are multiplying on every side, and the need of a solution is as imperative as it is general. If the solution is not speedily provided, Heaven only knows what evils may overtake our dear country. These problems and

needs have assumed national dimensions, and they can be successfully dealt with only by national organizations. In the reconstruction period after the war, our country will need the services of every true patriot. A year ago, we referred to our Tertiaries as the most Catholic of Americans and the most American of Catholics. We have found no reason to change our opinion of them since. Nor do we expect to be constrained to do so. Indeed, the Third Order would deserve the contempt of all American citizens if in this the darkest hour of their history it should stand aloof and assume an "am-I-my-brother's-keeper?" attitude. But, thank Heaven, the Tertiaries are not slackers. They are intensely interested in this nation's welfare and are anxious to serve it in their humble way. Let their appointed leaders show them how to do so, and they can be depended on to do their part and to do it well. But ways and means for promoting the national good and for remedying national evils can be thoroughly discussed and properly assigned only in a national convention.

Our contention is still that the time is ripe for a national gathering of representative Tertiaries from all parts of the country, and that the year 1921 is a most auspicious time for such a meeting. But we are aware that there may be a diversity of opinions on this matter. The columns of the *Herald* are open to all who wish to air their views on the subject, whether coincident with ours or not.



### PSEUDO-PATRIOTISM

If there is one virtue which more than any other is receiving its full share of commendation at the present time, it is the virtue of patriotism. From the pulpit and the platform and the soap-box we hear its praises sung until our ears begin to ring as from the voice of many waters. Far be it from us to discourage well-meaning men and women in their efforts to inspire their fellow citizens with noble sentiments of patriotism. But after analyzing some of their statements, we have been forced very much against our will to conclude that the term "patriotism" is abused just as much as at the time of Dr. Johnson. We would not be so bold or so blunt as to maintain with him of the ponderous figure and phrase that those who abuse this much venerated term are necessarily scoundrels. But we set it down as our humble opinion that many a one who discourses loftily and lustily on this theme, is after all but a laggard in love and a dastard in war. Time was when crimes were committed in the name of liberty. Now patriotism is made to cover a multitude of sins. To love one's country is one thing, and to hate her enemies quite another. A good hater is not necessarily a good patriot. On the contrary, the two ideas have nothing in common, and any attempt to reconcile them must prove futile. Those that spend all their time and energy in vilifying their country's enemies, have little of either left to encourage her friends or to promote her true interests. If they would try to preserve their good sense while endeavoring to convince others of their patriotism, they might more easily command the respect and the confidence of their hearers.

## BL. HUMILIANA CERCHI

*By Fr. Silas, O. F. M.*

**T**HIS saintly widow was born, in 1219, at Florence, of the noble family of the Cerchi. She received in Baptism the name Aemiliana, but in her great humility she changed this name to Humiliana. From her earliest childhood, she manifested signs of the great sanctity to which she rose in later life. She despised the pleasures and vanities of the world, and found her delight in the practice of piety and mortification. It was the desire of her heart to consecrate herself entirely to the service of God; but yielding to the earnest wish of her father, the pious maiden, at the age of sixteen, consented to marry a nobleman of great wealth. Her husband proved to be entirely unworthy of her; for he was a miser, a usurer, and was most careless in the practice of his religion.

In her new state of life, Humiliana sought above all the pleasure of God, by the exact performance of her duties and the fervent practice of piety and charity. Together with her virtuous sister-in-law, she rose very early every morning to assist at Mass, after which she gave herself up to religious exercises till midday. The afternoon and evening were devoted to household affairs and to the wants of the sick and the poor, for whom she always felt a tender solicitude. To help them in their needs, and at the same time to practice self-denial and humility, Humiliana often dis-

tributed among them her own meals and dispensed with all luxury and finery in her own dress, even such as was customary for a lady of her rank. When the duties toward her own household hindered her from assisting the unfortunate during the day, she would often sacrifice the hours of the night in preparing clothing, food, or remedies for them, and would carry these to their dwellings in the morning. She also zealously attended to the wants of needy churches and convents, providing them with linens and sacred vessels. Her pious generosity, however, though it was exercised within due limits, very much displeased her worldly-minded husband. He severely reproached her for wasting his possessions, and allowed himself to be carried away so far by his anger, that he uttered vile insults and even struck her. The servants, encouraged by the example of their master, openly treated her with disrespect and ridiculed her unassuming and charitable disposition. Humiliana bore this trial with unalterable patience and continued, as much as possible, her works of charity and mercy. Her only anxiety was for the eternal salvation of her husband's soul, and many were the prayers with which she implored Heaven to convert him from his unjust and usurious practices.

Her earnest pleadings were not in vain. During the fifth year of

their maried life, her husband fell dangerously ill and it was soon seen that his end was near. Humiliana was ever at his bedside to alleviate his sufferings and to dispel from him all feelings of dejection and despair. Her tender solicitude and kind exhortations moved his heart; he heeded the call of grace, and died repenting his sins of injustice and the harsh treatment which he had shown his saintly wife.

After her husband's death, Humiliana was urged by her father and brothers to contract a second marriage, but she steadfastly refused, declaring that she was determined to devote herself entirely to the service of God. She at first thought of joining the Poor Clares in the convent at Monticelli, which was then governed by St. Agnes of Assisi. Recognizing, however, that this was not God's will, she resolved to embrace the rule of the Third Order, and accordingly received the habit of the Tertiaries in the church

of the Friars Minor, in Florence. She was then in her twenty-second year.

Humiliana's refusal to contract a second marriage brought upon her the displeasure of her family, and she was asked to give up her dowry and her claims to other property.

She bore this injustice without a murmur, deplored only that she would no longer be able to assist the poor as before. With the permission of her father, she retired, with a servant, to a small tower which belonged to her family and began to lead the life of a religious. She never left her apartments except to assist at Mass or other divine services, and to visit the poor and the sick. In her solitude, she spent almost all



Bl. Humiliana Cerchi

her time in meditating on the mysteries of our Lord's life and passion; and from this pious practice she derived an ever-increasing love of God, profound humility, and a longing for suffering. She fasted four or five days in the week, observed

several Lents during the year, and otherwise mortified her senses so severely, that her confessor was obliged to moderate her fervor.

The evil spirit, enraged at Humiliana's progress in virtue, strove in every way to annoy and discourage her. Sometimes he appeared to her as an angel of light and with lying words tried to induce her give up her pious practices; at other times, he sought to frighten her by dreadful apparitions, and even beat her. The servant of God came forth victorious from all these attacks by invoking with humble confidence the Holy Name of Jesus. These violent temptations were followed by extraordinary graces. Humiliana was frequently favored with visions of our Lord, his Blessed Mother, and of the angels. She was raised to so sublime a degree of prayer, that she seemed to commune with God face to face, and she was often seen rapt in ecstasy. At times, her relatives were full of

fear, when they saw her for many hours, and even days, motionless and unconscious, and they gently endeavored to distract her and bring her to herself. God also bestowed upon his holy servant the gifts of miracles and prophecy. She predicted the deaths of several members of her family, and she raised one of her daughters to life.

At length, the time was come when Humiliana's desire to be united with the object of her love was to be fulfilled. She was stricken with a violent fever, and after suffering with most heroic patience for four months, she passed to her heavenly reward, on May 19, 1246, in the twenty-seventh year of her age. Her body was buried in the church of the Friars Minor, in Florence. Many miracles continued to be wrought at her intercession, wherefore Pope Innocent XII, in 1694, approved the veneration paid her by the faithful.

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## Nightfall

Elusive sway the eucalyptus trees,  
Then silhouetted 'gainst a tawny sky;  
'Mid garden pathways, languorous and still  
The roses watch the daylight, lingering die.  
  
The crescent moon, a golden barque a-float,  
A mocker's nocturne showers through the breeze;  
Then white and tremulous a star steals out  
And hangs its lantern high above the trees.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

## BL. JOHN FOREST, O. F. M.

*By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.*

(Concluded)

BEFORE relating the details of the glorious martyrdom that crowned the beautiful life of Bl. John Forest, we must examine whether he verbally abjured the four articles and declared his willingness to do public penance at St. Paul's cross, as Camm seems inclined to believe.<sup>(1)</sup> The only authorities for this story are Hall and Wriothesley. Hall writes: "He was after sundry examinations, convinced and confuted, and gladly submitted himself to abide the punishment of the Church." Wriothesley's testimony reads: "John Forest, Friar Observant, Doctor of Divinity, (was) abjured for heresie on the eighth day of the month of May, at Lambeth, before the most reverend father in God, Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, with other.....The articles (were) subscribed with his own hand, (and he) sworn and abjured on the same, and after sworn again to abide such injunction and penance as he should be enjoined by the said court."

This twofold testimony so derogatory to the fair name of Bl. John Forest, exerts such a pressure on Camm that he is unable to believe the affair a "mere fabrication," since "all other chroniclers support it."

Now, in the first place, it is not true that *all* other chroniclers support it. "Not only," Stone observes, "are Sander and Bourchier silent as to the charge, but Foxe, always so ready to make much of any tale to the discredit of Catholics, makes no mention of any pro-

jected penance at St. Paul's Cross."<sup>(2)</sup> Neither does Collier seem to know anything of the affair. He simply says, "By what law they could stretch his (Forest's) crime to heresy is hard to discover, for he was tried only for dissuading his penitents in confession from owning the King's Supremacy."<sup>(3)</sup> Of more modern historians whose works we have been able to consult, Leon, Guerin, Hope, Gasquet, Thaddeus simply ignore the story. Parkinson and Spillmann disclaim it as incredible, while Dodd and Stone take it up and refute it.

But, who are Hall and Wriothesley whose testimony Camm dares not discard as a "mere fabrication"? Hall was a contemporary of Henry VIII; up till 1533, he wrote on passing events. When he ceased to write, Richard Grafton, a bitter Protestant, indiscriminately published what Hall had collected, whether authenticated or not. "The part relative to Forest," as Camm himself remarks, "may have been based upon some political pamphlet of the time." Hall, therefore, as Stone contends, "is not responsible for the statement referring to Forest," and since Grafton declares he "added nothing of his own," the supposed account of Hall "and the story told by Wriothesley four years later, have one and the same origin, the real author remaining incognito." Why Wriothesley repeated the libel is obvious. For he had no leaning towards the religious orders, but went entirely with Henry in his ruthless nationalism and greed. Thus the extrinsic evidence

1. "Though the articles," says Camm, "were signed in writing, the 'abjuration' or 'submission' was by word of mouth only. If it (the written abjuration)," he adds, "could have been produced (by Latimer on the morning of Forest's martyrdom), it certainly would have been." Camm: *Lives of the English Martyrs* (London, 1904), p. 310, footnote.—2. Stone: *Faithful Unto Death* (London, 1892), p. 64.—3. Gasquet: *Henry VIII and the English Monasteries* (London, 1906), p. 58.

supporting the story of Forest's verbal abjuration is extremely weak. It is solely based on the assertion of men whose testimony is, to say the least, questionable for the very reason that they were contemporaries of the friar whom they basely maligned and of the King whose cause they sought to further. Hence we fail to understand why Camm finds it so very hard to "escape the conclusion that, whatever Forest may have done or said on May the 8th, he did not 'confess the faith' with credit to himself."

From intrinsic reasons it becomes still more evident that the story is in very deed "a mere fabrication," hatched in the biased mind of some obscure political agitator, then published as Hall's statement by a malicious bigot, and finally repeated by one who was anything but fair in matters that concerned the persecuted friars. How, we ask, can this supposed momentary weakness of the heroic martyr be reconciled with his characteristic constancy and attested learning? If four years before he steadfastly refused to admit the King's supremacy in matters spiritual, would he have acted less firmly now when he saw that clear and express tenets of his holy faith were at stake, and when he realized what terrible consequences the least weakness on his part would necessarily entail on himself, on his brethren, and on the whole church in England? Had he not been among the first openly to oppose the King in his beastly passion and towering pride? Had he not seen FF. Peyton and Elstow go into exile, and FF. Rich and Risby mount the scaffold for the sake of truth and justice? Had he not, like a solicitous father, warned Queen Catherine against "that pestilential teaching of the heretics?" Was not his intrepid zeal in her

cause the ever-recurring refrain of Lyst's letters to Cromwell? And now we should believe that either puzzled by difficulties or baffled by fear he wavered and at last submitted, and that in a cause for which he himself had already suffered untold hardships. Indeed, he was advanced in years and broken in health, but none the less prudent and fearless. Even granting that, as Camm thinks, he was "puzzled by the difficulty of the problem before him," only a gross misconception of the friar's character can lead one to believe that because he was puzzled he gave in. No, in that case, he would evidently have demanded a written statement of the four articles together with sufficient leisure to study and weigh the fourth one that on account of its studied ambiguity at first sight presented difficulties. Never, at least, would he have abjured them either singly or collectively in their proposed form.

That his imprisonment after May 8 was less severe than before is by no means certain. In his letter to Cromwell, Latimer says only that he heard as much and does not know "whether through the fault of the sheriff or the gaoler, or both."<sup>(1)</sup> Then, if he did abjure, why did not his enemies make capital out of it to his discredit in the eyes of the people? Moreover, why was he sent back to Newgate at all? Would not the convent of the Grey Friars, quite subservient to the will of the King, have been a far more suitable place to bring him to a full submission? Finally, why did not Latimer on the morning of the martyrdom when Forest publicly branded him as an apostate, retaliate by adducing this supposed verbal abjuration of his fearless opponent? Such an exposure would certainly have gone far toward re-

1. The letter is quoted by Camm, *i. e.*, p. 312 likewise by Stone, *i. e.*, p. 65.

habilitating the confused bishop and would have dealt the fair reputation of the heroic friar a telling blow in the eyes of the vast concourse of people. But Latimer was wisely silent on this point. In fact, as we shall see, the manner of his procedure during the disputation was entirely that of a man straining every nerve to wean his opponent from principles which he had never denied and which he was not likely to deny now though the most dreadful tortures and death stared him in the face.

Confronted by this overwhelming evidence, we do not hesitate to maintain that the story of Forest's verbal abjuration of the four articles is wholly "a mere fabrication" of his enemies, a base libel on his name and on the Order to which he belonged. Dodd must have had chroniclers like Hall and Wrio-

thesley in mind when he wrote, "Now laying all circumstances together, what several (not all) historians have reported, concerning this religious man's behaviour, will, I presume, be judged rather calum-

nies than real fact."<sup>(1)</sup>

Like one whose most cherished desire was about to be fulfilled, the valiant champion of truth and justice rejoiced on learning that in a few days he would be led forth to die for the faith. Early Wednesday morning, May 22, Cromwell's minions entered the martyr's dungeon. Binding his hands and feet, Fr. Marcos tells us, they fastened the aged friar to a hurdle and dragged him from Newgate through the streets of the city to the suburb Smithfield. What tortures must have racked his feeble and emaciated frame on this last painful journey. How he must have prayed for light and strength when on arriving at the place of martyrdom he beheld from his bed of pain the singular spectacle before him and heard the murmurings of the surging multitude. From

Garcias we learn that a proclamation had been issued in the city inviting the people to attend Latimer's sermon which would begin at eight o'clock. Wriothesley, an eye witness of the scene, tells us



Bl. John Forest

1. Dodd: *Church History of England* (Brussels, 1735), Vol. I, p. 237.

that above ten thousand citizens had assembled to see the final struggle of one whose fearless opposition to the King had attracted nation-wide attention.

Within sight of the convent and church of the Grey Friars, on a plot of ground closed in by a railing stood two platforms; one of these was supplied with a chair for the martyr, while the other had a sort of pulpit, from which Latimer was to preach. Near the martyr's platform was seen a huge wooden statue of St. Dervel Gadarn (Darvell Gatheren). It was so large that eight men could scarcely carry it. The people of Llanderfel, in Wales, had held it in great veneration on account of the miracles said to have been wrought through the intercession of the Saint. An old prophecy had it that one day the statue would set fire to a forest. Hence, when Ellis Price after confiscating it wrote to Cromwell on April 6, 1538, for further instructions, the spiteful minister, anxious to ridicule the Catholic veneration of images ordered that the statue be brought to London to be used at the burning of Bl. John Forest. "It is a singular fact," Thaddeus observes, "that those who laughed at the prophecy, ridiculed miracles, and denied the truth of the Catholic religion, now became, as it were, instruments in the hands of God to bring about at least the apparent, if not the true, fulfillment of the old prediction."<sup>1</sup> From the gibbet erected in another corner of the enclosure, dangled a heavy chain, while a store of fagots and straw lay beneath it. Above it was fastened a placard bearing in large letters the following blasphemous doggerel:

David Darvell Gatheren,  
As saith the Welshman,  
Fetched outlaws out of Hell;

Now he is come with spere and shilde,  
In harness to burn in Smithfield,  
For in Wales he may not dwell.

And Forest the Friar,  
That obstinate liar,  
That willfullie shall be dead,  
In his contumacie  
The gospel doth denie,  
The King to be supreme head.

Near the gate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital stood another long scaffold. This was intended for the Lords of the Privy Council as also for the city mayor and other men of civil authority and influence.

On reaching Smithfield, the executioners immediately loosened their victim from the hurdle and led him to the platform, which he was ordered to mount. A solemn hush fell on the vast multitude when at a given sign Latimer ascended the pulpit and began his defence of royal supremacy. No doubt, he had prepared his sermon well and left no argument untouched that might draw the friar from the faith for which he was ready to die. The martyr was aware that he would not get a fair hearing; hence during the faithless bishop's tirade against the Pope, he prudently kept silence.<sup>2</sup> At last, after preaching over an hour, Latimer turned to him and asked in what state he would die. At this Forest arose and with a loud, clear voice replied "that if an angel should come down from Heaven and show him any other thing than he had believed all his life time past he would not believe him, and that if his body should be cut joint after joint, or member after member, brent, hanged, or what pain soever might be done to his body, he would never turn from his old sect of this Bishop of Rome." Then facing Latimer he chid him saying, "that seven

1. Thaddeus: *Life of Blessed John Forest, O.S.F.* (London, 1888), p. 67.—2. According to Fr. Marog, Forest tried to speak, but the heretics made so much noise that he could not be heard. See Camm, I. c., p. 316.

years agone he durst not have made such a sermon for his life." <sup>(1)</sup>

But Latimer had long since learned to stifle the voice of conscience. Hence he coldly disregarded the well-meaning rebuke of his former friend.

"Dr. Forest," he urged, "above all I am astonished that thou, whom I hold for one of the most learned men in the realm, should be accused of being a Papist, and I refuse to believe it till I hear it from thine own mouth."

"Thou hast known me for many years, Latimer," the friar calmly retorted, "and I am still more astonished at thee, that for the pomps of the world thou hast endangered thine own soul. Dost thou not recollect what thou didst write me against the Emperor, when he was against Rome and the Pope, and how thou with all thy voice didst denounce them all as heretics? Recollect how we, the doctors of the Church, considered the act and condemned it, and decided that those who did it should be excommunicated. What wert thou then, Latimer, a Papist or a heretic?"

"I am no heretic," shouted the bishop, quite discomfited, "but rather was I then deceived, and am now enlightened with the Holy Spirit, and if thou wilt call upon thy better self, thou also wilt receive the light, for thou art now blind."

This duplicity and perversion deeply pained the man of God. How he longed to reclaim this erring fellow priest, who in his mad pursuit after royal preferments had wantonly strayed from the path of duty.

"Oh, Latimer," he pleaded, "I think thou hast other things in thy heart! But since the King has made thee from a poor student into a bishop, thou art constrained to say

this. Open thou thine eyes; take example by that holy Bishop of Rochester and the blessed Thomas More, who renounced the goods of this world, and chose rather to die than to lose their immortal souls."

"O God," cried Latimer, at a loss what to say, "how great are the snares of the Bishop of Rome, who has kept men in darkness for so many years."

Evidently, he was engaged in a losing game with his doughty adversary. To save himself and his cause in the eyes of the people, he must play a different card.

"And look thou, Dr. Forest," he hastily continued, "that thou mayest see the snares and the falsity of his saints, they shall bring hither one of the idols of the Bishop of Rome."

At these words, the statue of St. Dervel was brought and placed on the platform occupied by the friar.

"Look, Dr. Forest," repeated Latimer, pointing to the image, "this is one of the idols of the Bishop of Rome, and for my own part," he added contemptuously, "I think the priests ought to have given the Bishop of Rome half of his profits."

The blessed martyr could not refrain from laughing.

"I am not surprised," he said, "that what thou sayest should have happened, for the priests are so greedy, that they well might invent that, and much more; but do not think that the Pope sanctions any such thing."

Sorely vexed at the obvious discomfiture of Latimer and anxious to see Forest in his torments, Cromwell abruptly terminated the disputation.

"My Lord Bishop," he exclaimed, "I think you strive in vain with this stubborn man. It would be better to burn him."

1. Wriothesley, quoted by Camm, I. c., p. 316.

Far from intimidating the intrepid friar, the minister's words rather served to embolden him.

"Gentlemen," he said defiantly, "if I were willing to sacrifice my soul, it would not have been necessary to come to this place."

"Take him off at once," commanded Cromwell, pale with rage.

Unspeakable joy thrilled the brave soul of Forest when he realized that at last the long looked for moment had come. Turning toward the three men still supporting the statue, he smiled and said playfully:

"Brethren, I pray ye, do not drop it on me, for my hour is not yet come."

Wholly intent on overcoming the constancy of the valiant friar, Latimer once more addressed him. There was a suspicion of sadness and sympathy in his voice that showed how his own soul was racked with remorse.

"Brother Forest," he pleaded, "I beseech thee to turn. The King will give thee a good living, for I know full well that if thou wishest thou art well able to give doctrine to great numbers."

But compared with the promise of eternal life this world with all its goods had no value in the eyes of the blessed martyr.

"All the treasures of the world, Latimer," he replied, "will not move me from my will; but I much desire to speak with one of the gentlemen here."

Thereupon, the Duke of Norfolk arose to go over to where Forest stood. Cromwell, however, intercepted him.

"My Lord Duke," he commanded, "take your seat again; if he wants to say anything, let him say it out that we can all hear."

Though mortified at this public indignity, the Duke was constrained to obey. He well knew that Cromwell was all-powerful with the King. When Forest perceived that no one would be permitted to speak with him in private, he turned quietly toward his enemies and making the sign of the cross, exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, with this body of mine deal as you wish."<sup>(1)</sup>

Provoked beyond measure, Cromwell gives the sign. The throng of spectators gaze in breathless silence at the venerable friar who offers no resistance when the executioners drag him down from the scaffold and lead him to the gibbet. Heedless of the torments he knows are in store for him, the dauntless champion raises his eyes to heaven and declares, "Neither fire, nor fagot, nor scaffold shall separate me from Thee, O Lord."<sup>(2)</sup> Meanwhile the executioners tear off his outer habit, gird him about the waist and under the arms with the iron chain<sup>(3)</sup> that dangles from the gibbet, and draw him upward so that he hangs suspended over the straw and fagots. These they now ignite, a dense volume of smoke ascends, and soon the inhuman torture begins. Tongues of fire lick the martyr's feet. Racked with pain, he involuntarily raises them and clutches the scaffold; but only for a moment; and as if repenting of the act, he willingly lets go his hold and suffers the flames to do their ghastly work. Fed with chips hewn from the statue of St. Dervel, the heat becomes well-nigh unbearable, while the heartless executioners grasp their halberds and with their aid bring the martyr into a swinging motion. A strong wind sweeps over Smithfield and fans the flames to

1. The above dialogue and details are taken from Garcias, as quoted by Stone, *l. c.*, pp. 66 sqq. and by Camm, *l. c.*, pp. 317 sqq.—2. Bourchier: *Hist. Eccl. de Martyrio FF. Ord. Min.* (Paris, 1586), p. 48.—3. Thaddeus, *l. c.*, p. 69. Sander *De Origine ac Progressu Schismatis Anglicani* (Col. Agric., 1583) p. 89, says that two chains were fastened round the martyr's arms. Bourchier, *l. c.*, p. 49, speaks only of one chain which was secured round his waist (*circu ventrem*). "One would like to think," remarks Camm, *l. c.*, p. 320, footnote, "that the martyr was hung by the middle, in order that he might be the sooner suffocated, but it is to be feared that the motive was to make him look ridiculous."

one side, so that they reach only his lower extremities. Though untold agony convulses the martyr's body, his soul is rapt in sweet communion with Him who died on the cross to save mankind. Above the crackling of the fire and the low murmurs of the bystanders, he is heard praying for strength and perseverance; beating his breast with his hands, he cries, "In the shadow of thy wings I will trust, until iniquity pass away."

Two hours have now elapsed. Still dangling from the gibbet, oppressed by the scorching heat and smoke, the man of God is patiently waiting for death to end his fearful sufferings. The spectators are filled, some with disgust at the obstinate friar, many with sympathy for him. At last, the executioners approach the gibbet and loosen its supports, so that it crashes with its burden into the greedy flames. At this, the heroic martyr prays aloud, "In thee, O Lord, have I hoped, let me never be confounded: deliver me in thy justice. Bow down thy ear to me: make haste to deliver me." Amid the crackling of the flames, his prayers grow fainter and fainter. Then a last, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit"—the martyr's voice is heard no more—his beautiful soul freed from its prison of clay has ascended to the mansions of unending bliss to receive the martyr's crown and to join the triumphant ranks of those "who have despised the life of the world, and have arrived at the reward of the kingdom, and have washed their garments in the blood of the Lamb."

It is related that while Bl. John Forest was in the midst of his tor-

ments, a snow white dove was seen fluttering about the gibbet and settling at last on the head of the martyr. Furthermore, we are told, the Saint's right hand, mouth and tongue remained untouched by the fire, "as if God," remarks Thaddeus, "would thus show his approval of all he had written and spoken in defence of the Faith."<sup>(1)</sup> Nothing certain is known regarding the whereabouts of the martyr's relics. Father Thaddeus thinks it is "most probable that the mortal remains of Father Forest still lie hidden at Smithfield, near the corner of St. Bartholomew's Hospital opposite the gate of the ancient priory,"<sup>(2)</sup> where, according to Garcias, they had been interred on the day of his glorious martyrdom. Already in 1638, Arturus a Monasterio thus commemorated him in his *Franciscan Martyrology*: "At London, in England, memory of Blessed John Forest, an apostolic man and Martyr, who, by order of Henry VIII, King of England, was cast into prison for the defence of the Catholic Faith, and after a cruel imprisonment, sentenced to death; being suspended on a gibbet, a slow fire was lighted at his feet, and he was inhumanly roasted, until at length, being all consumed by the fire, he went up to heaven victorious." On December 9, 1886, Pope Leo XIII declared him Blessed together with the Tertiary Martyr Thomas More and fifty-two others, who between the years 1535 and 1583 shed their blood in England in defence of the faith. The feast of Bl. John Forest is celebrated annually on May 22, throughout the Franciscan Order.

1. Guérin: *Le Palmier Scraphique* (Bar-le-Duc, 1872), Vol. V, p. 470; Thaddeus, l. c., p. 51.—2. *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. VIII, p. 404.



## A HAND IN THE DARK

*By Anna C. Minogue*

**A**S he turned into the street in which the rectory stood, Father Thompson slipped on the ice and fell. His right foot crumpled under him, and when he tried to rise, he found he was helpless. It was three o'clock in the morning and the blizzly gale precluded the hope that any sleeper would be roused by his cries for help; nor was it likely the policeman would come along. There was nothing to do but lie there and wait.

He felt in his pocket for his rosary, and in the midst of his suffering he gave thanks that the accident had happened on his return from the sick call. Suppose that woman to whom the summons had come so unexpectedly, had died waiting for him! Who knows but in the last moments doubt of the goodness of the Lord, whom she had striven so faithfully to serve, might not have overwhelmed her, thus taken unawares? He had been her confessor and he knew her ardent desire to go on her long journey, sustained by the ministrations of the Church. Truly, the Lord was to be blessed in all his ways, which he has declared are not our ways!

But the fingers began to grow stiff on the beads, the lips to falter on the words; he felt himself slipping into a black gulf. On its edge suddenly appeared a tall figure, in military hat and overcoat, struggling to drag him back.

"Wake up, my man, wake up!"

Father Thompson distinguished the words and tried to answer, but he could only mutter unintelligibly; then he felt himself being lifted and pain broke the terrible weakness.

"I broke my leg when I fell," he said, faintly. "I am Father Thompson. If you will help me home—"

It took a while to make the rest of the way, but at last Father Thompson found himself on his couch, with the housekeeper hovering anxiously over him, while the soldier examined his hurt.

"It is a pretty bad fracture," he said. "I advise you to go to the hospital right away."

While the housekeeper called the ambulance the soldier rendered all possible aid to the sufferer. Father Thompson knew that the hands ministering to him were not inexperienced; and there was that about the face and voice which inspired confidence. Why their owner should have been patrolling the wintry streets at that hour of the night was a mystery; for that he had passed that way a short time before, he had unwittingly stated.

"It was God sent you, my friend!" the priest said; and then he saw the lines of the face harden. That was all, but it was enough to show that the remark had called the man back to himself.

The clanging of the gong announced the arrival of the ambulance. As the men entered with

the stretcher, the priest held out his hand.

"Good-bye and may God bless you for this night's kind act!"

The soldier wrung the priest's hand; then, stooping suddenly, he said, "Bless, instead, one dear to me!"

"From my heart! And I will pray for you both," he answered. The soldier wheeled around and left the house.

The first days at the hospital passed drearily enough for the priest, eager to be at his work. When the broken bones began to knit themselves together again, he would have himself wheeled to the wards, where his presence was as sunshine to the sufferers.

On several occasions he had noticed an old colored woman staring at him with gleaming eyes; yet when he passed her bed, she would turn her face to the wall. It might be only curiosity; and again, he reasoned, it might be timidity which prevented her from speaking to him. Yielding to an impulse one morning, he stopped his chair.

"Good morning, Auntie!" he said pleasantly.

She turned her head quickly, an expressive smile on her face.

"Praise de Lawd! I'se heard some of my own folkses talkin' to me 'foh I die!" she exclaimed. "I jus' knowed yoh wus from de Souf, de minitt I sot eyes on yoh!"

"Then what made you turn away every time I passed?" he asked. The face hardened under the wrinkles; without any apparent connection, Father Thompson suddenly

recalled the soldier who had saved his life. The slow voice, with its southern accent, seemed to be again in his ears.

He enquired of the old woman about her ailments and found she was an incurable; but there was a defiant note in her voice, when she added that she never would have told "the doctor man" of her condition while her "Mis' Janet" lived. When she was dead and the baby put where "Mis' Janet" wanted him to be, then Aunt Lindy's work was done, and she let them take her to the hospital; and she did not care how soon she should be called.

"Was Miss Janet of the South, too?" asked Father Thompson.

"Whah yoh think a Preston's gwian to be, less'n de Souf?" she asked, looking the indignation she felt.

"You see, I didn't know she was a Preston," he answered, smiling. The smile melted the scorn of Aunt Lindy, and she went on:

"Co'se she wa'nt 'zactly a Preston no moh, seein' she wus married an' cut off by de fambly—"

She stopped. Father Thompson's thoughts had been wandering from the old woman and her story; thinking she paused for encouragement, he said:

"What made them cut her off?"

She hesitated a moment, then replied:

"Dey didn't like de gen'lman she married. He wa'nt no po' white trash," she added, hastily, "but he wus—he wus a Cat'lic,"

"I understand," said the priest, smiling. "I used to feel that way

myself once—and then, you know, I changed my views and became a Catholic."

"So did Mis' Janet," she admitted; "an' dey wah jus' as happy as could be, till de fevah mis'ry took Marse Richmond. Dat wus two yeahs ago, an' Mis' Janet began to git puny, an' we ain't got much money; an' so—" the voice died away, but a light broke on the priest in the silence.

"And you went out and did washing and house-cleaning, and supported Mis' Janet and the baby!" he said.

"How's yoh know dat?" she cried, bewildered. "I ain't evah seed yoh!"

"Because I know our colored people, Aunt Lindy," he said, very tenderly.

"I cyan't see Mis' Janet needin' things!" she cried. "I brung huh up; an' when ole Marse say she mus' go, I tell him I goes, too. An' I did an' I tuk keer uv huh, same as I did back home. An' she'd give me huh li'l baby, only I 'spec' she knows I ain't gwian to live long aftah huh. An' when she's dead, I took him up to dem ladies dat wahs dem funny white bonnets an' tek care uv othah people's babies. An' I tells 'em to be mighty 'ticular wif li'l Marse, 'kase he ain't de same as dem othah babies; an' I gives 'em de lettah Mis' Janet wrote 'em. So I reck'n it's all right wif Mis' Janet's po' li'l baby, tell he's grow'd up, den mebbe he'll git his own."

The simply told story held the priest. Janet had lost her world for love, and had found along with

human happiness, spiritual joy. He thought that when next he visited the foundling asylum, he would make the acquaintance of Master Richmond. He might interest a certain member of his parish in him; there was room for one more in her happy family.

The next day Aunt Lindy, though much worse, talked again to him at length regarding "Mis' Janet," and he had glimpses of the old southern life which, too, had once been his; of the unbending father, and the silent brother. "Young Marse Waltah wasn't so bad," he was told; he was tenderly attached to his sister, but his father was his idol and though it broke his heart to lose her, he must stand with the old man.

"An' Marse Waltah'll eat his heart out 'count uv Mis' Janet!" she assured her hearer. Father Thompson asked if the family had been informed of the death of the young couple. She answered that "Mis' Janet" did not want them to know, lest they should claim the baby, and raise it up to abhor the faith of its parents. Its faith was its heritage, she had said; that must be protected; the rest she left with God.

Then Father Thompson found his half-formed intention regarding the unknown child crystallizing into a determination; and he bewailed his enforced confinement. The purpose of the accident was now plain to him. Yet was it? What of the young soldier? What of that poignant cry, "Bless, instead, one dear to me!"—the one for whom, per-

chance, he had been looking in that poverty-stricken district in which the old church stood! Another southerner, too—and then the question seemed to leap out of his soul—"was the soldier Walter Preston looking for his sister?"

A moment's reflection, however, caused him to dismiss it as impossible; still he determined to question Aunt Lindy in the morning regarding the brother. But that morrow did not dawn for the faithful old nurse. Toward midnight, he was roused to be told the woman was dying and was calling for him. When she saw him, she begged to be made a Catholic like her "Mis' Janet." The rite was scarcely over, when she ceased to be.

"Preston—Walter Preston?"

"The same, sister!" and the American soldier smiled up into the surprised face of a Red Cross nurse. "You have heard that name before?" he added.

"The day I left the hospital in New York for France, a priest spoke to me of you. He seemed very anxious to get into communication with you. So he gave me a message to deliver to you, if we should ever meet. He seemed to think we should; for he said so many strange coincidences had happened in connection with a certain matter, he believed the final one would fall out at the proper time. It looks as if it has. I am too busy now to talk, but when I go off duty to-night, I'll come back."

It was an English hospital in

France, and American physicians and nurses were in charge of a contingent of Canadian wounded, among whom they found some of their own countrymen. One of these had received a wound in the chest, and the surgeon, finished with him, had left him to the nurse to complete his work. He had told told her his name, in his joy at meeting an American; and the wonder of it had taken her by surprise.

It was late when she returned, but Preston was waiting for her.

"I intended as soon as I was graduated to volunteer for foreign service with the Red Cross," she began. "A few weeks before my time was up, a priest, Father Thompson, was brought to the hospital, suffering from a fractured leg—"

"That was the name!" cried the wounded man, interrupting her. "I never could recall it. I wanted to write to him—but, pardon me!"

"He used to visit the wards, and there was an old negro woman—"

"Aunt Lindy? Oh, say it was Aunt Lindy!" he cried.

"Yes, but you must not excite yourself. Aunt Lindy told him the story of her mistress, a girl named Janet—"

He lifted his hand and laid it over his eyes.

"I need not go on," said the nurse, softly. "She was your sister—it was for her you were looking that night, when you found the priest."

"Yes," he whispered, "my father was dead and I could not live at

home without her. I tried to find her and could not. Then I volunteered in the Canadian army. Before leaving for the front, I got a furlough to go home to arrange my affairs. On my way back I stopped in New York. We had heard she had been in that city. I searched high and low. I knew she must be poor, and I was directed to the neighborhood of Father Thompson's church. Thus I happened upon the priest. Tell me all, I can bear it."

Gently she told him what the priest had learned from the colored woman, adding that Father Thompson had found the child in the asy-

lum, and had placed it in the home of a worthy family. He turned his face to the wall, and she left him with his sorrow.

The months of warfare grew into years. Again the enemy's shell found Walter Preston, this time disqualifying him for further service. Mary Jennings, the Red Cross nurse, too, had broken down under her work and was ordered home. But they went back together, and when Father Thompson delivered his young ward into their hands, he knew that in Captain Preston's Catholic wife, Janet's child had found a second mother.

### THIRD ORDER IN SEMINARIES

It was with no little pleasure that we read in the *Seraphic Chronicle*, of Yonkers, N. Y., the detailed report of the erection of a Tertiary fraternity in the archdiocesan seminary at Dunwoodie, N. Y., on February 17. The Tertiary leaven was introduced into the seminary from the Cathedral College, New York City, and with such success that nearly two hundred seminarians together with their President, the Right Rev. Monsignor Chidwick, sought and received the scapular and cord of the Third Order of St. Francis from the hands of the Rev. Fr. Theodosius, O. M. Cap., of Yonkers, N. Y. On the same occasion, twenty novices were professed. *Franciscan Herald*, which has constantly advocated the erection of Tertiary fraternities in our colleges and seminaries, extends heartiest congratulations to the Dunwoodie Seminary and voices the hope that its example and that of the Cathedral College will find many imitators throughout the country. Imbued with the true spirit of the Poverello, and working hand in hand with the cloistered sons of St. Francis for the salvation of souls, the secular clergy will more than ever be a power for good in the land and will more easily attain their aim to renew all things in Christ, whose most perfect imitator after the Apostles was the Seraph of Assisi.

### ST. ANTONY HELPED

Our Very Rev. Provincial, Fr. Samuel Macke, has requested us to publish two favors he recently received from St. Antony. On two different occasions, he missed some very important documents and in spite of the most diligent search failed to discover their whereabouts. In his predicament, he called on St. Antony, and promised to have the favor published in the *Herald* in case his prayer was heard. In the first instance, the documents were found after some days; in the other, after a few hours, and he now gratefully fulfills his promise.

## THE MISSION AS A FRONTIER INSTITUTION IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN COLONIES\*

By Herbert E. Bolton, Professor of American History, University of California  
(Concluded)

The missionaries counteracted foreign influence among their neophytes, deterred them from molesting the interior settlements, and secured their aid in holding back more distant tribes. Nearly every army that was led from San Antonio, Texas, in the eighteenth century, against the hostile Apaches and Comanches, contained a strong contingent of mission Indians, who fought side by side with the Spaniards. Father Kino was relied upon by the military leaders of Sonora to obtain the aid of the Pimas, his beloved neophytes, in defense of the Sonora settlements. When he was assigned to California, in company with Salvatierra, the authorities of Sonora protested, on the ground that, through his influence over the natives, he was a better means of protection to the province than a whole company of soldiers. When a Spanish expedition was organized to attack the Apaches, Kino was sent ahead to arouse and enlist the Pima allies. When the Pimas put the Apaches to fight, it was Kino to whom they sent the count of the enemy's dead, recorded by notches on a pole; on the same occasion it was Kino who received the thanks of citizens and officials of the province; and, when doubt was expressed as to what the Pimas had accomplished, it was Kino who rode a hundred miles or more to count the scalps of the vanquished foe, as evidence with which to vindicate his Pima friends.

The very mission plants were even built and often served as fortresses, not alone for padres and neophytes,

but for near-by settlers, too. Every well-built mission was ranged round a great court or patio, protected on all sides by the buildings, whose walls were sometimes eight feet thick. In hostile countries these buildings were themselves enclosed within massive protecting walls. In 1740 President Santa Ana wrote that Mission Valero, at San Antonio, Texas, was better able to withstand a siege than any of the three presidios of the province. This of course was only a relative excellence. Twenty-two years later the same mission was surrounded by a wall, and over the gate was a tower, equipped with muskets, ammunition, and three cannon. At the same time the mission of San José (Texas) was called "a castle" which more than once had been proof against the Apaches.

Not only were the missionaries consciously utilized as political agents to hold the frontier but they often served, on their own motion, or with the co-operation of the secular authority, as "promoters" of the unoccupied districts. They sent home reports of the outlying tribes, of the advantages of obtaining their friendship, of the danger of foreign incursions, of the wealth and attractions of the country, and of the opportunities to extend the king's dominion. Frequently, indeed, they were called to Mexico, or even to Spain, to sit in the royal councils, where their expert opinions often furnished the primary basis of a decision to occupy a new outpost. As examples of this, near at home, we have but to recall Es-

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cobar, Benavides, and Ayeta of New Mexico, Massanet, Hidalgo, and Santa Ana of Texas, Kino of Lower California, and Serra of Alta California. Thus consciously, directly or indirectly, with or without secular initiative, the missionaries served as most active promoters, one might even call them "boosters," of the frontier.

But the missionaries helped not only to extend and hold and promote the frontier; more significantly still, they helped to civilize it. And this is the keynote of my theme. Spain possessed high ideals, but she had peculiar difficulties to contend with. She laid claim to the lion's share of the two Americas, but her population was small and little of it could be spared to people the New World. On the other hand, her colonial policy, equalled in humanitarian principles by that of no other country, perhaps, looked to the preservation of the natives, and to their elevation to at least a limited citizenship. Lacking Spaniards to colonize the frontier, she would colonize it with the aborigines. Such an ideal called not only for the subjugation and control of the natives, but for their civilization as well. To bring this end about the rulers of Spain again made use of the religious and humanitarian zeal of the missionaries, choosing them to be to the Indians not only preachers, but also teachers and disciplinarians. To the extent that this work succeeded it became possible to people the frontier with civilized natives, and thus to supply the lack of colonists. This desire was quite in harmony with the religious aims of the friars, who found temporal discipline indispensable to the best work of Christianization.

Hence it is that in the Spanish system—as distinguished from the French, for example—the essence of the mission was the *discipline*, religious, moral, social, and indus-

trial, which it afforded. The very physical arrangement of the mission was determined with a view to discipline. The central feature of every successful mission was the Indian village, or pueblo. The settled tribes, such as the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, or the Pimas of Arizona, could be instructed in their native towns, but wandering and scattered tribes must be assembled and established in pueblos, and kept there, by force if necessary. The reason why the missions of eastern Texas failed was that the Indians refused to settle in pueblos, and without more soldiers than were available it was impossible to control them. It was on this question that Father Serra split with Governor Neve regarding the Santa Barbara Indians in California. To save expense for soldiers, Neve urged that the friars should minister to the Indians in their native rancherías. But the missionaries protested that by this arrangement the Indians could not be disciplined. The plan was given up therefore, and instead the Indians were congregated in great pueblos at San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara. Thus, the pueblo was essential to the mission, as it had been to the *encomienda*.

Discipline called for control, and this was placed largely in the hands of the missionaries. The rule was two friars for each mission, but in many instances there was only one. The need of more was often urged.

As a symbol of force, and to afford protection for missionaries and mission Indians, as well as to hold the frontier against savages and foreigners, presidios, or garrisons, were established near by. And thus, across the continent, from San Agustín to San Francisco, stretched a long and slender line of presidios—San Agustín, Apalache, Pensacola, Los Adaes, La Bahía, San Antonio, San Juan Bautista,

Rio Grande, San Sabá, El Paso, Santa Fé, Janos, Fronteras, Terrenate, Tubac, Altár, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco—a line more than twice as long as the Rhine-Danube frontier held by the Romans, from whom Spain learned her lesson in frontier defense.

To assist the missionaries in their work of disciplining and instructing the neophytes, each mission was usually provided with two or more soldiers from the nearest presidio. To help in recovering runaways—for the Indians frequently did abscond—special detachments of soldiers were furnished. The impression is often given that the missionaries objected to the presence of soldiers at the missions, but as a rule the case was quite the contrary. What they did object to was unsuitable soldiers, and outside interference in the selection and control of the guard. It is true, indeed, that immoral or insubordinate soldiers were deemed a nuisance, and that since the presidials were largely half-breeds—mestizoes or mulattoes—and often jailbirds at that, this type was all too common. But in general military aid was demanded, and complaint of its inadequacy was constantly made. On this point the testimony of Fray Romualdo Cartagena, guardian of the College of Santa Cruz de Querétaro, is valid. In a report made in 1772, still in manuscript, he wrote:

What gives these missions their permanency is the aid which they receive from the Catholic arms. Without them pueblos are frequently abandoned, and ministers are murdered by the barbarians. It is seen every day that in missions where there are no soldiers there is no success, for the Indians, being children of fear, are more strongly appealed to by the glistering of the sword than by the voice of five missionaries. Soldiers are necessary to defend the Indians from the enemy, and to keep an eye on the mission Indians, now to encourage them, now to carry news to the nearest presidio in case of trouble. For the spiritual and temporal

progress of the missions two soldiers are needed, for the Indians cannot be trusted, especially in new conversions.

This is the testimony of missionaries themselves. That protection was indeed necessary is shown by the martyrdom of missionaries on nearly every frontier—of Father Segura and his entire band of Jesuits in Virginia in 1570; of Father Saeta in Sonora; of Fathers Ganzábal, Silva, Terreros, and Santiesteban in Texas; of Fathers Carranco and Tamaral in Lower California; of Father Luis Jayme at San Diego (Alta California); of Fathers Garcés and his three companions at Yuma, on the Colorado; and of the twenty-one Franciscans in the single uprising in New Mexico in 1680. But these martyrdoms were only occasional, and the principal business of the soldiers was to assist the missionaries in disciplining and civilizing the savages.

As teachers, and as an example to new converts, it was the custom to place in each new mission three Indian families from the older missions. After a time the families from the older missions might return to their homes. As Father Romualdo remarked: "It is all the better if these families be related to the new, for this insures the permanence of the latter in the mission, while if they do flee it is easier to recover them by means of their relatives than through strangers."

Notable among the Indians utilized as teachers and colonists in the northern missions were the Tlascaltecans, of Tlascala, the native city of Mexico made famous by Prescott. Having been subdued by Cortés the Tlascaltecans became the most trusted supporters of the Spaniards, as they had been the most obstinate foes of the "Triple Alliance," and, after playing an important part in the conquest of the Valley of Mexico, they became a regular factor in the extension of Spanish rule over

the north country. Thus, when San Luis Potosí had been conquered, colonies of Tlascaltecans were set to teach the more barbarous natives of that district both loyalty to the Spaniards and the elements of civilization. In Saltillo a large colony of Tlascaltecans was established by Urdiñola at the end of the sixteenth century, and became the mother colony from which numerous offshoots were planted at the new missions and villages further north. At one time a hundred families of Tlascaltecans were ordered sent to Pensacola; in 1755 they figured in the plans for a missionary colony on the Trinity River, in Texas, two years later a little band of them were sent to the San Sabá mission in western Texas to assist in civilizing the Apaches; and twenty years afterward it was suggested that a settlement, with these people as a nucleus, be established far to the north, on the upper Red River, among the Wichita Indians of Texas and Oklahoma. To help in civilizing the mission Indians of Jalisco, Sinaloa, and Sonora, the Tarascans of Michoacán were utilized; further north, the Opatas, of southern Sonora, were sent into Arizona as teachers of the Pimas; to help in civilizing the Indians of California, Serra brought mission Indians from the Peninsula.

Discipline and the elements of European civilization were imparted at the missions through religious instruction, through industrial training, and, among more advanced natives, by means of rudimentary teaching in arts and letters.

Every mission was, in the first place, a Christian seminary, designed to give religious discipline. Religious instruction, of the elementary sort suited to the occasion, was imparted by a definite routine, based on long experience, and administered with much practical sense and regard for local condi-

tions.

Aside from the fundamental cultural concepts involved in Christianity, this religious instruction in itself involved a most important means of assimilation. By the laws of the Indies the missionaries were enjoined to instruct the neophytes in their native tongues, and in the colleges and seminaries professorships were established to teach them. But it was found that, just as the natives lacked the concepts, the Indian language lacked the terms in which properly to convey the meaning of the Christian doctrine. Moreover, on some frontiers there were so many dialects that it was impossible for the friars to learn them. This was pre-eminently true of the lower Rio Grande region, where there were over two hundred dialects, more than twenty of which were quite distinct. On this point Father Ortiz wrote in 1745:

The ministers who have learned some language of the Indians of these missions assert that it is impossible to compose a catechism in their idiom, because of the lack of terms in which to explain matters of Faith, and the best informed interpreters say the same. There are as many languages as there are tribes, which in these missions aggregate more than two hundred.... Although they mingle and understand each other to some extent, there are twenty languages used commonly by the greater number of the tribes. And since they are new to us, and there are no schools in which to learn them, and since the Fathers are occupied with ministering to the spiritual and temporal needs of the Indians, and in recovering those who flee, the Fathers can hardly be held blame-worthy for not learning the native languages.

For these reasons, on the northern frontier instruction was usually given in Spanish, through interpreters at first, and directly as soon as the Indians learned the language of the friars. In the case of children, who were the chief consideration, this was quickly done. And thus incidentally a long step toward assimilation was accomplished, for

we all know the importance of language in the fusing of races and cultures. The firmness of the hold of the Spanish language upon any land touched by Spain, however lightly, has often been noted. It was partly, or even largely, due to this teaching of the native children at the missions.

The routine of religious discipline established by the Franciscans in the missions taken over from the Jesuits in Sonora, in 1767, was typical of all the Franciscan missions, and was not essentially different from that of the other orders. It was described by Father Reyes, later Bishop Reyes, as follows:

Every day at sunrise the bells call the Indians to Mass. An old Indian, commonly called *mador*, and two *fiscales*, go through the whole pueblo, requiring all children and unmarried persons to go to the church, to take part in the devotion and silence of the Mass. This over, they repeat in concert, in Spanish, with the minister, the prayers and the Creed. At sunset this exercise is repeated at the door of the church, and is concluded with saying the rosary and chanting the *salve* or the *alavado*. The *mador* and the *fiscales* are charged, on Sundays and feast days, to take care to require all men, women, and children to be present at Mass, with their poor clothes clean, and all washed and combed.

The very act of going to church, then, involved a lesson in the amenities of civilization. There was virtue then as now in putting on one's "Sunday clothes."

On these days [Father Reyes continues] Mass is chanted with harps, violins [all played by the natives], and a choir of from four to six [native] men and women. In Lent all have been required to go to Mass daily.....

On Palm Sunday, at the head missions (*cabeceras*), that feast is observed with an image and processions. After Easter, censuses are made to ascertain what ones have complied with the Church. In the first years it seemed impossible to us missionaries to vanquish the rudeness of the Indians, and the difficulties of making them confess, and of administering communion. But lately all the young men and some of the old have confessed. In the principal pueblos, where the missionaries reside, many attend the sacraments on

feast days. On the Day of Santa Maria the rosary is sung through the pueblo. On other occasions they are permitted to have balls, diversions, and innocent games. But because they have attempted to prohibit superstitious balls and the scalp dance, the missionaries have encountered strong opposition from the [secular] superiors of the province, who desire to let the Indians continue these excesses. They contributed, no doubt, to the war spirit, and thus to the defense of the province against the Apaches.

If the mission was a Christian seminary, it was scarcely less an industrial training school. Father Engelhardt writes:

It must be remembered that the friars came to California as messengers of Christ. They were not farmers, mechanics, or stock breeders. Those who, perhaps, had been engaged in such pursuits, had abandoned them for the higher occupation of the priest of God, and they had no desire to be further entangled in worldly business. In California, however [and he might have added, quite generally] the messengers of the Gospel had to introduce, teach, and supervise those very arts, trades, and occupations, before they could expect to make any headway with the truths of salvation.... As an absolutely necessary means to win the souls of the savages, these unworldly men accepted the disagreeable task of conducting huge farms, teaching and supervising various mechanical trades, having an eye on the livestock and herders, and making ends meet generally.

The civilizing function of the typical Spanish mission, where the missionaries had charge of the temporalities as well as of the spiritualities, was evident from the very nature of the mission plant. While the church was ever the center of the establishment, and the particular object of the minister's pride and care, it was by no means the larger part. Each fully developed mission was a great industrial school, of which the largest, as in California, sometimes managed more than 2000 Indians. There were weaving rooms, blacksmith shop, tannery, wine-press, and warehouses; there were irrigating ditches, vegetable gardens, and grain fields; and on the ranges roamed thousands of horses, cattle,

sheep, and goats. Training in the care of fields and stock not only made the neophytes self-supporting, but afforded the discipline necessary for the rudiments of civilized life. The women were taught to cook, sew, spin, and weave; the men to fell the forest, build, run the forge, tan leather, make ditches, tend cattle, and shear sheep.

Even in New Mexico, where the missionaries were not in charge of the temporalities—that is, of the economic interests of the Indians—and where the Indians had a well-established native agriculture, the friars were charged with their instruction in the arts and crafts, as well as with their religious education. And when the custodian, Father Benavides—later Bishop of Goa—wrote in 1630, after three decades of effort by the friars in that province, he was able to report fourteen monasteries, serving fifty-odd pueblos, each with its school, where the Indians were all taught not only to sing, play musical instruments, read, and write, but, as Benavides puts it, “all the trades and polite deportment,” all imparted by “the great industry of the Religious who converted them.”

In controlling, supervising, and teaching the Indians, the friars were assisted by the soldier guards, who served as *mayor domos* of the fields, of the cattle and horse herds, of the sheep and goat ranches, and of the shops. In the older missions, even among the most backward tribes, it sometimes became possible to dispense with this service, as at San Antonio, Texas, where, it was reported in 1772, the Indians, once naked savages who lived on cactus apples and cotton-tail rabbits, had become so skilled and trustworthy that “without the aid of the Spaniards they harvest, from irrigated fields, maize, beans, and cotton in plenty, and Castilian corn for sugar. There are cattle, sheep, and goats

in abundance,” all being the product of the care and labor of the natives.

The results of this industrial training at the missions were to be seen in the imposing structures that were built, the fertile farms that were tilled, and the great stock ranches that were tended, by erstwhile barbarians, civilized under the patient discipline of the missionaries, assisted by soldier guards and imported Indian teachers, not in our Southwest alone, but on nearly every frontier of Spanish America.

The missionaries transplanted to the frontiers and made known to the natives almost every conceivable domestic plant and animal of Europe. By requiring the Indians to work three days a week at community tasks, the Jesuits in Pimería Alta—to give a particular illustration—established at all the missions flourishing ranches of horses, cattle, sheep, and goats, and opened fields and gardens for the cultivation of a vast variety of food plants. Kino wrote in 1710 of the Jesuit missions of Sonora and Arizona:

There are already thrifty and abundant fields...of wheat, maize, frijoles, chickpeas, beans, lentils, bastard chickpeas (*garabanzas*), etc. There are orchards, and in them vineyards for wine for the Masses; and fields of sweet cane for syrup and panocha, and with the favor of Heaven, before long, for sugar. There are many Castilian fruit trees, such as figs, quinces, oranges, pomegranates, peaches, apricots, pears, apples, mulberries, etc., and all sorts of garden stuff, such as cabbage, lettuce, onions, garlic, anise, pepper, mustard, mint, etc.

Other temporal means [he continues] are the plentiful ranches, which are already stocked with cattle, sheep, and goats, many droves of mares, horses, and pack animals, mules as well as horses, for transportation and commerce, and very fat sheep, producing much tallow, suet, and soap, which is already manufactured in abundance.

An illustration of some of the more moderate material results is to be had in the following description of the four Querétaran missions.

in Texas, based on an official report made in 1762.

Besides the church, each mission had its *convento*, or monastery, including cells for the friars, porter's lodge, refectory, kitchen, offices, workshops, and granary, usually all under a common roof and ranged round a *patio*. At San Antonio de Valero the *convento* was a two-story structure fifty *varas* square with two *patios* and with arched cloisters above and below. The others were similar.

An important part of each mission was the workshop, for here the neophytes not only helped to supply their economic needs, but got an important part of their training for civilized life. At each of these four missions the Indians manufactured *mantas*, *terlingas*, *sayales*, *rebozos*, *frezadas*, and other common fabrics of wool and cotton. At Mission San Antonio the workshop contained four looms, and two store-rooms with cotton, wool, cards, spindles, etc. At Concepción and San Francisco there were three looms each.

The neophytes of each mission lived in an Indian village, or *pueblo*, closely connected with the church and monastery. Of those of the four Querétaran missions we have the fullest description of the *pueblo* at Mission San Antonio de Valero. It consisted of seven rows of houses built of stone, with arched porticoes, doors, and windows. There was a plaza through which ran a water-ditch, grown with willows and fruit trees. Within the plaza was a curbed well, to supply water in case of a siege by the enemy. The *pueblo* was surrounded by a wall, and over the gate was a tower, with embrasures, and equipped with three cannon, firearms, and ammunition. The houses were furnished with high beds, chests, metates, pots, kettles, and other domestic utensils. The *pueblo* of San Antonio was typical of all.

Agricultural and stock-raising activities had increased since 1745. At the four Querétaran missions there were now grazing 4897 head of cattle, 12,000 sheep and goats, and about 1600 horses, and each mission had from thirty-seven to fifty yoke of working oxen. Of the four missions San Francisco raised the most stock, having 2262 head of cattle and 4000 sheep and goats. Each mission had its ranch, some distance away, where the stock was kept, with one or more stone houses, occupied by the families of the overseers; the necessary corrals, farming implements, and carts; and tools for carpentry, masonry, and blacksmithing. Each mission had well-tilled fields, fenced in and watered by good irrigating ditches, with stone dams. In these fields maize, chile, beans, and cotton were raised in abundance, and in the *huertas* a large variety of garden truck.

The laws of the Indies even prescribed and the missions provided a school for self-government, elementary and limited, it is true, but germane and potential nevertheless. This was effected by organizing the Indians of the missions into a *pueblo*, with civil and military officers, modelled upon the Spanish administration. When the mission was founded the secular head of the district—governor, captain, or *alcalde*—as representative of the king, formally organized the *pueblo*, appointed the native officers, and gave title to the four-league grant of land. In constituting the native government, wisdom dictated that use should be made of the existing Indian organization, natives of prestige being given the important offices. Thereafter the civil officers were chosen by a form of native election, under the supervision of the missionary, and approved by the secular head of the jurisdiction.

The civil officers were usually a

governor, captain, alcaldes, and al-guacil, who by law constituted a cabildo, or council. The military officers were a captain or a *teniente*, and subalterns, and were appointed by the secular head, or by a native captain-general subject to approval by the secular head. The military officers had their own insignia, and, to give them prestige, separate benches were placed in the churches for the governor, alcalde, and council. In Sonora there was a *topil*, whose duty was to care for the community houses—a sort of free hostelry, open to all travellers, which seems to have been of native rather than of Spanish origin. The Indians had their own jail, and inflicted minor punishments, prescribed by the minister. Indian overseers kept the laborers at their work and, indeed, much of the task of controlling the Indians was effected through Indian officers themselves. Of course it was the directing force of the padres and the restraining force of the near-by presidio which furnished the ultimate pressure.

This pueblo government was established among the more advanced tribes everywhere, and it succeeded in varying degrees. It was often a cause for conflict of jurisdiction, and in California, where the natives were of the most barbarous, it was strongly opposed by the missionaries. It has been called a farce, but it certainly was not so intended. It was not self-government any more than is student government in a primary school. But it was a means of control, and was a step toward self-government. It is one of the things, moreover, which help to explain how two missionaries and three or four soldiers could make an orderly town out of two or three thousand savages recently assembled from divers and sometimes mutually hostile tribes. So deeply was it impressed upon the Indians

of New Mexico that some of them yet maintain their Spanish pueblo organization, and by it still govern themselves, extra-legally. And, I am told, in some places even in California, the descendants of the mission Indians still keep up the pueblo organization as a sort of fraternity, or secret society.

In these ways, then, did the missions serve as frontier agencies of Spain. As their first and primary task, the missionaries spread the Faith. But in addition, designedly or incidentally, they explored the frontiers, promoted their occupation, defended them and the interior settlements, taught the Indians the Spanish language, and disciplined them in good manners, in the rudiments of European crafts, of agriculture, and even of self-government. Moreover, the missions were a force which made for the preservation of the Indians, as opposed to their destruction, so characteristic of the Anglo-American frontier. In the English colonies the only good Indians were dead Indians. In the Spanish colonies it was thought worth while to improve the natives for this life as well as for the next. Perhaps the missions did not, in every respect, represent a twentieth-century ideal. Sometimes, and to some degree, they failed, as has every human institution. Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten that of the millions of half-castes living south of us, the grandparents, in a large proportion of cases, at some generation removed, on one side or the other, were once mission Indians, and as such learned the elements of Spanish civilization. For these reasons, as well as for unfeigned religious motives, the missions received the royal support. They were a conspicuous feature of Spain's frontiering genius.

## ST. MARY'S INDIAN SCHOOL, ODANAH, WISCONSIN

*By Sr. M. Macaria, O. S. F.*

THE first superior of the Odanah Mission, or rather of the little log school building at Odanah, was Sister M. Cunegunda, who is still living. She was a very active worker at the mission from its opening, in 1883, until 1894, and again from 1908 until 1915, when ill health obliged her to give up these labors for others less arduous. Of the other pioneers, Sister M. Thaddea, the good Master did not see fit to require so much. The burden of those early days proved too heavy for her tender years, and on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1886, she yielded her beautiful soul into the hands of her Creator. Providential it can not but seem that the first passenger train that went through the village bore her remains to Ashland, where after the funeral services in St. Agnes Church, they were interred in St. Agnes Cemetery. Mourned by all the Indians, who lovingly carried her coffin to the train, her death was still more keenly felt by Father Chrysostom Verwyst, O. F. M., who at that time attended the mission, and by her superior and co-laborer, Sister M. Cunegunda.

Sister Thaddea's immediate successor, Sister M. Alphonsa, has also passed to her reward; but Sister M. Celestine who took up the work in the fall of 1887, though now aged sixty, is still an active member of the band of fifteen Sisters now engaged at the mission. In 1892, her

superiors required her services at another post, but she returned to Odanah, in 1900, and with this single intermission of about seven years, she has been actively engaged in the Red Men's cause, which she makes her own. Like an over-fond mother who finds it hard to believe that her own children are not the very best on earth, she invariably maintains that the Indian has acquired most of his vices from the white man. She has considerable arguments to support her contention; but the writer prefers to postpone their advancement to a later date; for she thinks a history of St. Mary's early days without some reference to its worthy founder, Rev. John Gaftron, O. F. M., would be a veritable "Hamlet without the ghost." On the other hand, the extensive sketch of his life and labors among the Chippewas, which appeared in last July's number of the *Herald*, makes it necessary to confine ourselves now to a few brief remarks concerning this worthy missionary.

St. Mary's School at Odanah stands to-day a monument to his untiring zeal. With truly apostolic insight, he foresaw that his efforts to convert the Indians would be fruitless unless supported by a Catholic school. This, at first sight, may seem exaggeration. In fact, it is only when we contrast the existing conditions on this reservation with those of reservations where no Cath-

olic school exists, that we realize the progress made here. The writer several years since visited such a reservation, where a Lutheran minister had spent over twenty years evangelizing (?) the natives. The matron appointed by the Government for the purpose of visiting the Indian homes could not think of teaching the household arts. Who ever heard of teaching the household arts without a house? There were only two or three houses on this reservation. Tepees were the rule rather than the exception. Half-clad children slunk back, or crouched behind the nearest object at the Sisters' approach. The matron was thoroughly discouraged. She offered the Sisters the free use of her home, as well as the conveyance in which she made

her trips to the reservation; in short, she begged them to come to her assistance; but the Sisters in question were on their way to the Odanah Mission, where Father John's little log school had been blessed beyond his most sanguine expectations. Indeed, the good priest had the pleasure of supervising an addition to a much larger building only five years after the opening of the original building.

Among the Chippewas, Father John was a worthy rival of Longfellow's famous Iagoo. Father Chrysostom says that this good priest could tell three stories at one time, one main story, and two others explanatory of the main one, and it was his custom to excite the interest of his dusky children by interspersing edifying anecdotes with his religious instructions. Recently, I asked a good Chippewa woman

how she best remembered Father John. "By his stories," was her reply. His perfect mastery of the Chippewa language also endeared him to these simple people. They declared, and truthfully, that he spoke their language better than any member of the Chippewa nation. Some idea of the effort he expended in this



Rev. Chrysostom Verwyst, O. F. M.

study may be gained by an examination of the Ojibway term for "Leech Lake," which in the Ojibway, or Chippewa, tongue almost rends an ordinary jaw in an effort to pronounce it. The writer never made the attempt. Will the reader try? Here is the spelling: "GA-SA-GAS-KWAD-JI-ME-KAG," while one almost gags in attempting: "E-PITCH-KIT-CHIT-WA-WEN-DA-CO-SI-GO-BA-NEN," meaning, "As

it was honored in the beginning." On the other hand, many of these words are very expressive, one of them frequently containing a whole phrase in the English tongue, as does the word just quoted. Another good example is Father John's Chippewa title: "Anamiegabaw," that is, "Bowed in Praying."

This title, a testimonial of his sincere piety, reminds us of the following incident. After the Communion of his Mass, he was wont to spend in communing with his Lord more time than the tepid members of a congregation might desire. On one occasion, however, he had to break his pious custom. He had come, it would seem, unexpectedly to the wigwam of a Catholic Indian to offer up Holy Mass. The only place he could stand upright was in the center of the wigwam, the fireplace. The hot coals were quickly raked away, some spruce boughs placed over the fire-place, and a board over the branches for the Father to stand on. Mass began, but soon the heat of the fire-place began to communicate itself to the board on which the good padre was standing, and, becoming more and more intense each moment, his only alternative in his predicament was to stand on one foot at a time, and when that almost scorched member protested, the other foot came to its relief. Thus, between raising the heated foot and lowering the partially cooled foot, a number of additional movements were made during that particular Mass, and yet, it goes without saying, that he said that Mass in a considerably shorter

period of time than was his custom.

The writer is indebted to Father Chrysotom for the above amusing anecdote. This good priest was Father John's immediate successor as pastor of St. Mary's, and, together with Father Casimir's, his labors form a parallel to those of Father John's. Like him, they labored for years in the Indian Missions of the Lake Superior region; like him, too, their health was undermined by the hardships they underwent; and several years ago, they had to give up their missionary work among the Chippewas. Father Chrysostom, now stationed at Bayfield, Wis., still preaches powerful sermons on special occasions at Odanah. The older members of the congregation flock eagerly to hear him; for the Chippewa likes a forcible speaker, and couches his approbation in expressions similar to the following: "That's the way to be a priest!"

The sight of the venerable missionary carrying the satchel indicative of his priestly errand in one hand and an improvised one containing delicacies for his dear Indian patients in the other, is now, after nearly a score of years, still fresh in the minds of many of the Odanah Chippewas. The Sisters of St. Mary's remember him as a veritable St. Martin of Tours. If certain details of his wardrobe were missing, it was safe to surmise that he had given them to some poor Indian. At table, he would set aside his soup and other palatable dishes to carry, later in day, in his improvised satchel, to some sick Indian. When the Sisters discovered this,

the Sister Superior said to him, "Father, after this we want you to eat your soup, your fruit, your pie, your pudding; and you may have an extra bowl of soup, an extra piece of pie, and an extra dish of pudding for your sick."

Another of his characteristic traits was promptness. Not only when preparing to leave on an early train to make a missionary trip would he be found at the foot of the altar, sometimes ten minutes before the regular time, but even on ordinary occasions his clock never synchronized with the Sisters' time-pieces. The Superior, therefore, told the Sister sacristan to tell the good Father that the school's clocks were correct, and that if he wished to begin Mass before the regular

hour, they could ring the bell at an earlier time. Now, the Sister in question was a new arrival, and knew the zealous priest only through his sermons, the basic principle of which was, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Never accustomed to doing things by halves, at the close of his Chippewa and English ser-

mons, after High Mass, on Sundays, he was bathed in perspiration, and one of the Sister sacristan's duties was to have a good fire in the sacristy stove to prevent him from contracting a cold when he entered to unvest after his sermons. She may have thought, "If he gets so hot over his sermons, what will he say when I tell him he anticipates the hour for Mass." With quivering lips, she made her statement, and now after nearly a quarter of a century, she distinctly recalls how gently the great missionary responded, "All right, Sister." The writer fully realizes that this hastily written sketch is far from doing justice to the great Franciscan missionaries who labored so long and zealously for the Chippewa

Rev. John Gafron, O.F.M.



Indian Missions, and whose motto, like that of the saints was: "Amplius, Domine, amplius"—"Yet, more work, O Lord! yet, more!" In their zeal for souls, they frequently lost sight of their own comfort and necessities, and frequently, too, went beyond the bounds of prudence. The poor, despised Indians, who were the objects of their solicitude,

did not, and in fact, could not comprehend the great sacrifices these Apostolic men were making in order to save their immortal souls of the Indian, purchased no less dearly than that of his more favored white brother's—by the Redeemer's Precious Blood. Like the illustrious Champlain, the immortal founder of Quebec, these great missionaries deemed the salvation of a single soul of greater importance than the conquest of an empire. Father

Chrysostom is spending the evening hours of his life in the peaceful seclusion of the Franciscan convent at Bayfield. The golden glow of Father Casimir's sunset is destined to illumine the scenes made sacred by the hallowed footprints of the Seraphic Serra; while Father John, we have every reason to hope, is enjoying that unspeakable reward promised to those who "instruct many unto justice."

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## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

*By James Corbett*

**I**N the tobacco department of Gotchild's big store three Juniors from the Lincoln High School were assisting the two all-the-year-round clerks at nights and on Saturdays during the busy season before Christmas. They were James Brady, George Stone, and Paul Dane. The head of the department, Mr. King, kept daily inventory of all sales and remained at work every night long after the others had gone home. Three days after the new boys had been put to work, two packages of an expensive brand of cigarettes disappeared and similar petty thefts occurred then almost daily for the following two weeks. The stockman's efforts to discover the thief proved futile, although he assured Mr. Chase, the general manager, that one of the High School boys alone could be guilty.

One night, shortly before quitting time, he noticed that a costly meerschaum had been purloined. When the store closed, the lads went mer-

rily to their lockers to don their coats and caps. As they were about to leave the store, Mr. King called them and smilingly said, "Mr. Chase wishes to see you for a moment," and the young men filed into the manager's office, followed by Mr. King.

Mr. Chase did not mince matters. "I have had charge of this store for fifteen years, and during this time I have prosecuted and sent to jail forty-three dishonest clerks, most of whom were extra men employed during the holidays. A pipe was stolen to day, and, although you boys have come highly recommended, yet I must ask you to allow Mr. King to examine your pockets."

While George Stone and Paul Dane readily assented, James Brady, who was known as the honor pupil of the Lincoln School, alone demurred.

"Mr. Chase," he said, when his turn came to be searched, "I give you my word of honor, which has never yet been questioned, that I

did not steal the pipe, and I deem it an insult to be searched thus."

Mr. King did not heed the objection, but began to rummage the boy's pockets, when suddenly his face brightened as he drew forth the missing meerschaum from the depths of the lad's overcoat. Brady's countenance, which had been flushed with indignation, now became deathly pale, and he exclaimed:

"I swear, Mr. Chase, I never put that pipe there. I've never stolen anything in my life!"

"That's what they all say," muttered King.

The manager at once telephoned the police station and asked the desk-sergeant to send over the wagon. Mr. King had been just a little rough before; now he tore at the boy's clothing looking for other contraband goods. In doing this, he accidentally ripped the boy's shirt, revealing his Third Order scapular. At the sight of this, he sneered and made an offensive remark about Catholic hypocrites that caused the tears to flow down the lad's cheeks. Mr. Chase, on the other hand, seemed surprised and saddened on seeing the scapular.

"Are you a member of the Third Order?" he asked gravely.

"Yes, sir," sobbed Brady.

"Come with me, my boy, into this room," Chase replied, taking James by the arm and leading him to a small adjoining office and closing the door. Then turning on the boy with an expression of contempt, he said:

"I am a Protestant, but my wife is a Catholic. She is also a member of the Third Order; so too are many of my Catholic friends, whom I admire for their splendid Christian lives. Hence you can well imagine how it grieves me to find that a member of this Order can stoop so low as to turn thief and then endeavor to lie himself out of his pre-

dicament on being discovered."

"But, sir, I am not lying," answered Brady, drying the tears in his eyes.

"Boy, don't try to deceive me! Unless some one borrowed your key, no one else could have opened your locker; for no two keys are alike; and no one could have dropped the pipe into your pocket since you put on your coat, for all three of you were too closely watched from the moment the pipe was missed until now. But for the sake of my wife and my friends, I am ready to believe you if you tell me on your honor as a member of the Third Order that you did not steal this pipe."

"Mr. Chase, I never loaned my key to anyone and I have no idea how the pipe got into my pocket, but I affirm on my honor as a Tertiary that I never stole it."

"You may go," was all the manager said, as he opened the door.

The patrol called, but returned to the station without a victim. The excuse that there had been a mistake and a bill slipped into the palm of the sergeant prevented further enquiry. Mr. Chase then told the three boys to go home but to report for work the next day as usual. After they had gone, he turned to Mr. King, who stood gaping in surprise at the unexpected turn of events.

"I have no explanations to make at present and I request that you carefully refrain from discussing this matter with anybody in or out of the store. The affair is now closed until I reopen it myself."

Without waiting for a reply, he left the office and soon after was closeted with Mr. John Ray, a well known private detective. The following Saturday morning, Mr. Chase summoned Mr. King to his office, and introduced him to the detective, remarking at the same time that he hoped the mystery of the thefts would soon be cleared up.

"Now, gentlemen," began Mr. Ray, "please do not anticipate."

Then he proceeded to untie a small bundle that lay on the table, and revealed to the astonished gaze of the manager and Mr. King the fourteen packages of expensive cigarettes that had disappeared from one of the cases.

"So that canting hypocrite Brady owned up to his guilt after all, did he?" asked the delighted Mr. King.

Disregarding his query, Mr. Ray continued:

"Acting on the assumption that James Brady had told the truth, I searched among the lockers to see if I could find a duplicate key; for unless such a key existed, James must assuredly be guilty. Here it is!" and he placed the key on the table. "I found it hid away on top of the dust-covered scantling that stretches across the locker room. I took it to a master locksmith and asked him to give me its pedigree. To an ordinary person, a key is just a piece of metal fashioned in a certain mold that fits some lock; but to this man each key has a history stamped upon it. This is what he said, between puffs of his old dudeneen: 'It was made from a wax impression—in this city—about three weeks ago—by a first-class workman.—It looks like Tony Masack's work—he's over on Halstead—near Milwaukee Avenue.'

"I hunted up Masack and he at once admitted that he had made the key for a young man whom he would have no difficulty in recognizing should he see him again; 'for,' said he, 'the boy acted so suspiciously that I judged something was not quite right about the key.' The next day, I brought Tony Massack down to the store and he pointed out—"

"James Brady!" exclaimed King triumphantly.

"George Stone!" finished the

detective quietly. "After some more scouting," he went on, as King sought to conceal his confusion and chagrin, "I learned that every night Brady and Stone would visit the young men's club over here on Broadway for a game of billiards before going home. They would remove their overcoats, placing them on a chair. During the day, Stone could deposit the stolen goods in Brady's pocket and then in the evening at the club abstract them again while his friend was making a shot. I also learned that the principal of the Lincoln School had cured his boys of the rude habit of keeping their hands in their pockets and thus Stone knew it was hardly likely that Brady would discover that he was being used as a middleman crook, as the stolen articles could easily be concealed beneath the lad's gloves. I presented these facts to Stone, taking him by surprise, and the boy broke down completely and blurted out the whole truth. He brought me into his wood-shed where he had secreted the cigarettes, intending to smoke them after the holidays. The picture show near his home had been exhibiting a serial film, 'The Gray Seal,' in which a master criminal is the hero, who commits many robberies but never leaves a trace or clew behind; and Stone wanted to prove he was just as clever."

Knowing Mr. Chase to be a Protestant, visitors to his private office in Gotchild's big department store are surprised to see on the wall above his desk a beautiful painting of the Seraphic St. Francis, clothed in the familiar brown habit and extending his hands in blessing over St. Louis and St. Elizabeth, as they kneel humbly bowed at his feet. Below the picture in letters of gold are the words: Patrons of the Third Order.

## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome Italy.**—February 21 was a day of great joy for the students of St. Antony's International College in Rome. In company of their Very Rev. FF. President Benedict Schmidt and Professors, they were received in private audience by His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. Most Rev. Fr. General introduced the happy friars to the Holy Father who had a kind word for each one. Of their number were also two missionaries of the Holy Land. In his address, the Holy Father said in part, "We intend this audience to be a testimony of Our special regard for your worthy Minister General and of Our paternal affection for the Order; it is Our sincere wish that the Franciscan family continue to grow in number and in virtue, for the honor of the Church and the welfare of souls."—

On January 17, a month's mind in memory of Rt. Rev. Pacificus Monza, O.F.M., whose death the March issue of the *Herald* reported, was held with becoming solemnity in the Franciscan Church of St. Antony, Rome. His Eminence Cardinal Fillippo Giustini, Protector of the Order, was present at the ceremonies. The solemn Requiem was sung by the Most Rev. Vicar General of the Order of Friars Preachers assisted by the General Curia and other dignitaries of the Dominican Order. Very Rev. Michelangelo Marucci, O.F.M., Definitor General, delivered the funeral oration.—

Last February, the first informative process was held in the cause of the beatification of Ven. Mary of the Passion, Foundress of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary. The servant of God, known in the world as Helen de Chappo-

tin de Neuville, was born at Nantes, France, May 21, 1839, of a noble and pious family. At the age of sixteen she aspired to the religious state. She was thirty-eight years of age, when in an audience with Pope Pius IX, she received orders to found a new Sisterhood. She began the foundation in Bretagne. In 1882, it was established in Rome, where Most Rev. Fr. Bernadine de Portogruaro, Minister General of the Order of Friars Minor, affiliated it to the Order of St. Francis. Pope Leo XIII approved this action and placed the new Sisterhood under the immediate direction of the Minister General. The Ven. Foundress died November 15, 1904, at San Remo, in the convent of Our Lady of Guadalupe which had been founded that same year in memory of the fiftieth anniversary of the definition of the Immaculate Conception as dogma.—

The Sacred Congregation of Rites recently held a preliminary meeting, during which they approved the introduction of the cause of beatification of Mother Anne Mary Lapini. The venerable servant of God founded a Franciscan Sisterhood known as the Poor Daughters of the Sacred Stigmata or the Stigmatines. The congregation was founded in 1858. Since then it has spread rapidly, especially in Italy where it comprises several provinces. It has houses likewise in Albania.—

The Very Rev. Fr. Dominic Reuter, D. D., former Minister General of the Friars Minor Conventual and at present rector of the Poenitentiaria of St. Peter's, is an American citizen. He has been placed at the head of the Vatican bureau in charge of the welfare work for

prisoners of war.

**Holy Land.**—Regarding the recent occupation of Jerusalem by the English forces, *Franciscan Annals* assures us "on reliable authority that when the proclamation, written in four languages, was read to the people, in the presence of General Allenby and his Staff, the reader of the document was a Franciscan Friar."

**England.**—In Great Britain, according to *Franciscan Annals*, there are 16 churches dedicated to Our Lady of the Angels, 23 to St. Francis, 21 to St. Antony, 4 to St. Clare, and one each to St. Bonaventure, St. Bernardine, St. Peter of Alcantara, and St. Fidelis.

**Santiago, Spain.**—The Third Order fraternity of Santiago at present numbers 4,536 members. During the year 1917, 119 postulants received the Tertiary cord and scapular, 126 novices made their profession, and 56 members passed to their eternal reward.

**Guatemala, Central America.**—In consequence of the terrible earthquake that well-nigh destroyed the city of Guatemala last December, the two beautiful churches in charge of the Franciscan Fathers together with the adjoining friaries are in ruins.

**Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.**—The lectures on the Rule of the Third Order were again well attended by the members of both branches. Very encouraging, too, is the number of applications made for admission into the Order. The next reception of novices will be held on June 13, at 8.00 P.M., the feast of St. Antony of Padua, and our Rev. Director is desirous of offering even a still larger class of new members to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the month of June than he did last year. The meeting on May 5 will again be held in the parish hall, at 3.15 P.M. sharp. Rev. August Gerhardt, a member of our

Tertiary branch, who has volunteered as chaplain in the U. S. Army, as also Bro. Philip Derra, private of the 121st Heavy Artillery, likewise of this branch, are recommended to the prayers of the members.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.**—The students passed a most agreeable evening on Easter Monday, when Monsignor Oechtering's splendid comedy, *The Old Captain's Idea*, was staged with marked success in the college hall. The play fairly bubbles over with humor and comic situations from the beginning to the end and never fails to score a success. Following is the cast of characters together with the program of musical numbers:

Larkins, a sculptor.....	Edw. Voss
Tony Trotter, his servant.....	Ralph Patterson
George Piper, negro servant.....	Bernard Rust
Captain Gay, jolly old tar.....	Ant. Glaenber
Adolphus' two dudes.....	Alph. Limacher
Augustus'.....	Paul Eberle
Stonecraft, critic of high art.....	Hy. Rutherford
Charley Morton, a small boy.....	Francis Frey
Tommy Jenkins, his friend.....	James Gillespie
Dr. Harris.....	Walter Mescher
Lieutenant Catchcannon.....	Chas. Pfeilschifter
Muckenbinder, a caterer.....	Albert Kunz

#### MUSICAL PROGRAM

L'Estudiantina (Waltz).....	E. Waldteufel
Forest Night (Orchestra & Choir).....	J. Cintura
Boy Scouts' March (National Airs Medley).....	P. Henneberg

On Sunday afternoon, April 14, the parishioners of Teutopolis held a loyalty meeting, for which a splendid program had been prepared. The celebration opened with a march by the college orchestra, after which the parish service flag containing 18 stars, was solemnly blessed by the Rev. Pastor, Fr. Theodosius, O.F.M., who also delivered a stirring address. Among the other speakers was Rev. Fr. Joseph, O.F.M., of the college faculty, who held the vast audience spellbound with his ardent discourse on patriotism. After the meeting in the hall, the audience joined the large crowd outside, which had failed to gain admittance to the hall, and then to the strains of the Star Spangled Banner, the booming of cannon, and the cheers of the

bystanders, an immense United States flag was unfurled.

Recently, four former students of "Old St. Joe's," now Franciscan priests of our Province, were appointed army chaplains. They are, Fr. Isidore Fosselmann, at Camp Taylor, Kentucky, Fr. Peter A. Crumbly, of the 60th Engineer Regiment, Washington, D. C., Fr. Juvenal Emmanuel, at Camp Pike, Arkansas, and Fr. Cyrinus Schneider, who at present writing has not received his definite post. Moreover, one of our Tertiary lay Brothers, Rel. Brother Antony Hecker, who had charge of the students' refectory while at college, has also been called to the colors and is now in training as a private in Camp Taylor, Ky. Aware of the fact that St. Francis himself as a youth fought in battle for his native city, the good Brother is determined to imitate his Seraphic Father no less in the martial virtues than in those of the cloister.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—April 7 and 21 will go down in the annals of St. Peter's Church as red letter days for the English-speaking Tertiaries of Chicago, for on these two days the Rev. Fr. Roger, O.F.M., Rector of St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill., and Visitor and Commissary of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart, honored them with his presence and conducted the prescribed canonical visitation of our two fraternities. The visitation of the St. Francis Fraternity was held on April 7. At 2.15 P. M., the Rev. Fr. Visitor met the officers and promoters in a special meeting and addressed them in his kind fatherly way, exhorting them faithfully to perform their respective duties. At 3 o'clock he was conducted in solemn procession by all the members of the fraternity to the church. After the *Veni Creator*, Fr. Roger delivered a most impressive and

appropriate sermon on the Third Order and encouraged the Tertiaries to be ever true children of the Seraphic Father. At the close of the address, five Tertiaries who have faithfully worn the scapular and cord of the Third Order for the past twenty-five years, were accorded the special distinction of celebrating their silver jubilee in the Order. Fr. Visitor congratulated them warmly on the honor and presented each one with a beautiful crucifix as a souvenir of the event. Solemn Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament and the *Te Deum* closed the services in the church. Hereupon the Tertiaries repaired to their hall, which had been most tastefully decorated for the occasion, where all had an opportunity of personally greeting their distinguished guest. On April 21, similar services marked the visitation of the St. Louis Fraternity. Both celebrations were decidedly successful and greatly aroused the enthusiasm of the Tertiaries for their holy Order.—The solemn novena of Tuesdays in honor of St. Antony was inaugurated at St. Peter's, on April 16, with a solemn High Mass, at which three of our Franciscan Army Chaplains officiated: Fr. Isidore Fosselmann as celebrant, Fr. Peter A. Crumbly as deacon, and Fr. Juvenal Emanuel as subdeacon. On this occasion, between 2300 and 2400 persons received Holy Communion in our church.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.**—Our general monthly meeting was held on Sunday, April 7, and we note with pleasure that our Tertiaries are assembling in ever-increasing numbers. Twelve postulants were invested with the cord and scapular, while twenty-eight novices made their profession. Our Rev. Director addressed the members on the injunction of the Rule that Tertiaries must confess

their sins and approach the Holy Table at least once a month. Enlarging on the subject, he dwelt especially on the many advantages of frequent Communion and spoke enthusiastically on the happiness of daily Communion. The business of the fraternity is developing so rapidly and steadily, that it has been decided to establish a Third Order office, with an energetic Tertiary in charge, who will thus relieve our Rev. Director of many details of the business affairs of the fraternity. Our worthy prefect, Mr. Charles Hobrecht, desires to thank *Franciscan Herald* and its kind readers for their sympathy to him and their prayers for his deceased father. He sincerely appreciates their courtesy.—

The readers of the *Herald* have, doubtless, long since heard of Mr. David Goldstein's autovan tour of the country in his laudable endeavor to carry out the purpose of the Catholic Truth Guild of Boston, which is to evangelize the man in the street, to make the Catholic Church better known and loved by him. Mr. Goldstein is now in California and is everywhere being enthusiastically received. The "Gospel Car," however, has proved to be less enduring than its occupants and a new automobile had to be provided. This necessity was generously met by the San Francisco Knights of Columbus, and the new autovan was solemnly blessed and dedicated to its holy mission in front of the Franciscan church of St. Boniface, San Francisco, on Easter Sunday, March 31, by the Rev. Fr. Ildephonse, O.F.M., as the representative of His Grace Archbishop Hanna. For, being himself a devout and fervent Tertiary of St. Francis, Mr. Goldstein thought it eminently fitting that the new car make its start from a Franciscan church, strengthened by the spirit and blessing of the Seraphic

St. Francis, who in his day went about from place to place to bring the glad tidings of the Gospel to his fellow men and thus lead them to Christ. *Franciscan Herald* congratulates Mr. Goldstein on the success of his efforts and trusts that he may long be spared to carry the truths of our holy Faith and Franciscan ideals through the land to the greater glory of God and the good of souls.

**Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church.**—The good people of Washington are becoming deeply interested in the Third Order of St. Francis as they are becoming more acquainted with its importance and advantages. The Third Order is spreading fast among the young and the old. Congregational singing has been introduced at the monthly meetings, and Tertiaries serve at the altar. A Third Order library has likewise been begun. On Easter Sunday, the local branch had its first canonical visitation. The Rev. Visitor of the Third Order, Father Roger O. F. M., conducted the visitation according to the plan laid down at the Tertiary Convention held at Teutopolis, Ill., last November. On this occasion, he made a warm address on the aims of the Third Order. The Tertiaries were much impressed with the celebration and the words of encouragement. On April 7, Rev. Fr. Honoratus, O.F.M., began a retreat for our Tertiaries. It was likewise the first retreat given to the Third Order here at Washington. It proved to be a signal success. The whole parish had been urged to attend. The people flocked to the church in great numbers and listened with wrapt attention to the eloquent discourses of their Retreat Master. Sunday, April 14, is a day which will long live in the fond memories of the Third Order members. In the evening, was the solemn close of their retreat.

Seventy-four new candidates, an exceptionally large number for this parish, were invested with the scapular and cord by the Rev. Pastor Father Donulus, O. F. M. Still more remarkable is the fact that of these seventy-four there were thirty-one men and young men. It was particularly edifying to see so many young people join the ranks of our Holy Father St. Francis. The local branch now counts two hundred and seventy-five members, of which one hundred and seventy-nine have been received in the last twelve-month. The retreat closed with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament during which our fraternity was solemnly dedicated to St. Antony of Padua, and it shall henceforth bear the name of St. Antony's Fraternity of the Third Order. In future, the monthly meeting of the Third Order will take the place of the customary afternoon devotion on the fourth Sunday of every month.

**Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.**—An appropriate celebration marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination to the holy priesthood of Rev. Fr. Adolph, O. F. M. chaplain of the orphan asylum at Joliet, on Wednesday, April 3. The Rev. Jubilarian celebrated a solemn High Mass in St. John's Church, assisted by Rev. FF. Bernard and Ulric as deacon and subdeacon, after which he was tendered an informal reception in the monastery. Besides the members of the local community, a number of Fathers from neighboring cities honored him with their presence. Fr. Adolph entered the Franciscan Order on August 2, 1886, and was ordained priest on March 25, 1893.

**Keshena, Wis., St. Michael's Church.**—The Indian Mission School at Keshena is mourning the loss by death of one who for years was its life and guiding spirit, the Rel. Brother Remigius Berens, O.F.M.

Born in Germany, on March 17, 1856, Lawrence Berens, as he was then called, entered the Order of Friars Minor, on September 8, 1878, at Teutopolis, Ill. In October, 1883, he was sent to the Indian Mission at Keshena, where he remained ever since, occupying the post of teacher, organist, choir director, secretary, catechist, and porter, and otherwise making himself indispensable as the right hand of the Rev. Fr. Superior. He possessed the happy faculty of thoroughly understanding the Indian character and was dearly loved by his redskin charges. Although entrusted with much of the most important work at the mission, good Brother Remigius always remained humble and was revered by all that knew him as a model son of St. Francis. Accompanied by his sorrowing fellow religious, a number of neighboring priests, and a vast crowd of Indians his mortal remains were laid to rest, on April 3, in the mission cemetery, near the place where he had so generously spent himself in the service of God for the salvation of souls. R. I. P.

**Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church.**—On April 5, the local fraternity of the Third Order held a social in the Sacred Heart Hall, for the benefit of the new Tertiary library fund. The net receipts were \$36. Besides, the library was enriched by a number of books donated by some of the members.

**Komatke, Ariz., St. John's Mission.**—A class of thirty-two boys and girls of our Indian Boarding School were admitted to their First Holy Communion, on April 7. Rev. Fr. Cornelius, O.F.M., who has been recuperating his strength at the Mission the past year with marked success, conducted the preparatory instructions and also had the pleasure of officiating at the beautiful ceremony. In the afternoon, sixty-two children were enrolled in the

confraternity of the scapular of Mount Carmel. The delightful spring weather we have been enjoying the past few months has had a very beneficial influence on our school children. Baseball, basket ball, and tennis are the favorite games, and every Sunday afternoon, visitors from Phoenix and vicinity come to see the school and to attend the ball game. Nor is the life in the classrooms less active than on the playgrounds. Quite the contrary, for our children are busy preparing their exhibits for the coming Indian fair, and they hope even to better their previous splendid record for prizes won.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.**—Since our last report, in March, twenty-eight postulants were received into the Third Order and twenty novices were admitted to profession. The monthly meetings of both fraternities were exceptionally well attended the past two months, to the great satisfaction of our Rev. Director. The annual canonical visitation of the two

fraternities will take place on May 26. With the hearty approbation of the Rev. Pastors, our Tertiaries receive their monthly Communion in a body in the following parishes: St. Elizabeth (colored), St. Agnes, Holy Trinity, Sacred Heart, St. Pius, and St. Francis Xavier.

**New York City, Cathedral College.**—A year ago last February, the Third Order of St. Francis was canonically erected in the Cathedral College of this city. On February 27 last, the first solemn profession of novices took place. More than 150 were professed. Rev. Fr. Martin, O. M. Cap., who erected the fraternity, also officiated on this occasion, and he congratulated the students on their perseverance in their holy vocation. Rev. Dr. Ryan, D.D., of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y., delivered a splendid discourse on "Poverty, the cardinal virtue of St. Francis." A second reception of novices was held on March 20. The fraternity now numbers over 200 members, of whom more than 150 are professed.

## OBITUARY

**Keshena, Wis., St. Michael's Church:**—Rel. Brother Remigius Berens, O.F.M.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**

*St. Francis Fraternity:*—Philomena Leroux, Sr. Frances; Elizabeth Rice, Sr. Mary Alice Griffeth, Sr. Anne.

*St. Louis Fraternity:*—John Cowhey, Bro. Antony; Mary Kopp, Sr. Rose; Catherine Flynn, Sr. Paschal; Mary Cook, Sr. Mary; Johanna Walsh, Sr. Frances; Amelia Kennedy, Sr. Gertrude; Sarah Burns, Sr. Elizabeth.

*St. Elizabeth Fraternity:*—Anna Schimel, Sr. Cunegunda; Juliana Peppler, Sr. Virginiana.

**Chillicothe, Mo.:**—Mary Pierson, Sr. Clementine.

**Dubuque, Iowa, St. Francis Home:**—Susanna Hoffmann, Sr. Michelina.

**Humphrey, Nebr., St. Francis Church:**—Rosalia Fuchs, Sr. Mary.

**Omaha, Nebr., St. Joseph's Church:**—Frances Wend, Sr. Clare; Mrs. Shea.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:**—Thomas Kerr; Ellen Kropp, Sr. Anne; Cordelia Trumbull, Sr. Hilaire; Sarah A. Bryan, Sr. Elizabeth; Julia Lally, Sr. Margaret; Kate Hickey; Mary Costello.

**St. Louis Mo., St. Antony's Church:**—Wilhelmina Schenk; Sophia Geiler; Anna Connors; Stella Manion; Joanna Cotter; Mary Zavadil; Bridget Tierney.

# Franciscan Herald

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## Editorial Comment

### "FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES"

Deliverance from evils forms the burden of the last three petitions of the Lord's Prayer. These petitions are three in number because the ills to which our flesh is heir are either past or future or present. From past evils we pray to be delivered in the words, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." The term "trespasses," which in this instance is but a synonym for the word "debts," includes both our debt of guilt and our debt of punishment, in other words, our sins and the punishment due to them.

It is evident that before we can hope to receive any favor from Almighty God, we must first endeavor to propitiate him by removing the causes of his anger. We are all sinners; "for in many things we all offend," says Holy Writ. Hence, if we wish our prayers to be heard, it is necessary to add thereto a plea for pardon. Could we but see ourselves as we appear in God's all-seeing eyes, defiled with sins and burdened with debts of punishment, we should hardly dare to raise our hands to him in supplication but ring them rather in sorrow over past transgressions. But, such is the goodness of God that he looks not so much to the merit as to the disposition of the petitioner, and he is willing to show us mercy if only we are ready to satisfy his justice. This readiness we manifest as often as we say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

God's justice is fully satisfied when not only our sins but also the punishments due to them are remitted. After the sin is forgiven, there frequently remains to be canceled a debt of temporal punishment. This debt is extinguished either by voluntary penance here or by involuntary sufferance hereafter. In the words of the fifth petition, therefore, we ask God to help us bring worthy fruits of penance and graciously to remit what our weakness can not expiate.

But we can hope for forgiveness of our sins and penalties only if we are willing to grant forgiveness. In other words, God has made the remission of our offences dependent on our readiness to condone injuries. "If you forgive men their offences," says our Blessed Savior, "your heavenly Father will forgive you also your offences. But if you will not forgive men, neither will your Father forgive you your offences." Whoever, therefore, bears resentment toward others, is at variance with the will of God; hence deserving of his wrath and punishment rather than of his

favor and love. Nay more, by uttering this petition in an unforgiving mood, we really ask Almighty God not to forgive us our trespasses. In a manner, therefore, we pronounce judgment on our own guilty selves. Thus Almighty God has placed our eternal destiny in our hands. It is for us to choose between his justice and his mercy. He has promised mercy to the merciful but a "judgment without mercy to him that hath not done mercy."

As a supplement to these remarks we may be permitted to add St. Bonaventure's beautiful paraphrase of the fifth petition. "O wonderful condescension of our God toward us. We have contemned him and exchanged him, the Supreme Good, for the vile poison of sin. Yet, he counsels us to ask his pardon; because he wishes to remit our penalties along with our offences—a thing he would not grant to the angels. O good Lord, how canst thou show greater mercy to us, who have so shamefully discarded thee? Thou thyself urggest us to say, 'Forgive us our trespasses.' 'Forgive us'; for thou hast thyself canceled our debt. 'Forgive us our trespasses'; for thou canst, and peace will be restored and the love-feast celebrated. 'Forgive us our trespasses—as we forgive those who trespass against us.' O blessed debt of our neighbor! O happy offence that we can advance as a plea before God for the remission of our own debt. Wherefore, brethren, let us not become sad if others offend us, if they injure us, if they afflict us, if they despoil us. But in all these things, let us, as far as we are able, rejoice and exult. Let us even desire and affect them; because by condoning our neighbor's offenses we can obtain the remission of our own. There is no doubt that in this plea there is great power and efficacy; because our supreme Judge and Advocate assures us, 'Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.' "



### AN INTRODUCTION

We have been asked to acquaint our readers with the name of the man whom we have referred to occasionally as the *Herald* artist. We, therefore, take great pleasure in presenting to them Mr. Henry Drogemeller, of St. Louis, Missouri. He is a man of exceptional artistic talent, who has devoted his life to the promotion of ecclesiastical art. Sketches from his pencil appear in many of the church windows installed by the firm of Emil Frei. These pictures are greatly admired by connoisseurs both for their originality of design and for their delicacy of execution. The *Herald* deems itself fortunate in having secured the services of this eminent artist, and it has repeatedly availed itself of them. Following is a list of his contributions to date: Gloria Franciscana, St. Joseph Cupertino, BB. Margaret Colonna, Pacificus of Cerano, Jane of Signa, Viridiana, Thomas of Tolentino, Humiliana, Stephen and Raymond. Mr. Drogemeller supplies also drawings for mural decorations of churches, and he will be pleased to submit drafts of any subject desired to all who may be interested.



### FILLING THE GAPS

In an interview which the Holy Father recently granted to the professors and students of St. Antony's College, Rome, he expressed the

the wish that the Franciscan family might continue to grow in numbers and in virtue, for the honor of the Church and the salvation of souls. This is proof, if proof were needed, of the Supreme Pontiff's interest in things Franciscan. Like his predecessors on the See of Peter, he is convinced that the prosperity of the great Franciscan family is intimately bound up with the welfare of the Church.

Though the name "Franciscan family" *per se* means not only the First Order of St. Francis but all three Orders of the three branches, it is quite possible that, in view of the heavy toll the war has exacted from the First Order, he may have referred particularly to this one. In the absence of official figures, it is impossible to give even approximately the number of Franciscan priests and clerics and lay brothers who are fighting and bleeding for their countries. But, it is safe to say that, being numerically stronger than any other religious Order and being represented in every country now at war, the First Franciscan Order has suffered much heavier losses in membership than any other. True, not all of the members that have been called to the colors, are lost to the Order forever; but very many of them are, and all of them are, at least temporarily, of no practical use to it. The consequence is that the Order is seriously hampered in its activity at a time when the world is most in need of it.

The situation might, after all, be not so bad if it were possible for the Order to fill the gaps in its ranks with suitable recruits. But, owing to the intolerable conditions brought on by the war, this is an extremely difficult task. Much has, indeed, been said and written about the great religious revival taking place in the European countries. If such a revival is actually going on, the religious novitiates and the other ecclesiastical institutions have yet to experience its good effects on themselves. Year after year, since the beginning of the war, the superiors of these houses have been obliged to register a steady decline in the number of inmates. It is not for us to examine into the causes of this decline; we wish merely to state a fact.

Surely, one need not be a prophet to be able to foretell that before long the same religious conditions will obtain in this country as at present exist in Europe. Even now it is feared that a number of ecclesiastical institutions will be forced to close for lack of sufficient students. What with the increased tuition rates and with the thousand and one demands this war is making on the slender means of Catholics, it is becoming increasingly difficult for candidates for the holy priesthood to pursue their studies in such institutions. Though this condition of affairs is not at all surprising, it is none the less deplorable from a religious point of view. The laborers in this section of the Lord's vineyard were all too few even before the war, and if it should continue for any length of time, the dearth of priests will make itself sorely felt in the not far distant future.

We are confident, however, that the Catholics of this country will be found equal also to this crisis. Their generous spirit is well known the world over. They have always been ready to render to Caesar the things that are his. But their generosity in regard to the things that are God's is quite unexampled; and it is this that makes us think Catholic parents will be no less willing to devote their sons to the service of God than to dedicate them to the welfare of their country. Such of our readers as perceive in their sons signs of a calling to the religious priesthood, may

be interested to know that St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Illinois, offers exceptional opportunities to needy boys and young men. The college gives to such as wish to become Franciscan priests all the advantages of a thorough religious and classical education at a merely nominal cost. For over fifty years it has endeavored to maintain the highest standards of Catholic education, and it has aided many a poor boy in the realization of his heart's desire.

We have thought it opportune to mention this to our readers, because this is the time of the year when many parents are confronted with the necessity of choosing a school for their adolescent boys. Would it be asking too much of our friends if we should request them kindly to mention this college to such parents? A good word at this time may prove very effectual in realizing the Holy Father's desire in regard to the Franciscan family.



#### BOOK REVIEW

A new edition of Fr. Candide Challipe's *Life and Legends of St. Francis of Assisi* has been got out by Fr. Hilarion, O.F.M., Director of the Third Order fraternities in Cleveland. It is known as the Jubilee Edition, and it is to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Order in that city. Fr. Candide's work appeared first in French almost two hundred years ago. Yet, it is still regarded as a classic biography even in these days of hyper-criticism. Many of the pious legends and naive theories contained in the original have, of course, been exploded by more recent research, and these the Reverend editor has, for the most part, eliminated. He has, however, endeavored to retain the character of the original, and herein, we think, consists the chief merit of the present English edition. The purpose of the original production was primarily edification, and edification remains the keynote of the work in its revised form.

The typography deserves special mention. The book is printed on good paper in clear type, and it is substantially, even handsomely bound. The price of fifty cents is really too low for a book of this kind. Admirers of St. Francis would be willing, we think, to pay at least a dollar for anything touching his life that affords them so much genuine pleasure and profit as are to be derived from these pages. In its present form, the book makes a very readable and presentable volume. It is at the same time popular in tone and popular in price, and we hope it will meet with popular favor.

We heartily agree with the editor when he says in his prefatory note that mere devotion to St. Francis is of itself not sufficient to acquire the Franciscan spirit; that membership in the Third Order does not necessarily argue the possession of this spirit; that to this end it is necessary to know and ponder and imitate the life of St. Francis. That the perusal of this excellent biography will aid the reader in acquiring the spirit of the Little Poor Man, no one will doubt who is familiar with its contents. We hope, therefore, that American Tertiaries generally will give the book a cordial welcome, and that they will receive in return something of that spirit which made St. Francis a spectacle to angels and to men.—Our readers may send their orders for the book to this office or to P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York.

## BB. STEPHEN AND RAYMOND

*By Fr. Silas, O. F. M.*

DURING the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, various heretical sects in northern Italy and southern France, known by one name as Albigenses, caused the greatest havoc in Church and State. They rejected the fundamental dogmas of the Christian religion—the most holy Trinity, the creation, original sin, the incarnation and redemption—the sacraments, and almost all the pious practices dear to the Catholic heart. In their fanatic hatred of the Church, these heretics murdered priests and religious, profaned churches, and burnt down monasteries; and so widespread was their vandalism that St. Bernard, on visiting the country, declared he found "the churches empty, the people without priests, the sacraments dishonored, and Christians dying unconverted, impenitent, and without the rites of the Church." The teachings and excesses of these sects, however, threatened not only the welfare of religion, but also the very foundations of political and social life; hence, every effort was made to lead the misguided people back to the true faith and to put an end to the destruction wrought by the sectarians.

Various synods enacted severe laws against the heretics; a great number of apostolic men, among them St. Dominic, were sent to instruct them in the Catholic faith and to convert them from their errors; but all efforts to root out the pernicious heresy were in vain.

The obstinate leaders of the sect went so far as to murder the papal legate, Peter of Castelnau. Pope Innocent III then called upon the king and barons of France to put an end to the disorders which were threatening the safety of Church and State, and commissioned the Abbot Arnold of Citeaux to preach a crusade against the heretics. Raymond of Toulouse, one of the principal protectors of the Albigenses, to save his domains at length promised obedience to the Church, and asked and obtained absolution from the sentence of excommunication which had been pronounced against him by Peter of Castelnau. He also promised to take part in the crusade against those by whom he had heretofore been regarded as a leader and protector.

Pope Gregory IX, believing the protestations of Count Raymond, in 1241, sent a number of religious to Avignon, which belonged to the Count, to preach to the people and bring them back to the Church. The religious were Stephen of Narbonne, and Raymond of Carbona, of the Order of Friars Minor; William Arnaud of Montpellier, and two other religious of the Order of Friars Preachers. Stephen of Narbonne was a native of St. Thibery, and had in his early youth entered the Order of St. Benedict. Distinguished for his piety and learning he was elected abbot of a monastery in the diocese of Toulouse. Through love of holy poverty, he, after several years, re-

signed his high office and joined the sons of St. Francis, and soon became conspicuous by his zeal and virtue. The Pope, well aware of the piety and ability of Stephen, appointed him Inquisitor of the Faith and gave him as companion the zealous friar Raymond of Carbona.

The five religious sent by Pope Gregory were joined by six preachers and ecclesiastic officials, and they at once began their apostolic labors in southern France. In the spring of 1242, they came to Avignonet, where they were lodged in a castle of the Count of Toulouse. They preached every day in the parish church adjoining the castle, and their words were blessed by God with wonderful results. The people came in great numbers to listen to the eloquent words of the friars, and many who had been seduced by the new er-

rors, repented of their apostacy and returned to the bosom of the true Church. This infuriated the leaders of the heretics, and they formed the design of murdering the saintly missionaries.

A few days before this wicked plot was carried out, Bl. Raymond, while engaged in prayer, saw a shining crown descend from heaven and rest over the castle in which he and his companions were lodged. When he made known his vision, Bl. William Arnaud exclaimed full of joy, "Know, my brethren, that in a few days we shall receive the crown of



Drogemeller fecit

BB. Stephen and Raymond

martyrdom." The event soon verified the prediction. The commander of the castle, Raymond d'Alfaro, was secretly a member of the heretical sect, and though he was bound to protect the religious, he undertook to put into execution the plot formed against them. On

May 29, the eve of the Ascension, a hundred of the heretics, armed with swords and axes, appeared before the gates of the castle. The gates were opened by Raymond d'Alfaro, and the murderers were led to the apartments occupied by the missionaries. The latter, hearing furious shouts and violent blows against the doors, knew that the hour of trial had come. Falling on their knees, they entoned the *Te Deum*, rejoicing that they were found worthy to shed their blood for Christ. After battering down the doors, the heretics fell upon their unresisting victims and cruelly put them to death.

God was pleased to glorify these heroic confessors of the faith by many miracles which were wrought on the scene of their martyrdom and at their tombs. The remains of the two Franciscans were placed in the church of the Friars Minor at Toulouse, and they were venerated there until the church and the tombs were desecrated and sacked during the disastrous times of the French Revolution. The veneration paid to the holy martyrs of Avignonet by the faithful was solemnly approved by Pope Pius IX, on September 6, 1866.

## Raindrops and Sunshine

My heart is a flower planted  
By God's paternal love;  
In the soil of earth 'tis rooted  
To turn to Heaven above.

'Tis a dainty flower: 'twould revel  
Forever in pleasure's ray;  
When the raindrops of sorrow threaten,  
It trembles, and turns away.

But why from the drops of sorrow,  
Gentle flower, dost thou flee?—  
In the sunshine of God's presence  
Like diamonds they'll jewel thee.

—Fr. C. R., O. F. M.

## DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

*By Fr. Francis Borgia, O. F. M.*

**A**T the time of Bl. John Forest's martyrdom, many of the Observant friars whose six houses were suppressed in the summer of 1534, still languished in the various prisons of England, praying for the day of deliverance. Others, whose detention in the Conventual houses had gradually become less severe, were again using their influence in behalf of papal supremacy. Accordingly, the spies of Cromwell found much to report against them, so that the hatred of their enemies was enkindled anew and Henry determined to wreak fearful vengeance on these formidable "sowers of sedition." On March 17, 1537, he wrote to the Duke of Norfolk, "From my Lord Durham's declaration and other evidences we see that the Friars Observants are disciples of the bishop of Rome and sowers of sedition. You shall therefore do your best to apprehend the friars as prisoners, without liberty to speak to any man, till we shall determine our future pleasure about them."<sup>1</sup>

From the scanty records we have regarding the lot of the friars, we may safely conclude that in pursuance of these renewed measures of the King, the zealous sons of St. Francis were again hunted down like criminals. Some perhaps succeeded in either remaining concealed or in leaving the country; others, however, fell into the hands of their pursuers and were thrown into loathsome dungeons, where shut off from the outer world they spent months and years amid untold sufferings, until death finally came to their relief.

Between 1538 and 1547, the year of Henry's death, the martyrdom of only three Observant friars has been recorded.

On August 4, 1538, four months after the glorious death of Bl. John Forest, the Duke of Norfolk informed Cromwell that the justices of assize at Norwich had examined Fr. Antony Brown, who once belonged to the Greenwich community of Observants and was now living as a hermit. The valiant friar, we learn, wrote out his own confession, and refusing to alter his views on papal supremacy, he was found guilty of high treason and condemned to death. His execution, however, was delayed for ten days, because it was thought "convenient that a sermon should be made by the bishop of Norwich, as was by the bishop of Worcester at the execution of Forest." In the interval, nothing was left undone to shake the constancy of Fr. Antony. "This afternoon," writes the Duke, "we so handled the said friar that we brought him to this point, that he would not stick upon the authority of the bishop of Rome to be supreme head of the Church,<sup>2</sup> but in no wise could we bring him from the opinion that the king ought not to be supreme head of the Church, saying that no temporal prince was *capax* of that name and authority." In vain did the bishop of Norwich and Dr. Call, a Grey Friar, argue with the friar. Accordingly, "we have delivered him," continues Norfolk, "to the sheriff to be carried to the gaol and there to suffer according to his foolish doings upon Friday next.... My Lord," he adds, "the

1. Stone: *Faithful Unto Death* (London, 1892), p. 75, from Gaiselner's *Calendar*. — 2. This is probably to signify, as Spillmann remarks, that he did not successfully defend this doctrine. *Die Englischen Märtyrer* (Freiburg, 1900), I, p. 204.

pended his own name. For this forgery he was subsequently condemned to death. The sentence, however, was never executed, and later the friar was pardoned.

At the same time, the ejected friars were closely watched by the King's spies. If found wearing their habit, they were treated with insult and rebuke. One day, Cromwell met Fr. Alexander Barclay near St. Paul's cemetery. "Yea," he said on seeing him in his habit, "will not that cowl of yours be left off yet? And, if I hear by one o'clock that this apparel be not changed, thou shalt be hanged for example of all others."<sup>16</sup> Needless to say, the condition of the wandering friars gradually grew from bad to worse. That some of their number finally submitted

to the King under pressure of want and distress, seems quite credible. As a rule, however, they remained true and in the course of time succeeded in leaving their native land for Ireland, Scotland, and Flanders, in which countries, since 1534, many of the banished Observants had found a hearty welcome. Thus "by the iniquity of those times," we conclude with Parkinson, "the *quondam* most renowned English Franciscan Province was torn to pieces; some dying in prison, others by the hand of public executioners, and others, who escaped these hardships, found means to get over into Flanders, Lower Germany, and other foreign parts, where they ended their days, and where their memories are esteemed to this day."

16. Gasquet, I. c., p. 144, footnote. Foxe calls him Fr. Bartley. Gairdner, however, thinks by this friar is meant the celebrated Alexander Barclay who translated Brandt's *Ship of Fools* (*Narrenschiff*) into English. That this man was a Franciscan, is affirmed by Wadding: *Scriptores Ordinis* (Rome, 1650), p. 7; Parkinson, I. c., I, p. 248; Dodd, I. c., Vol. I, p. 386; Encyclopaedia Britannica, Vol. III, p. 317.

### THE THIRD ORDER CONVENTION

The proposal in the last issue of the *Herald* regarding a National Convention of Franciscan Tertiaries seems to have aroused not a little interest. We have received a number of communications on the subject, which, for lack of space, we are constrained to hold over till next month. Meantime, let our readers not forget that we welcome criticism and suggestion, and that we shall be glad to receive an expression of their opinions as to the feasibility of such a plan. We ask, above all, the laity to show their interest in the matter by communicating their impression of the possibilities and the limitations of the proposed meeting. Should anybody prefer not to have his identity disclosed, we shall, of course, respect his wishes. But, it is absolutely necessary for those who will be eventually placed in charge of the project to know exactly how far they can count on the cooperation of the Reverend Directors and of the Tertiaries.

## THE WOLF OF GUBBIO

*By Mary J. Malloy*

CLOSE at hand there ran a brawling stream that murmured and chattered its discontent of a poor friar's foot along its sullen banks. Before the travelers rose a dark hill, covered with gnarled woods and wild growths, as unfamiliar to their wondering eyes as if they trod another land than that fair southern Italy on which the Creator's hand rested so benignantly. Even the air felt strange to them—it was no longer the balmily sweetness of the perfumed wind that blew about their Umbrian slopes; rough and hard it was and took one's breath sobbingly in the long climb to where Gubbio, wrapped in a heavy mist, waited the coming storm.

"See, Father Francis, how low hang the clouds," spoke Brother Leo, anxiously. "I fear me a tempest is on us, and this blackness that gathers—were it not better that we turn back to some friendly shepherd's hut until the day?"

"Brother Leo, I say to thee that this is the time. There are other darknesses that hang over yonder town, and we go on the errand of our Lord—if it so please his most sweet mercy this darkness shall be dispelled and that other, and he will give the blessing of his light at our need. The blessing of his light!" he repeated to himself, unmindful of the threatening of nature in that further thought of his mind.

With that, a vivid flash of lightning tore the darkness asunder,

and down in the valley burst forth a peal of thunder that caused poor Brother Leo's timid heart to sink to the depths of his being. Another thunder of echoes followed and rolled and reverberated till one might think it a chorus of mighty spirits calling to one another across the world.

"Listen, my brother," cried Francis. "Dost hear Brother Thunder speak the praises of our Lord, and Sister Lightning—ah! that was the flash of St. Michael's sword at the head of the demon! May it so please him who is the Master of all to send down upon his world the marvel of his eternal light!"

Brother Leo was absorbed in no such ecstatic vision. To his less spiritualized mind, this was a storm the like of which was strange to his experience and indeed very terrifying. He felt within himself a sad worldliness of soul that shamed his calling, for alack! he craved no such brilliant pathway to eternal glory. So he betook himself to strong and earnest prayer and looked at Father Francis with wondering admiration that he knew no such craven fears as shook his own poor breast.

Rather did he look toward Father Francis; for the darkness was now so intense that he could no longer discern him, standing there in the road. Then fell the elements a loose about them. All along the valley deep thunders ran that stunned their ears to hear; again and again St. Michael's

sword flashed and clove until the whole world seemed on fire around them.

"My father, my father, pray God he deliver us!" poor Leo cried out at last, his courage torn to shreds, for lightning was ever a great trouble and pain of mind to him.

"Fear not, Leo, my little sheep," Francis answered him from out the gloom; "our time is not yet come—"

At that moment there came to the ear of each a strange sound, half-sob, half-snarl, and a heavy body fell before Francis where he stood. Right at his feet it lay, shaking and quivering for fear and making inarticulate moans that filled the soul of Leo with panic.

"What demon is this, my father?" he cried, all a-tremble.

Another flash, that tore the heavens in two. In the quickness of its light, they saw a large animal, crouching and trembling with fright. Francis bent and stroked its shaggy head.

"It is no demon, my brother," he said pitifully, "it is naught but a poor hound, fearful as are the noblest of beasts, of the storm; because they know not as we that our brother and sister thunder and lightning are creatures of our Lord and under his providence as we be. In his name, O Brother Animal, comfort thee and calm thee and take no harm."

With that, he made the sign of the cross over the creature, which at once lay quiet and ceased groaning. As if its fury had been suddenly commanded by One unseen, there now came no longer flash or crash, and breaking through a rift in the skies above, a wonder of

moonlight fell all about them. In the brightness of its shining, the animal stirred and rose and fled and above, on its height, Gubbio looked down and called them up to her.

So, in the early morning, they came to the town and entered in, and many made them welcome; for the fame of Father Francis had gone abroad, although he desired it not, and all Italy knew him for a holy man. But now he was the more welcome, for deep trouble was in their midst.

"The anger of God is upon us, Father Francis," they cried to him. "For weeks past, a terrible wolf roams beyond our gates, and none dare enter or leave for fear of him. In truth we think him to be a demon, so strong and fierce is he; ravaging and pillaging he goes, and seizes on the fairest and choicest of our flocks, and kills and slays both man and beast that fall in his way. The bows of our archers reach him not; and no man dares meet him and put him to the sword. In truth, we know him for an evil spirit, that mortal weapons can not harm. Now he waxeth bolder and bolder; this very night, before the rising of the storm, he was at our gates, that so far he has shunned, and we fear lest to-morrow he will be in our midst. Of thy charity, O Father Francis, and thine, O Brother Leo, pray for us to God that he command this devil to be laid!"

"Where lies this beast, and whence doth he come upon you?" asked Francis, knowing him well no demon, and his heart a-fire with pity.

"No man knows," they told him; "but none ventures far outside be-

fore he comes upon him like the wind."

"Now right sad a thing it is," said Francis to them, "that one creature of our Lord should so harass and grieve another. Let us seek Brother Wolf."

"No, no!" they cried.

"Then will I seek him alone," said Francis.

"'Tis not a wolf, oh Father—'tis a devil in his shape," they told him.

"Then if he be a devil, I fear him so much the less, and am the stronger against him," answered Francis cheerily.

So he would listen to none, but in full sight of all turned and strode through the gate. In vain they prayed him to return; at last, through very shame, a number followed him, but stopped and would go no further as they neared the spot where the storm had stayed the Frati.

Francis went on alone, except for Brother Leo, who came praying in his footsteps; for he feared the wolf beyond all things, but would not leave his brother to face him unaccompanied. They reached the scene of the evening before, and where the lightnings had played about him Francis stood and called aloud:

"Brother Wolf, come hither!"

The people fell back in affright at hearing him, but the wolf made no sign.

Again he cried, more loudly:

"Brother Wolf, come hither!"

But still the wolf made no sign.

Then advancing further on, he called for the third time:

"Brother Wolf, Brother Wolf, come hither to me!"

With the bound of a lion, rather

than that of his own breed, a huge wolf leaped from the thicket beyond and rushed at him, with his red tongue hanging loose, his fiery eyes blazing, and a gleaming of fangs that might well make a man turn and flee.

But Francis looked upon him and stood his ground and said:

"Was it so I gave thee comfort last night in the storm, Brother Wolf?"

The wolf stopped suddenly on his words, and shrank slowly back, in the sight of all the people.

"Come hither to me, O Brother Wolf and gently, I command thee in the name of our Lord; and do thou no harm to me nor any man," said Francis.

The creature looked upon him spellbound; then, to the amaze of all, he lowered his head and stole gently and silently to Francis, and lay him down and licked his feet, untrammeled of covering. Brother Leo's hair rose in affright, as Francis knelt low beside the wolf and took his head in his hands and stroked it again and said to him:

"Brother Wolf, much harm hast thou done to these our brethren and great evil—man and beast hast thou destroyed in thy hunger, which hath been the cause of thy crimes—but now will I make peace for thee, and never more shalt thou attack and destroy, but be very gentle and courteous to these, thy brethren, whom our Lord hath made to be thy masters; and they in return will give thee food and shelter, and thou shalt be friend of man and beast from now on. If so our brethren pardon thee, wilt thou give me pledge and promise on thy part?"

The wolf lifted his head and

nodded and licked again the feet of Francis.

"Nay, thou must make some other sign—thy hand on our compact, Brother Wolf!"

Then the wolf lifted his forefoot and laid it gently, once and again, three times, within the hand of Francis, and came with him into the town like a lamb, and all the people followed and gave praise to

God.

And he who first told this story says that Brother Wolf abode two years in peace and amity with the men of Gubbio and neither troubled nor was troubled of them; and at the end of that time he died of old age, and all Gubbio was "sore sorrowful," because of the love for Brother Wolf and remembrance of Francis's pact of peace.

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## Bury Thy Sorrow

Bury thy sorrow, hide it with care;  
Bury it deeply, the world has its share.  
Think of it calmly, when curtained by night,  
Tell it to Jesus, and all will be right;

Tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief,  
Tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief;  
Hearts grown awearied with heavier moe,  
Drop into darkness; go, comfort them, go—

Bury thy sorrow, let others be blest,  
Give them the sunshine; tell Jesus the rest.

—A Tertiary

## THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

### INTRODUCTION

PAST issues of *Franciscan Herald* have described the missionary labors of the sons of St. Francis in Florida and Texas. Future editions will endeavor to acquaint attentive readers with the efforts of Franciscans in the very heart of the North American Continent, two thousand miles from either coast. The greater part of the type-written manuscript has lain ready for publication these last seventeen years. The long delay was owing to the urgent call for an exhaustive documentary history of the California Missions. That work has been completed, and has accomplished its purpose. Although the local account of each Mission on the Pacific Coast is still far from complete, at the request of the Rev. Editor of *Franciscan Herald*, the writer will endeavor to enlighten the readers to the extent of relating what is of especial interest to Tertiaries regarding the New Mexican Missions.

Since putting aside the narrative seventeen years ago, various works have been published which throw additional light on Franciscan activities in New Mexico. They will be noted in their place. Indeed, an almost feverish interest for securing original documents on the Great Southwest may be observed among lovers of true history. The efforts put forth should be hailed with delight, for the discoveries that may be made in Spain and Mexico are certain to redound to the glory of the Catholic Church and of her apostolic messengers.

The most notable work which has appeared in consequence of this thirst for the truth, from a documentary standpoint, is the *History of New Mexico*, by Benjamin M. Read, Sante Fe, 1912. It is a very large volume, which only lacks the references to make it authoritative. A second edition will, doubtless, remedy the defect. Mr. Read has gone to great expense in order to procure historical documents directly from the archives in Spain. His invitation to utilize his collection will be gratefully accepted.

Various articles in the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, Austin, Texas, by well-known historical students and friends of the writer, will also be noticed in their places.

The latest work of note and the most important for local matters, is the magnificent English-Spanish edition of Fr. Alonso de Benavides's *Memorial*, Chicago, 1916. The translation is by Mrs. Edward E. Ayer, wife of the indefatigable collector of American antiquities. The notes are by F. W. Hodge and C. F. Lummis.

Another meritorious volume of local interest is the *Spanish Mission Churches of New Mexico*, by L. B. Prince. The author describes the church buildings and contents. It is pleasant to note that he discovered so much that is beautiful in the front yard, so to speak, that, unlike some sectarians of a later date, he disdained to nose about the back yard for the ash-heap in order to discover something to criticize. Ex-Governor Prince is to be congratulated for his good sense as well as for his good taste.

*The Spanish Settlements*, by Woodbury Lowery, New York, 1901, is a very valuable work; but it deals only incidentally with New Mexico.

The Franciscans in Spain have at last begun to realize their opportunities. Since January, 1914, they have been publishing a high class historical quarterly, the *Archivo Ibero-Americano*. The managers are ransacking the rich archives of the Indies for documents of interest to the children of St. Francis in both Spain and America. In time, please God, everything concerning the Western Hemisphere may be cleared up and set aright. Regarding New Mexico, Fr. Otto Maas, O.F.M., has published *Viajes de Misioneros Franciscanos a la Conquista del Nuevo Mexico*, Sevilla, 1915. The documents dealing with New Mexico cover 132 octave pages, and are from the *Archivo General de Indias*, Sevilla. The information there collected will be incorporated in our narrative.

The national archives of Old Mexico, however, are the real fountain for the history of New Mexico. The writer, in 1905, had an opportunity to visit the *Archivo Nacional*, and also the library of the *Museo Nacional*, in the City of Mexico. 35,000 bound folio volumes of Spanish documents are piled up in the National Palace; but no index helps one to select just what is wanted. The librarian pointed out several folios filled with matter concerning New Mexico. Unfortunately, after the writer had copied a few letters, and noted some others to be copied by professional scribes, his visit, to his deep regret, was suddenly cut short. Hence he is dependent for a large part of the narrative on Bancroft and others, who have had the means and the time to examine the documents.

However, in the capitol at Santa Fe, New Mexico, a great mass of original documents had been collected, and these the writer was fortunate enough to investigate before they were transferred to Washington, D. C. A Spanish lady was kept busy for almost a year transcribing what the writer had marked for that purpose.

While visiting the State, in 1900, the writer also examined the Baptismal, Marriage, and Death Registers of most Missions, some at the original villages, but most of them at the Archbishop's house, Santa Fe. A great deal of material was collected which no other writer except Bancroft's agent had ever seen. This was rendered possible through the cheerful assistance, encouragement, and hospitality received at the hands of the Rev. Fathers in charge.

Not having had the opportunity to acknowledge his obligations before, the writer hereby expresses his deep gratitude above all to the good Christian Brothers, Brother Botolph, Rector, at Santa Fe, who, at their well-known college, for three weeks offered him hospitality and every facility, and who would accept no compensation. Furthermore, he desires to express his appreciation to the Rev. Jules Deraches, Santa Fe, who acted in the capacity of St. Raphael as far as San Juan, on the Rio Grande; to Rev. C. Seux in charge there; to the late Most Rev. Archbishop Bourgade, who so graciously made it possible to transcribe the numerous Mission Registers; to Monsignor A. Fourcheugu, of the cathedral; to Rev. G. Haelterman, of Santa Cruz; to Fr. Francis de Sales, O.F.M., at Peña Blanca; to Mr Tipton, of Santa Fe, for the generous use of Bandelier's works; to the kindly, hospitable, and accommodating Jesuit Fathers, of Las Vegas, Albuquerque, and El Paso, in particular to the Very Rev. C. M. Pinto, the superior, who cheerfully lent his assistance so that the writer could secure the rich material in the priceless Parish Registers of Juárez across the line in Mexico, of which the zealous Jesuits had charge. These Registers are probably the most complete of any in the United States, except those of St. Augustine, Florida, as they begin with the founding in 1659. Those of St. Augustine date from 1594. Let us hope that the robbers who took possession of Juárez and its ancient church may have spared the historical treasures accumulated there.

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## CHAPTER I

*The Discoverer of New Mexico—Claimants for the Honor—Cabeza de Vaca Opinions of Bancroft, Bandelier, Lummis, and Read—Fr. Juan de la Asuncion's Journey—Statements of Fr. Motolinia, Fr. Garces, and Fr. Arricivita—Views of Bandelier and Coues*

New Mexico in history, down to February 24, 1863, when the Territory of Arizona was organized, comprised all that territory which

is bounded on the north by Colorado and Utah, on the east by Oklahoma and Texas, on the south by Texas and Mexico, and on the west

by California and Nevada. The honor of having discovered the country thus defined belongs to the Franciscan Fr. Marcos de Niza. Some writers award the credit to the survivors of the ill-fated expedition which, in 1527, set out from Spain to conquer Florida, but which was wrecked somewhere on the Gulf coast in the following year.<sup>(1)</sup> The most that can be said for them, however, is that they were the first to approach New Mexico and to hear of its strange inhabitants, and that their reports were the incentive to its discovery and exploration.

After they had suffered shipwreck and years of captivity, the four survivors, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, Andrés Dorantes, Alonso del Castillo Maldonado, and Estevanico, a negro slave, wandered across the country westward until they reached San Miguel de Culiacán in Sinaloa, early in 1536. "Naturally no journal was kept," Bancroft remarks, "but a report was made on arriving in Mexico, and a narrative was written by Alvar Nuñez on reaching Spain, in 1537. There is no reason to question the good faith of either report or narrative as written from memory, but there is much discrepancy and confusion, not only between the two versions, but between different statements in each. Moreover, the narrative informs us that they passed through so many peoples that 'the memory fails to recall them'; and the report disposes of

an important part of the journey with the remark that they went forward 'many days.' There are, however, allusions to two or three large rivers, which, if the record has any significance, can hardly have been any others than the Pecos, Rio Grande, and Conchos; and the route may be plausibly traced in general terms from the Texas coast, near Galveston, northwestward, following the course of the rivers, then southwest to the region of the upper Sonora and the Yaqui valleys in Sonora, and finally south to San Miguel in Sinaloa; but the belief that Cabeza de Vaca passed through New Mexico and visited the Pueblo towns is not supported by the general purport of the narrative, nor of what followed. Not only is it well-nigh certain that, had he seen these wonderful structures, they would have figured largely in his reports in Mexico, but we know that the effective part of his statement was the report, obtained from Indians, of populous towns with large houses and plenty of turquoises and emeralds, situated to the north of his route. It seems to me that the most positive assertion that can be made in connection with the whole matter, except that the wanderers arrived at San Miguel, is that they did not see the Pueblo towns; yet it can never be quite definitely proved that their route did not cut off a small southeastern corner of what is now New Mexico."<sup>(2)</sup>

1. See *Franciscan Herald*, vol. i, pp. 143-146, for details of this expedition.

2. Bancroft *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, 16-19; *History of Texas*, vol. i, 59-70. See also *14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, pp. 342-349.

Adolf F. Bandelier reached the same conclusion and declared that "it is impossible to follow the erratic course of Cabeza de Vaca with any degree of certainty. His own tale, however authentic, is so confused that it becomes utterly impossible to establish any details of location." <sup>(3)</sup> "I shall prove that Cabeza de Vaca and his companions never trod the soil of New Mexico, nor brought to New Spain direct information touching the Pueblo Indians of that territory. The negro Estévan or Estevanico was the only one of the four who, three years later, entered upon New Mexican territory; but he lost his life there at that time, and what became known of the country afterwards, and led to Coronado's remarkable explorations, is due, not to the ambitious and ill advised African, but to Fray Marcos de Nizza."<sup>(4)</sup>

Mr. Charles F. Lummis sums up the evidence in these words: "It is a matter of knowledge, at last, that Cabeza de Vaca never saw New Mexico. The tireless, fearless Franciscan fraile, Marcos of Nizza, first found the territory, and first saw its distinctive aborigines. That was in 1539."<sup>(5)</sup>

Mr. Read, on the other hand, insists that the four wanderers passed through New Mexico and even reached Zuñi. He gives three reasons for his belief: "First, that Mendoza sent Father Marcos de

Niza to examine the lands and pueblos, concerning which so many things had been related to him by Cabeza de Vaca, sending Estevanico as guide of Niza's expedition, and Zuñi being the largest pueblo to which Estevanico led the expedition, and the place, too, where he was assassinated. Second, Antonio de Espejo tells us that when he was already very far in the interior of the country, and on the banks of the Rio Grande, he found Indian pueblos who told him that many years before, three white men and a negro, who came from the East, had passed through there, and that they made cures. Finally, this author recalls the fact, that in the year 1883, when in the City of Santa Fe the festivities of the Millennium were being celebrated, the Indian governor of the Pueblo of Zuñi, according to the traditions of his pueblo, delivered a speech in which he said that the first strangers that trod the Pueblo of Zuñi had been three white men and a negro who passed through there in a westward direction, and that they performed miraculous cures by only placing their hands over the sick. Among the authors who assert that Cabeza de Vaca did visit New Mexico, we cite Donaldson, Prince, Haynes, and Salpointe."<sup>(6)</sup> The first two reasons, in view of what has been quoted from Bandelier, Bancroft, and Lummis, do not appear convincing. The third based on

3. Bandelier, *Historical Introduction*, p. 6.

4. Bandelier, *Hemenway Southwestern Historical Contributions*, p. 24.

5. Lummis, *Land of Poco Tiempo*, 32 & 63; *Spanish Pioneers*, 78-80.

6. Read, *History of New Mexico*, 97-98.

what an Indian claimed is even less weighty. Close cross-examination of the above mentioned gobernador would probably result in another story.

There is another rival for the glory of having discovered New Mexico. Fr. Toribio de Benavente, better known as Motolinía, as far back as 1540, relates that Fr. Antonio de Ciudad Rodrigo, Provincial of the Province of the Holy Gospel, in 1538, sent two Franciscan friars to explore the country far to the north. Proceeding by the way of Jalisco and Nueva Galicia, one of the two friars fell sick and returned to the monastery. The other with two interpreters continued along the coast for more than three hundred leagues, frequently followed by two, three, and even four hundred Indians who regarded the Father as a messenger from on high. Along most of the way he could hear the Indians speak of a land well populated by people who were well dressed and who lived in terraced houses of not only one story but many which had flat roofs. He also heard of other nations which raised a smaller sort of cattle and other animals.<sup>(7)</sup>

Mendieta,<sup>(8)</sup> Torquemada,<sup>(9)</sup> Beaumont,<sup>(10)</sup> and Fr. Tello,<sup>(11)</sup> merely repeat Fr. Motolinía's narrative, which does not name the intrepid friar. Fr Tello, however, remarks

that authors disagree about the names of these religious; that Francisco López Gomara<sup>(12)</sup> says that one of them called himself Fr. Juan de Olmedo, of the province of Xalisco, and that the other was Fr. Pablo.

Fr. Francisco Hermenegildo Garcés, the famous missionary explorer, in his diary of the journey of 1775-1776, is somewhat more specific. "I persuade myself," he writes, "that this river (Colorado) may be the very one of which they gave information to the Rev. Fr. Juan de la Asumpcion, a religious of our holy Father St. Francis, who in the year 1538 entered through Sinaloa by order of the Very Rev. Fr. Marcos de Nisa, in whose relation of the journey it is said that this religious, having travelled about six hundred leagues to the northwest of (the City of) Mexico, came upon a river so large and full of water that it prevented his crossing; and he continues, saying that the Indians of this (river) informed him that at about ten days' journey to the north there was another larger river inhabited by many people, whose multitude they explained with fistfuls of sand; that they had houses of three stories, and walls about their pueblos, and that they went clothed with antelope (skins) and mantles of cotton, and wore shoes. My opinion is confirmed by the solid fact that the

7. Motolinía, *Historia de los Indios de Nueva España*, 171-172.

8. *Historia Eclesiastica Indiana*, 398-400. Mendieta on the margin styles the friar "Descubridor primero del Nuevo Mexico," but mentions no name. Fr. Marcos with him (401) is the "Descubridor segundo del Nuevo Mexico."

9. *Monarquia Indiana*, tomo iii, 357-358.

10. *Cronica de la Provincia de Michoacan*, lib. iv, 141-142.

11. *Cronica Miscelanea*, (Guadalajara, 1891), 304-306.

12. Parte I, folios 28 y siguientes, according to Fr. Tello.

river coming from the northeast with regard to the place where I acquired the information thereof, there is agreement of the ten days' journey to the river cited in the relation above mentioned. Also in the circumstances of the clothing I have grounds for the opinion, since, besides that all the Yabipais I have seen are dressed in antelope and the Moquinos in mantles, the Jamajabs informed me that all the people to the north go clothed. The report of the houses and walled pueblos, of which the Indians informed the Rev. Fr. Juan de la Asuncion, is also so conclusive that I find no difficulty in believing it, inasmuch as in the pueblo of Oraibe I saw houses of two or three stories, and that as, on the side where I entered it, they had no window, they resembled walls rather than houses.”<sup>(13)</sup>

Fr. Arricivita<sup>(14)</sup> has this version: “In January, 1538, Fr. Juan de la Asuncion and Fr. Pedro Nadal, by order of the viceroy, set out from Mexico, and went towards the northwest for about six hundred leagues, when they reached a very large river which they could not pass. Fr. Nadal, well versed in mathematics, made observations and found the latitude to be thirty-five degrees north. In the following year, 1539, Fr. Marcos de Niza, in the company of three religious, entered the country with a military expedition. Going northward they reached the river, which they called Rio de las Balsas. It is the same they to-day call the Colorado. Taking observations, it was found to be in thirty-four degrees and a half,

thus verifying the identity of this river with that called Las Balsas.”

The latitude given, owing to defective instruments probably, is much too high. The Rio Gila (Heela) in thirty-three degrees, or the Rio Salado in thirty-three and a half degrees, may have been reached, however. Nor was there a military company with Fr. Marcos, in 1539. The military expedition followed, with him as guide, in 1540.

The account which Fr. Juan de la Asuncion, or de Olmedo, gave to the viceroy has not as yet been discovered, and this leaves the point which he reached in doubt. Bandelier concludes a thorough examination of the different sources in these words: “The present condition of the case leads me to believe that the journey was really made; that Fray Juan de la Asuncion was the man who performed it; that he reached as far north as the Lower Gila, and perhaps the lower course of the Colorado of the West; and that consequently there was a discovery of Southern Arizona one year previous to that of New Mexico by Fray Marcos de Nizza.”<sup>(15)</sup>

One more writer who went over the ground may be heard, and then we shall proceed with the general narrative. “I believe Juan de la Asuncion to have entered Arizona, in 1538,” Dr. Elliott Coues, an outspoken atheist, declares; “I suppose him to have reached the Gila; and the rest of the *Relacion* seems simply a confused account of the Colorado and of the Zuñi or Moqui pueblos, thus erroneously brought together.”<sup>(16)</sup>

13. Fr. Garcés, *Diario*, as translated in Coues's, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, vol. ii, 477-486.

14. Arricivita, *Cronica Serafica*, Prologo 3.

15. Bandelier, *Hemenway Southwestern Historical Contributions*, p. 101. The question is exhaustively treated on pages 84-105.

16. Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, vol ii, 513. His discussion of the journey covers pp. 505-513. See Bancroft, *History of Texas*, vol i, 73-74; *History of Mexico*, vol. ii, 466-467; G. P. Winship in *14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, 353; Archbishop Salpointe, *Soldiers of the Cross*, 6, 26, 129-130; Engelhardt, *Franciscans in Arizona*, p. 2.

## ST. MARY'S INDIAN SCHOOL, ODANAH, WISCONSIN

*By Sr. M. Macaria, O. S. F.*

Large streams from little fountains flow,

Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

**T**hese lines fitly describe the progress of the Bad River Mission. A few years after its erection, the little log school house no longer afforded accommodations for the large number of dusky children who sought admittance not only to the classrooms but also to the Sisters' dwelling that they might learn the domestic arts. To distinguish these latter from the day pupils, and also because the Sisters actually fed and clothed them, they were called "boarders."

A frame building consisting of two neat classrooms was now erected in which both boarding and day pupils were instructed in the common branches; above these classrooms, was a large attic into which the boy boarders clambered every evening for their night's repose. Every evening, a gentle Sister, with lantern in one hand and an alarm clock in the other, led the boy boarders of the log cabin to the new school building. Here appeared a duly appointed boy, carrying a long ladder; for there were no stairs leading to the attic above. At the foot of the ladder stood the patient Sister, and up it, one by one, went the boys. When the last one had disappeared at the top, the Sister, too, ascended to enjoy (?) her night's repose. She might tell us many amusing stories of those attic experiences, but this one about her alarm clock will suffice.

On a rafter above her head, hung the faithful alarm clock, and every morning, long before the sun thought of rising, it roused her

from her slumbers. On this particular morning, as she took it from the rafter, it slipped from her hand. Down, down it went, between the studdings of the wall. Where and how might she expect to find it? A clock on an Indian Reservation meant something in those days. So the good Sister folded her hands, and called upon St. Joseph to save it from destruction. When daylight came, she selected one of the smallest boys to crawl under the school building in search of her clock. To her great delight, he found it standing upright, ticking away, not having sustained the slightest injury by a fall of some twenty-five feet or more. Such an ado about a clock appears humorous to us, but for the Sister in question, if comic at all, it was serio-comic, without doubt.

Though the writer has attempted in the preceding chapters to convey some idea of the trials and hardships connected with the school's earliest history, she feels that all that has been said is but as a glance at St. Mary's first five years, resembling rather a series of moving pictures, which vanish before we have had time to take in the various objects, than those strong outlines which impress themselves indelibly on our mental vision. Nor shall we endeavor to stamp upon the mind of our reader the story of those departed years. The "Great Day" will reveal the record of the labors and sacrifices, the joys and sorrows of those days. Yes, let us hope that on that day immortal souls will testify that, next to God, they owe their salvation to the Sisters of St. Mary's, who nobly seconded every effort of

the Franciscan Fathers. And here the curtain drops on St. Mary's early history.

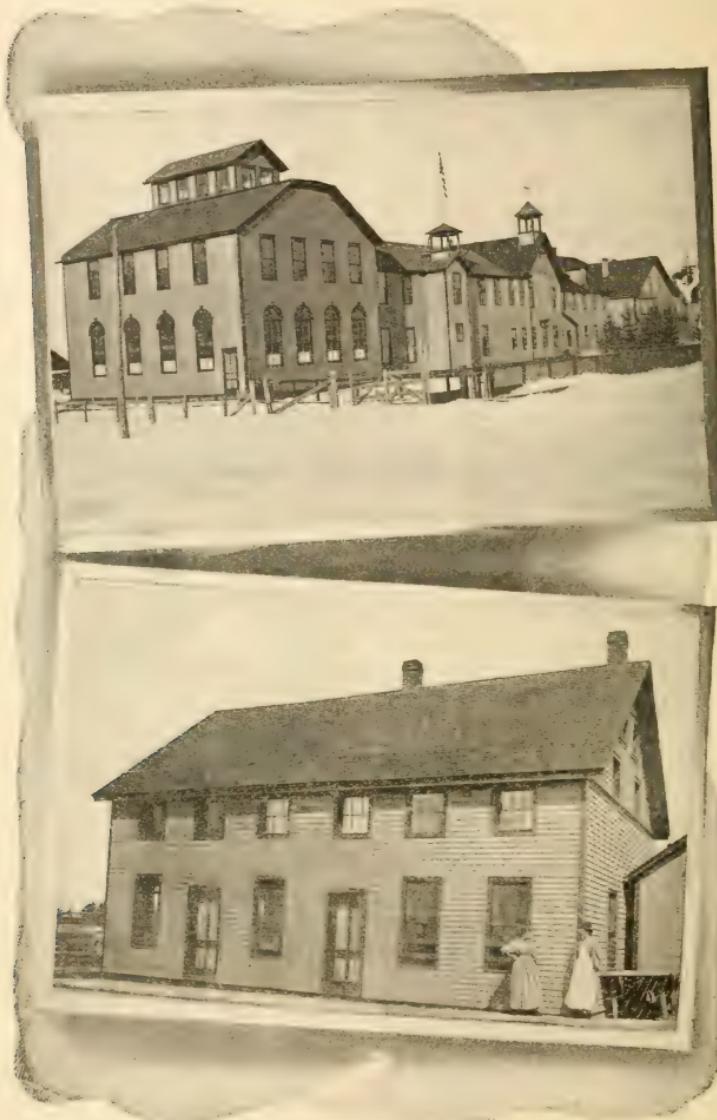
St. Mary's of the present differs in almost every particular—surroundings, location, buildings, and occupations. St. Mary's log school was in the heart of the forest; St. Mary's of to-day is an imposing structure, consisting of over fifty rooms, independent of seven beautiful classrooms, visible from all parts of the village. Odanah (Chippewa for "town") now numbers 2200 inhabitants, and St. Mary's is the center of its civilization. While three rivers afford the advantages which streams usually offer, the principal stream has been called the Bad River. The fact that it yearly overflows its banks, much to the discomfort of those friendly neighbors who have had the misfortune to rear their homes on any of the territory claimed by it for its annual pranks, thus giving them an opportunity of going about much after the Venetian fashion, substituting the canoe for the gondola,—this fact certainly justifies the name, which, though the result of a faulty translation from the Chippewa, ("Mashki-Sibi," meaning, "Swampy River," having been confounded with "Matchi-Sibi," meaning, Bad River"), is, therefore, no misnomer.

Situated close to its banks, with due regard for its annual pranks, St. Mary's commands a view of all that is most notable in the village. The scenery along the river is particularly beautiful in many places both in summer and winter, while an evening view of the saw mill with its cloud of fiery cinders ascending heavenward, as if each little shining star were seeking to join its myriad companions above, and with the electric lights reflected far down the stream, is not less beautiful.

Occupations at St. Mary's to-day

must essentially differ from those of the past. The sewing room is one of the busiest parts of the house. Here the girls are taught everything in the line of sewing from the cutting and fitting of garments down to a neat patch. The steady hum of thirteen sewing machines furnishes a pleasing accompaniment to the various melodies or medleys that rise from the busy workers' lips. Here, too, you will find even very small girls crocheting, hemstitching, tatting, or busily engaged on pieces of Mexican drawn work. For a time, the making of Torchon Lace was one of the school's specialities. For a piece of the latter, three yards long and one yard wide, designed by one of the girls, aged 15, and executed by her with the assistance of another girl, about the same age, in less than a year's time, an offer of \$200 was rejected, not because the school needed no money, but because it was intended from the first to be a grateful acknowledgment of the valuable aid rendered by one whose name shall be forever linked with our Catholic Indian Missions—Mother Katharine Drexel.

Carpet weaving furnishes useful and agreeable occupation for both boys and girls. Very small boys and girls sew the rags, while the boys who preside over the loom pride themselves on the number of yards of carpet they turn out in a year. Still progress in industrial work has been no obstacle to literary pursuits. Each year, a number of pupils finish the eighth grade, and, for several years past, a few have persevered through the ninth. This year we have four who are particularly fond of Algebra. Even when the school consisted of but two classrooms, as mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, St. Mary's pupils were winning laurels. Father Philip Gordon, the first and only Chippe-



St. Mary's Indian School, 1883—1918

wa Indian ever ordained priest, received a teacher's certificate while a pupil in one of these rooms, having successfully passed the County examination, at the age of sixteen. At least a half dozen of our girls have entered religious communities; and among the positions filled to-day by former pupils may be recorded those of postmaster, assistant postmaster, stenographer, traveling stenographer for a railroad manager, and doctor; while the number serving our country in this trying hour is not far from a hundred, some of whom have been wounded "somewhere in France," some of whom, at this moment, may be making the supreme sacrifice.

Though devoting particular attention to the children of the village of whom there are now over two hundred of school age, St. Mary's takes special pleasure in seeking out those who would otherwise be deprived of the blessing of a Catholic education. Hundreds of these are still to be found in the depths of the forest. Rev. Fr. Odoric, O.F.M., the worthy successor of Fathers John, Casimir, and Chrysostom in the Lake Superior Indian Mission field, and for ten years pastor of St. Mary's, seldom failed to bring with him several genuine little Indians on returning from his annual three weeks' missionary tour among the various bands of Indians scattered about northern Wisconsin, and equally diligent was he in acquainting the Sisters with their whereabouts.

Journeys to the homes of the "Children of the Forest" are usually accompanied by great fatigue and hardship. Sometimes it means a day fasting in comparison with which a real fast day would be a feast day. This is invariably the case if one starts without breakfast on a day when fasting is prescribed. Having made no halt for

dinner, one finds the stomach so weak by the time a full meal is at hand that a week's fast is the only alternative. In every case it means a choice of long walking, rough riding, or dangerous sailing in a frail canoe. In some cases the more delicate companion is forced to sit by the wayside, while the more robust makes the longer trips. Sometimes it happens that one must return with the children while the other goes on. This is particularly disagreeable, for come what may, when together, the fatigue is lightened by being shared. Some years ago, on reaching a certain Reservation, the Sister found it deserted, as it was the berry season. At length, a woman appeared and opened the church for her, but as the Blessed Sacrament was not present, this afforded little consolation; so the Sister went outside, and seated herself on a log. The loneliness of the situation forced itself keenly upon her, while the picture of Robinson Crusoe on the island came home to her as it never did before, and it was only with difficulty that she restrained a tear until the thought of the noble missionaries who had spent their lives in the depths of the wilderness she was so mournfully contemplating brought her consolation and joy. As the evening shadows deepened, the Indians began to return to the village, and whether the Indians were happier to see the Sister than she was to see them, is a question. Accompanied by Indian children carrying lanterns, she followed the trails from house to house without a thought of loneliness or fatigue until the night was far advanced. Then the thought of sleeping in a house with only an Indian girl for a companion did not bring her particular comfort as she had never spent a night away from the community except in company with a Sister companion. But abandon-

ing herself to Divine Providence, she experienced such a feeling of confidence that she was soon at rest. Next morning dawn found her up and ready for a journey several miles distant to the berry fields where many of the Indians were camping.

In marked contrast to this was the reception given to two other Sisters on reaching an Indian settlement where a Sister had never before been seen. In his joy, one

of the old men rang the church bell; while a pagan knelt down before them, signing himself with the cross. At the time, the Sisters thought that this was his way of professing his faith; but they have since regarded it as an outward expression of his desire to embrace Catholicity, which he did here during a solemn Triduum, in honor of the Immaculate Conception, November, 1903.

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**B**ARUCH, Rosenwald, Stettinius, Goethals, Warburg, Frankfurter, Deeds, Schwab—no, dear reader, this is not a roll-call of the Kaiser's Privy Council. It is merely a list of some of the men with German blood in their veins who have been entrusted with great powers under the American Government in this crisis in the nation's history. Each one is given tremendous responsibility. Most of them were born in this country; one of them has relatives in the enemy's service. The parents of most of them were born in Germany, so that it is, in a way, proper to speak of them as German-Americans. But as Americans none is more loyal, none more useful. In Schwab's hands we have placed the vital shipping question, the crux of the whole war situation. Rosenwald and Stettinius are doing most of the purchasing for the Government, while upon Goethal's shoulders rests the responsibility of the vital Quartermaster Corps. To Mr. Frankfurter has just been given the vast responsibility of controlling and regulating those who are laboring for the Government in factories, yards, and plants. Surely, this roll of honor ought to give those pause who see nothing but disloyalty among German-Americans and are allowing themselves to be swept by prejudice into opposing German-written newspapers, however loyal and however useful they may be, the German language, and everything that smacks remotely of Germany.—*The Nation.*



## Consolation

I wish for light!  
 God's world I view with eye and mind,  
 And traces of His wisdom find.  
 But ah! so much in gloom is shrouded,  
 With dreary doubts my soul is clouded.  
 I wish for undimmed light.

Be comforted, perplexed mind!  
 Those mysteries shall pass away,  
 All shall be clear as brightest day,  
 Not now yet, but hereafter!

I long for rest!  
 I strive and struggle, fret and sweat  
 My bit of daily bread to get.  
 I can not bear that this endeavor  
 Should madly thus go on forever.  
 I long for soothing rest.

Be comforted, O care-worn heart!  
 Thy toil and trouble all shall cease,  
 Thou shalt enjoy the sweetest peace,  
 Not now yet, but hereafter!

I yearn for joy!  
 In all the pleasure that I share  
 Some drop of sorrow still is there.  
 For happiness unmixed I'm pining  
 That shall endure without declining.  
 I yearn for perfect joy.

Be comforted, bliss-thirsting soul!  
 Such thrilling rapture shall be thine  
 As human thought can not divine,  
 Not now yet, but hereafter!

—Fr. C.R., O.F.M.

## ST. ANTONY'S PICTURE

*By Zelma McDowell Penry, Tertiary*

IT was one of those large old-fashioned rooms that bespeak the luxury of bygone days, yet which seemed to have absorbed the comforts of our modern times. A cheery fire blazed in the open hearth, casting fanciful shadows over the booklined walls, and turning the deepening haze of coming night into an exquisite symphony of misty gray and warm crimson. The furniture, massive and resting with a quiet elegance, each piece in its own place, told of many years of undisturbed tranquillity. It was a place to be happy, a place to enjoy that restful sense of well-being that comes to no flat or apartment dweller on earth. In a word, it was a home.

But there was one jarring note, a tone in jangling disharmony with the others. In the depths of the big fireside-chair a slim figure was curled, the face hidden by a pair of round white arms, and a small hand which every few seconds vigorously applied a damp and wadded-up handkerchief to the whereabouts of the eyes. No, clearly there was neither happiness nor restful well-being in that tense little form.

Somewhere a street door opened and quick footsteps came bounding up the thickly carpeted stairs; a light was snapped on in the hall outside, and into the shadowy room a young man breezed, bringing with him the crisp, salt breath of San Francisco air.

"Hello, what's up?" he quer-

ied, as his eyes sought to penetrate the semi-darkness, "Everybody out?"

The girl in the chair sprang to her feet trying in vain to remove the traces of her agitation. With a keen, searching glance the newcomer took in the scene, and then with four decisive steps was beside her.

"See here, Ruth," he declared firmly, "this sort of thing has got to stop! Do you and Dad think I'm blind? Something's wrong, and you and he are doing your level best to keep me from finding out what it is. Ever since I've been home this vacation, I've known it. You ought to remember I'm the oldest, and if there's anything out of the way, I ought to know about it."

He put his arm around the girl's shoulders, drew her to a seat on the great davenport before the fire, and placed himself beside her.

"Now, Sis," he went on ignoring her rising sobs, "out with it! For goodness sake, what's a big brother for if not to tell your troubles to."

"Oh, Teddy," she capitulated, "we can't keep it from you any longer—Dad said so too. We have to give up this blessed house—it's mortaged, and they're going to foreclose—Daddy can't raise the money—and—and—Heaven only knows where we're going."

"Why, Ruthie," he ejaculated, genuine amazement on his young face, "why wasn't I told of this

before? I never had an idea that we were hard up, and here I've been taking all Dad's given me for college expenses, while you—" he stopped, at a loss how to continue.

"We didn't want you to find out Ted," she mourned. You were getting on so beautifully at college. There was no need to worry you, and Daddy thought we could pull through all right, by being careful—"

Her brother's voice, hotly self-reproachful, cut in upon her defense. "And 'being careful' meant going without everything! I wondered from the first, why you had fallen in love with that three years old blue suit of yours, so that you couldn't bring yourself to buy a new one—especially when I distinctly remembered how you said you couldn't bear the sight of it two days after you got it. How the dickens did you think you were going to get by with such unblushing statements?"

"Teddy!"

He hurried on, unmindful of her sharp interruption. "But it was the last feather to tell me you'd stopped your art lessons because you discovered you hadn't the talent you thought you had. When you said that, I made up my mind to find out what had happened, so my coming on to you this way just made it a little quicker, that's all."

With a sigh that contained some real relief, Ruth Geary submitted to the inevitable; and brother and sister were soon in the mazes of the family tangle. As little by little the story of his father's and sister's heroic sacrifices came to Edward Geary through Ruth's artless revelations, his cheeks burned

over the realization of the part he had unwittingly played. And as they sat, absorbed in their problem, the fire flickered and glowed redly, bringing out in startling relief the beautiful features on a magnificent painting of St. Antony of Padua that hung above the mantelpiece.

Friends of the Gearys frequently remarked that the perfection of happiness seemed to be realized by their little family. Mrs. Geary, who had laid down her saintly life with the birth of little Ruth, had left with her husband the consoling memory of a brief period of happiness together, and two beautiful children, Edward and Ruth, to cheer him up in the great grief of her passing. She seemed to remain, an ever-present guardian of those left in the beautiful old house to which he had brought her, a bride, and which had been the home of his family since their arrival in the city of St. Francis from Virginia in the "splendid idle Forties." She loved the old place, and together they had resolved that it should always remain their home, to be passed as a loving heritage to their children and children's children.

When God had seen fit to take the young wife, her husband had not chafed at the decrees of Providence, but straightway set about to carry out their plans for the rearing of Edward and Ruth. A thorough and practical Catholic, Mr. Geary made his faith the foundation of every act, so it was but natural that, as his son and daughter grew up, his joy in them was constantly increased.

Ruth had inherited a decided

artistic talent from her mother, and had early taken up the study of painting. The boy, Edward, had grown into a splendid, handsome lad, embodying the fire of his father's Virginia blood, and adding to it something of the gentleness of his mother. He was truly a son and a brother to rejoice in; and Mr. Geary and Ruth rejoiced in him to the utmost. As soon as the boy had completed his elementary studies, his father, a staunch supporter of Catholic education, sent him to Santa Clara University to complete his training for the great business of life. The little family found much delight in the fact that even while at school, Teddy was less than a three hours journey by train from home, and so might be with them frequently.

It was during Ted's junior year at Santa Clara that the observant Ruth had seen that something was troubling her father. With Ruth, to sense such a condition, was to get at the bottom of it, so finally Mr. Geary was compelled to make known the sad truth that through dishonest business associates he had been practically stripped of all he possessed.

He had never been a successful business man, having relied upon investments of his inherited money for a livelihood. Generous to a fault, he was always first to respond to the call of charity, and slow to believe ill of anyone. Hence it had not been hard for scoundrels to take advantage of him with the result that when Ted neared the end of his third year at Santa Clara, Mr. Geary had found that little more than memory re-

mained of his comfortable fortune and a heavy mortgaged home. That mortgage was about to fall due. The last effort to obtain funds to meet the obligation had been unsuccessful—for Mr. Geary would not accept money, which would have been freely given by friends, without means of repaying the loan—an extension of time had been curtly denied, and the little family faced the possibility of absolute want.

"It isn't as if we'd mind having to go without things," Ruth told her brother tearfully, "but you just must keep on with your education, and it doesn't seem possible that we'd have to loose the house."

"Never mind, dear," he reassured her, with a positiveness he was far from feeling, "and don't you ever think we are going to lose it. I'm just Micawber enough to rely on something turning up. Now, as I figure it, we've exactly thee days and twelve hours to scare up and hand over to those vultures that have robbed dear old Dad, the sum of five thousand some odd dollars. Am I right?"

She nodded, mutely wretched.

"Now," he continued briskly, "it's easy to figure that in the ordinary course of human events, such a thing is impossible—"

"Yes, of course, then—"

"—so we'll have to seek some course outside the natural one of human events. We can't borrow that money; we can't earn it in that short space of time, and we we certainly can't steal it. It's a deucedly hard nut to crack, but that makes it all the more worth the cracking.—Sh! here comes Dad, now!"

In spite of his cares, Mr. Geary's face lighted at the sight of his two children, but Edward noted with a pang, how worn and aged his father had become in the last few weeks. Impulsively he sprang up and flung one arm across the bent shoulders.

"Dad," he laughed affectionately, "the game's up; your son has found you out!"

The older man glanced swiftly from one to the other, for confirmation of the boy's words, and receiving it, sank into the fireside-chair with an involuntary sigh of thankfulness.

"Of course I know that God helps them that help themselves," conceded Ted, at the end of a half-hour of plans, that seemed to get them nowhere in particular, "but in a case like this, it's plain that we have to get a good bit of help from above before we can do anything ourselves. Consequently, I move that after we've had something to eat, we say a rosary or something, for light on this knotty problem."

"Daddy! Ted! What kind of Franciscans are we, anyway? Members of the Third Order—all three of us—and not thinking of St. Antony in the first place."

Ruth had risen from her place, and was pointing toward the beautiful painting above the fireplace. "I'll tell you what we'll do; right after supper, we'll go down to church and put the whole thing before St. Antony. He'll surely help us out."

And, as the trio stood looking at it, the dancing firelight seemed to give life to the tender, serious, pictured face of the Wonder-worker of Padua.

Out in the sharp, invigorating fog of the early San Francisco evening, the troubles of the Geary family seemed to drop from them; they had never felt more closely drawn together as now, stepping briskly along the broad avenue, they turned in at the big iron gates that led to the Franciscan church. Inside, they knelt for a few moments in silent greeting of the Divine Host, and then made their way into the tiny chapel of St. Antony, where they remained for fully thirty minutes, laying their heartfelt petition at the feet of the loving saint.

"Well," smiled Ruth, as they left the sacred edifice and turned their steps homeward, "if, by any chance, it isn't for the good of our souls to keep the dear old place, we can be sure St. Antony will answer us in some way—maybe by making it clear to us just why—but then—" she broke off, "he will show us a way to get that money—I feel it!"

The fire had not gone out when they returned, so by common agreement, they sat down to revel in the freedom from the restraint which all had felt up to this day, by reason of the attempted concealment from Ted of the true state of their finances. Loosed from this restraint, the three chatted and laughed over their "hard times" as though the shadow of eviction from their own dear hearth and home did not loom threateningly above.

Of a sudden, a sickening shake, seeming to wrench the very center of the earth brought them startled to their feet. They looked at one another with that curious, in-

quiring helplessness that frequently accompanies a sudden shock. Even as they stood, clutching the swaying furniture, and catching their breath in little gasps, the movement ceased and all was as it had been.

"W-e-l-l!" breathed Ted, the first to recover himself, "that was some little shake, if it was brief—a long one like that—" He broke off, arrested by the startled expression on his sister's face.

"Look at St. Antony," she cried, "I always thought that picture was set in the wall and couldn't come out!"

Instantly their attention was centered upon the picture. It had fallen out from the wall as though a hidden spring had given way, and was hanging midway between the mantel and the floor, leaving exposed a shallow, square opening just the size of the canvas.

Ted bounded forward, and as Mr. Geary turned to switch on the electric lights, a cry of delight from the boy, brought his father and sister to his side. He turned to face them with a small bundle of dust-covered papers which he was regarding curiously.

"What do you suppose it can be?" he muttered. "I feel like the hero of a melodrama, with 'the

papers'—but what—Dad! Ruthie! Look here!"

Mr. Geary extended his hand for the papers, studied them intently for an instant, and then sat down heavily in the nearest chair.

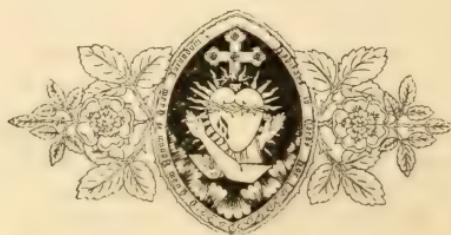
"Your mother's bonds, that I thought had gone with the rest," he said huskily. "She must have put them there and forgot to mention it."

"Whew!" exulted Ted, as ever the first to recover his poise. "U.S. Government Bonds there for, Heaven knows, how long; for ten thousand dollars, and all those unclipped coupons, too!" He turned to his father and sister. "Do you realize that our difficulties are solved? We have to take off our hats to St. Antony.

Ruth's eyes were shining like twin stars. "I knew he would help us, he even went so far as to use one of our little earthquakes to shake open that closet."

She laughed tremulously as she and Ted carefully righted the painting, and propped it against the wall, its base resting upon the mantelpiece.

And for the third time that night, the bright firelight, gleaming upon the pictured face of the Finder of lost treasures, seemed to endow it with the spirit of life.



## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—The Holy Father has appointed His Eminence Cardinal Raphael Scapinelli *ponens* in the cause of the beatification of the Ven. Mary Joseph Rosello, a member of the Third Order of St. Francis and foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of Mercy.—

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has sanctioned the opening of the informative process in the cause of the beatification of the three Franciscan bishops, Gregory Grassi, Francis Fogolla, and Anthony Fantosati, who, in 1900, suffered martyrdom for the faith in China during the Boxer rebellion. To their number are also added the names of many others who were members of the First or Third Order of St. Francis and who were martyred for the faith in the vicariates of Shensi, Hu-nan, Sem-tum, and Hupe. The writings of the martyrs have already been submitted for examination to a committee of theologians.—

The Rev. Augustine Gemelli, Rigault, Minister General of the Capuchin Order, has been appointed consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Religious. His acknowledged proficiency in both ecclesiastical and civil law as well as his wide experience in matters concerning religious orders will enable the learned friar to render great service to the Church.

**Italy.**—Rev. Augustine Gemelli, O.F.M., commissioned by the Italian Minister of War to make special studies regarding psychological conditions in the army, recently published an important brochure. It exhibits the results of the psychological experiments he made on members of the aviation corps before and after a flight. Before the

war, the distinguished friar was professor at the University of Turin. At present, he is at the front with the army as member of the medical staff and enjoys the rank of captain.

**Valencia, Spain.**—The University of Valencia has chosen Rev. Louis Fullana, O.F.M., professor of the Valencian dialect. Fr. Louis has already gained distinction among the scholars of Spain as an eminent linguist and philologist, and his present appointment is but a well merited acknowledgement of his invaluable services in the field of letters.

**New Orleans, La., Poor Clare Monastery.**—The Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Samuel Macke spent a few days in New Orleans during April, during which time he held the canonical visitation of the Poor Clare monastery and admitted to perpetual vows Sr. M. Rita Clare of Our Lady of Good Counsel, and to the temporary vows Sr. M. Louis of St. Clare and Sr. M. Bernardine of the Holy Name of Jesus. All three are extern Sisters. The ceremony took place on the feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Very Rev. Fr. Provincial celebrated the High Mass and Rev. J. Clarke, S. J., preached the festive sermon. Eight other priests graced the occasion with their presence in the sanctuary. On April 28, the quarterly meeting of the local Third Order fraternity was held in the monastery chapel. Father Provincial likewise presided at this ceremony and received the new members into the Third Order and admitted the novices to their holy profession.

**Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church.**—Interest in the Third Or-

der in our city is constantly growing. On April 14, twenty-one candidates received the Tertiary scapular and cord and as many more have applied for admission into the Order at the next meeting. On Sunday, April 28, all the East Bay Tertiaries, five hundred in number, received Communion in a body, at the solemn High Mass at 8 o'clock.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—During the month of May, every day at noon, a short May devotion was held in St. Peter's Church for the benefit of those working in the Loop. The attendance was very good and demonstrated how eager people are to assist at divine services if given an opportunity. On the first and third Sundays of May, fifty-five persons were admitted to the novitiate of the Third Order in St. Peter's.

**Sacramento, Cal., St. Francis Church.**—The feast of St. Anselm, the patronal feast of our Rev. Director, was duly celebrated by the Tertiaries of Sacramento by receiving Holy Communion in a body for his intention. In the evening, he was tendered a reception in the parish hall, where a most pleasing program was given. The Knights of Columbus band furnished the music for the occasion. On May 2, 3, and 4, a triduum was conducted for the Tertiaries by Rev. Fr. Juniper Doolin, O.F.M. The spiritual exercises closed with the reception of eighteen new members and the profession of thirteen novices. Following the ceremony, a social hour was spent in the hall with Fr. Juniper as the guest of honor. Fr. Juniper was formerly assistant at St. Francis, and his remarks as well as those of Fr. Humilis, our present pastor, were listened to with much interest by the Tertiaries.

**Philadelphia, Pa., Monastery of St. Clare.**—The feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel, April 26, was a

day of rejoicing at the little monastery of St. Clare this city. On this occasion, Mother Mary St. Clare of the Blessed Sacrament (Reitmann), vicarress, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her holy profession, which she made in the hands of Mother Mary Maddalen Bentivoglio, of holy memory, foundress of the Poor Clares of the primitive observance in the United States. On the same day, Sr. Mary Aidan of the Annunciation (Burns) pronounced her perpetual vows. The High Mass was sung by Rev. Thomas I. Tully, S.J., chaplain of the monastery. After the Mass, the Reverend Father blessed the jubilee crown and placed it on the brow of the venerable Sister while the choir sang the beautiful and appropriate hymn *Veni, Sponsa Christi*. Rev. H. Borgmann, C. SS. R., congratulated the two Sisters in the name of all, wishing the jubilarian "many more years of solid confinement in the Heart of Jesus," and the Sister who had just pronounced her vows, "godspeed for a long journey that she might gain great merit for her eternal crown." Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament and the *Te Deum* brought this impressive ceremony—the first of its kind in the monastery—to a worthy close.

**Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.**—The month of June will give our two Tertiary conferences a splendid opportunity for showing their special love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by attending in great numbers the solemnity arranged for the feast of St. Antony of Padua, the Thursday within the octave of the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 13. On the evening of this day, at 7.30 o'clock, the solemn investment of new members and the profession of the novices will take place. The names of the persons who desire to be received

into the Third Order on this occasion, should be given to the Rev. Director or to one of the Tertiary officers before June 3. Remember, that all the German and the English-speaking Tertiaries are cordially invited to attend this celebration, which is to be our annual gift to the Sacred Heart.

At the next meeting of our conference, June 2, at 3.15 P. M., in St. Francis Hall, the regulation of the Rule on prayer and charities will be thoroughly explained.—Three more members of our fraternity have been summoned to the colors and are recommended to the kind prayers of their fellow Tertiaries. They are: Brothers Herman Degenhardt, Alphonse McNulty, and John Kaiser.

Those members, whose subscription to *Franciscan Herald* expires with the June issue, are hereby reminded to hand in their renewal to the secretary before or after the next monthly meeting.

**Pittsburg, Pa., St. Augustine's Church.**—On April 29 and 30, the great religious drama, *The Passion Play*, with over one hundred persons on the stage, was presented in St. Augustine's Hall, this city, under the auspices of the Third Order for the benefit of the Seraphic Home, Brookline, Pa. The entertainment was very well patronized by the Tertiaries and the undertaking netted \$1200. On June 9-13, the well known Tertiary convert, the Very Rev. Fr. Paul Francis, S. A., editor of *The Lamp*, will deliver a series of lectures on St. Francis of Assisi on the occasion of the Third Order retreat to be held in St. Augustine's Church on those days. The great personal charm of the noted lecturer and his intense love for all things Franciscan bid fair to make this retreat a most memorable event in the annals of the local Tertiary fraternity.

**Graymoor, N. Y., St. Francis Convent.**—In the convent chapel of the Franciscan Sisters of the Atonement, at Graymoor, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Lavelle, V.G., as the representative of Cardinal Farley, gave the holy habit, on May 8, to eight young ladies, who will henceforth be known in religion as follows: Sr. Raphael Francis, Sr. Joseph Francis, Sr. Aloysius Francis, Sr. Catherine Francis, Sr. Leo Francis, Sr. Rose Marie, Sr. Agatha Francis, and Sr. Cecilia Francis.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.**—Twenty postulants were invested with the Third Order cord and scapular, while twenty-two novices were professed at the regular monthly meeting held here on May 5. The spirited address of our Rev. Director on the regulation of the Rule regarding prayer was listened to by the Tertiaries and the many visitors to the meeting with great attention. Owing to the Governmental requirements on the erection of buildings during the time of war, the plans for our proposed Third Order Center have received a temporary check. That our Tertiaries, however, are in earnest with the Center is evident from their practical interest in our temporary so-called "Baby Center." A portion of our Tertiary library has been partitioned off and converted into an office for the Third Order. A telephone (Park 7071) has been installed and the office boasts of other modern conveniences. A very accommodating man has been placed in charge, with hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and from 2 to 6 P. M. Tertiaries may now exchange their library books on any day of the week during business hours. Literature will also be received and distributed by this office, as also articles of clothing for the poor. The ball has been set a rolling. It remains with the

Tertiaries to keep it in motion.

**Milwaukee, Wis., St. Rose Church.**—Surrounded by the members of her family and assisted by her reverend son, Dean P. H. Durnin, Mrs. Mary Durnin passed to her eternal reward on Tuesday, May 14. She came to Milwaukee with her husband, Patrick Durnin, in 1855, and was eighty-one years of age at the time of her death. Besides Dean Durnin, Mrs. Durnin gave to the priesthood another son, who preceded her to the grave by several years. Ever since she became a Tertiary the good woman proved herself a zealous and most devoted child of St. Francis, and it was her ardent desire to be buried in the large Tertiary habit. The Very Rev. Durnin officiated at the solemn funeral services, which were conducted on Friday, May 17, in St. Rose Church, of which he is pastor. In the sanctuary, were about fifty priests, secular and regular, while the large church was crowded with people who had come to pay their last respects to a good Christian mother and Franciscan Tertiary. R. I. P.

**South Boston, Mass., St. Leonard's Church.**—The Tertiaries of this parish now boast of a most beautiful Third Order altar in their church. The statues in the niches are life size and represent St. Francis in the middle with SS. Louis and Elizabeth on each side. The altar is attracting considerable attention, and the members of the Third Order are delighted with it. The women Tertiaries have organized a sewing guild, and they are now very active in teaching the Italian children of the neighborhood the mysterious and useful art of dressmaking. A social, given on May 2 for the purpose of financing the guild and putting it on a firm basis, was very successful.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's**

**Church.**—It is fifty years that Rev. Capistran Zwinge, O.F.M. established the Third Order of St. Francis in Cleveland; and our fraternities are commemorating the event in a becoming manner. All the monthly meetings during this year of jubilee are being conducted with special solemnity. A beautiful edition of the *Life and Legends of St. Francis of Assisi*, by Fr. Canlide Chalippe, O.F.M., with a special dedication to the Cleveland Tertiaries, has been gotten out as a suitable jubilee souvenir. *Franciscan Herald* is publishing each month a special forty-eight page edition for the benefit of our Tertiaries. Two magnificent shrines dedicated to St. Francis and St. Antony have been erected by the Tertiaries at a cost of \$1200.00 in St. Joseph's Church. A number of substantial donations for various pious purposes have been made by our Tertiaries; and to cap the climax, the Holy Father has graciously sent us an autograph letter of felicitation and benediction together with his photograph.

The German-speaking fraternity had their special jubilee celebration on Sunday, May 19. It was preceded by a triduum, conducted by the Rev. Fr. Roger, O.F.M., who also presided at the celebration on May 19. The ideal spring weather that prevailed during the four days made it possible for all the Tertiaries to attend the services. The fraternity received Holy Communion in a body Sunday morning, and in the afternoon, the Tertiaries again assembled for the solemn reception of new members and the blessing of the shrines. The procession on this occasion from the school to the church was very imposing.

In the past fifty years, about 4000 persons were received into the Third Order in St. Joseph's Church. Of these about 1700 are

# Franciscan Herald

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## Editorial Comment

### "LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION"

Do these words imply that God seduces us or entices us to commit sin? Far from it. God has created man free: that is, he has given him the power of self-determination, that, by the proper exercise of this power, he may merit eternal happiness. "God made man from the beginning," says Holy Writ, "and left him in the hand of his own counsel. He added his commandments and precepts.....Before man is life and death, good and evil, that which he shall choose shall be given him." From this it is evident that man has the power to choose between good and evil. If, contrary to his better understanding, he elects the latter, surely God is not to blame. He has given us his word for it that "he hath commanded no man to do wickedly, and he hath given no man license to sin. For he desireth not a multitude of faithless and unprofitable children." In truth, God is infinitely holy, and he can no more entice us to sin than he can will it or commit it himself. But to give us an occasion of practicing virtue and of meriting heaven, God can and does permit us to be tempted by his creatures. It is in this sense, and in this sense alone, that God can be said to lead us into temptation. In the sixth petition of the Lord's Prayer we, therefore, ask God to remove from us all dangerous temptations, or at least, to give us the grace to overcome them.

The most dangerous of all temptations are those arising from our own corrupt nature. By the fall of Adam, human nature became tainted with sin and inclined to sin; so that, as Holy Scripture says, "the imagination and thought of man's heart are prone to evil from his youth." And that other law which St. Paul felt in his members and which he longed to be delivered from, what was it but his inborn proclivity to evil? In this respect, the great Apostle of the Gentiles and the old Roman poet were in much the same predicament. Both were conscious that within them there dwelt a strong tendency to evil, that, despite their knowledge of what is right, they yet felt more drawn to what is wrong. Theirs is but the common experience of all mankind. "Every man is tempted by his own concupiscence, being drawn away and lured." That this concupiscence is a most dangerous enemy of our salvation, no one will deny who knows his own heart.

But, we must be on our guard also against exterior enemies—the

evil spirit in league with the wicked world. The devil goes about now like an insidious serpent attacking us when we least expect it, now like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Fallen from his high estate he is filled with anger and envy at the thought that man, so far below him in excellence of nature, should be elevated to his own high seat in the celestial courts. Hence his incessant endeavors to ruin man and to drag him down to the depths of his own infernal woe. With his superiority of intellect and wealth of experience, he is more than a match for the wisest of us; and what makes him all the more dangerous is his alliance with the world. The term "world" signifies wicked men, who, by their evil conversations, morals, maxims, customs, writings, entertainments, in a word, by their evil example, lead others into sin. This is the world which Christ has so earnestly warned us against, and on which, for its scandals, he has pronounced that terrible curse.

Such are the enemies against whose deadly shafts nobody can be secure and whose vicious onslaughts the Christian soul must be prepared at all times to repel; for, indeed, the life of man is one long warfare. Since it is impossible to avoid all temptations, it is worse than useless to pray to be preserved from all. Indeed, what soldier would say to his commander, "Lead us not into battle"? What mariner would plead with his captain, "Conduct us not on to the high seas"? We can not hope to possess on earth the peace that only the elect in heaven enjoy. Nor would such a peace be to our advantage. For, there is no crown without a struggle. "For he also that striveth for the mastery, is not crowned, except he strive lawfully." Hence, to pray not to be assailed by any temptation, is not the prayer of virtue but of cowardice and selfishness. What we should ask for is the grace to overcome temptations, especially such as are dangerous. We have God's promise that he will not allow us to be tempted above our strength. With his grace we shall always be stronger than our foes; and this grace will never be wanting to us if we observe the Lord's injunction to watch and pray.

Vigilance, both interior and exterior, is necessary. The human heart is often compared to a garden—too often, alas, full of poisonous weeds. Where the soil is most promising, there not infrequently their growth is most luxuriant, and as the green foliage and bright flowers begin to show, they are hardly regarded as noxious. Thus are the passions dressed up in fine names and confidently supposed to be bound up in human nature. Luxury and selfishness, for instance, are little regarded, and by no means feared. Yet, how rank their growth and how sharp their thorns. "Our heart," says St. Alphonse, "is like a garden in which wild and noxious plants grow rank. It is necessary always to have in hand the hoe of mortification; otherwise the soil will soon be overrun with weeds and brambles."

Constant watchfulness over our interior movements, therefore, is essential. But not less incessant must be the watch we keep over our exterior senses; for it is through these that sin enters into the heart. There is a peculiar charm about the things of this earth. They fascinate the senses and captivate the heart of man, thus alienating his affections from the one object worthy of them—the uncreated Beauty. The beauty of creatures, in many cases, is nothing but a snare and delusion, if not a sham and illusion; but it is none the less dangerous for being meretricious. Eternal vigilance, then, is the price the children of God must pay for their liberty of spirit. But all their vigilance will avail them

little, if they do not put on the armor of confidence in God and make use of the powerful weapon of prayer. Without prayer we can not expect the assistance of his grace and without his grace we can not hope for victory over temptation. Vigilance and prayer, these are the two conditions of victory. These conditions fulfilled, "blessed the man that endureth temptation; for when he hath been proved, he shall receive the crown of life, which God hath promised to them that love him."



### A PATRIOT ON PATRIOTISM

Among British Catholic novelists and essayists, John Ayscough has long held a conspicuous place. Of his contemporaries few have equalled and none have surpassed him in elegance of style, soundness of judgment, fertility of imagination, or quantity of production. Every year of the decade preceding the War saw the publication of one or more of his works, which delighted the English-speaking world, Catholic and Protestant. If since the outbreak of the War, his literary output is less voluminous than before, it is owing to the fact that he has exchanged the scholar's gown for the soldier's uniform and is now rendering patriotic service as army chaplain behind the British lines. For John Ayscough is a patriot as well as a scholar. We mention this fact merely by way of introduction to a citation from an essay of his on "Loyalists and Patriots," which our readers may find interesting as well as illuminating. Our excuse for quoting at some length is the appositeness of the passage in question:

To love is the real duty of patriotism, whereas, in the mouths of many of its noisiest professors, the point would rather seem to be to hate. It is not, with them, so much a question of loving their country as of disliking, envying, or despising other countries. Such others as appear to claim the dignity of rivals they vilify and slander; the rest they ignore as beneath notice. This patriotism would seem to be composed largely of vanity and largely of spite. The vanity is not hard to understand, for your patriot of this kidney has often little in himself on which to ground that pleasant sensation, and brags of the greatness (i. e., bigness) of his country to blind the public to his own littleness.

Beyond the idea of country this sort of patriotism can, obviously, not reach. It could not occur to these patriots that the virtue of which patriotism is a part has a further scope still; that, just as every individual is a unit in the family, and every family a unit in the State, so the State itself is only a larger less interesting, though more important, unit in the final unit of the human family of which God is the Head.

As things now stand, probably the Catholic Church alone maintains this wide view. In the despised Middle Ages it was of general acceptance, because when the huge, but artificial and material, unity of the Roman Empire disappeared, it was succeeded by the vaster and immaterial unity of the Church. The split-up of this union, whereby a single Christendom was changed into a divided Europe, did not take effect till the Reformation, which substituted for the splendid and noble idea of a universal Christian family, united under one father, the petty and selfish idea of rival nationalities under a group of mutually suspicious stepbrothers, and the makeshift compromise of a balance of power, which none of those in the balances would agree to in his own case.

One of the beneficent results of the War that statesmen and friends of humanity are confidently looking to is a league or family of nations. This league is to embrace all those civilized nations that sincerely wish to live in peace and amity with the rest of the world and to make war a

remote possibility, or better still, an absolute impossibility. The demand for some form of world federation is growing apace and becoming more insistent the longer the horrors of the present struggle are protracted. Various schemes, more or less utopian, have been proposed, and many more will be suggested, to bring about that union of states which is to inaugurate the golden era of everlasting peace. Whether any of these plans will materialize, is more than we should like to predict, though we must confess to a slight feeling of diffidence to most of them. As long as statesmen and publicists are guided rather by ideas of national aggrandizement than by principles of international security; as long as pseudo-patriots seek the salvation of the human race in the growth of armaments instead of the spread of Christian principles; as long as the nations are separated by artificial barriers of nationalism into so many hostile camps; as long as the rulers regard with suspicion the efforts of the only power on earth embodying and realizing the idea of true internationalism and universal brotherhood: so long will the plans for a league of nations after the War remain but an empty, if beautiful, dream. Narrow, sordid, selfish, grasping nationalism disguised as patriotism is the only real obstacle to world peace at present, and it will be a very real, though perhaps not the sole, impediment to world federation in the future. The great need of the hour is genuine catholicity of thought and feeling. Without it there can be no hope of a permanent league of nations.



### THE SIN OF MODERNITY

Our fathers have sinned and are not, but we have sinned more deeply. Their sin was directly against man—his right to liberty and justice. The sin of modernity strikes directly at God and seeks His destruction in so far as it can be accomplished. Is it not true that the rulers of this world in modern times have ruled it in utter contempt of Him Who rules the universe? It is an earnest of a better spirit to come to witness this master-sin of the modern man acknowledged in the public press: "The real value of war," writes a secular journal, "as a promoter of human uplift and international reform will be found precisely in the extent to which it brings humanity back to a realization of its dependence on the Almighty and to its recognition of its moral responsibility to Him. In the last and highest analysis what is at stake are not human systems, but divine authority. The world cannot be made permanently safe for democracy if it does not create an allegiance to the supreme sovereignty of Heaven. Mankind has strayed away from this thought time and time again, but every time it has done so it has paid a heavy penalty for its folly in running after false gods. The scientist and skeptic may smile, but the experience of ages is against them.....The real lesson of this war is not the menace of a race of supermen, or the panacea of democracy, but the overlordship of a Divine Governor without Whom nations and men can hope for no abiding peace or happiness."—*Truth*.

## BL. ANGELINA OF MARSCIANO

*By Fr. Silas, O. F. M.*

BL. Angelina was born in the castle of Monte Giove, near Orvieto, Italy, in the year 1377. Her father, Count James Angioballi, was the head of a noble and powerful family with large territorial possessions; her mother was Anne, the daughter of the Count of Corbara. Under the guidance of her truly pious mother, Angelina from her very infancy became accustomed to the practice of prayer. The names of Jesus and Mary were her first words, and they continued to be for her a source of consolation and strength during her whole life. It was her delight to erect and decorate little altars and to pray and sing hymns before them with her sister and playmates. As she grew older, she persuaded the young girls of the neighborhood to attend these devotions; and thus she prepared herself for the apostolate she was one day to exercise; for the maidens began to look upon her as one who was more than a playmate, and later united their destinies to hers for life.

At the age of twelve, Angelina lost her mother by death. This affliction made a deep impression on her character, manifesting to her the uncertainty of life and the insufficiency of human aid and consolation. She now determined to renounce the honors and pleasures of the world and to give herself up entirely to the service of God. Following an inspiration of divine grace, she, at this time, dedicated herself to God and his Blessed

Mother by a vow of virginity. Henceforth all her aspirations were directed to the service of her heavenly bridegroom. With a fervor unusual in one of her age, she strove to die to self and the world and devoted herself to prayer, penance and works of charity.

When Angelina had attained the age of fifteen, her father proposed to give her in marriage to John of Terni, Count of Civitella, but she, mindful of her vow, firmly refused her father's proposal. The latter flew into a passion, vehemently upbraided her, and finally gave her eight days to consider the matter, declaring that he would kill her, if she persisted in her refusal. Full of anguish, the pious maiden redoubled her prayers, and besought our Lord to help her overcome the obstacles which were thrown in the way of her resolution to belong to him alone. She also placed herself under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and St. John the Apostle. Her earnest pleadings were heard; while praying with great devotion, she heard a voice from heaven, which said to her, "Fear not, my daughter; yield obedience to your father, and leave the rest to me." She accordingly notified her father of her readiness to do as he wished.

The Count rejoiced at his daughter's submission to his desire, and the marriage ceremonies were celebrated with great pomp. During the festivities which followed, Angelina found an opportunity to retire to her chamber. Bursting in-

to tears, she cast herself before a little altar and implored our Lord to come to her assistance according to his promise. In the midst of her distress, an angel appeared to her, consoled her, and reassured her of the divine protection. The Count of Civitella, her husband, coming at that moment, enquired who the mysterious person was whom he had seen conversing with her, and who had vanished so suddenly. Angelina told him of her vow, of the voice which had told her to do her father's will and leave the rest to Providence, and then entreated him to allow her to keep the promise she had made to God. The young Count, admiring the

heroic virtue of his bride, and touched by grace, not only granted her desire, but also bound himself by the vow of perpetual chastity.

The pious couple took up their abode in the castle of Civitella and vied with each other in the practice

of prayer and works of mercy. But the health of the young Count soon began to decline, and after two years he died the death of the just. Angelina was thus left free to carry out her long cherished intention of devoting herself exclusively to the service of God. In order to make her resolution evident to all, she joined the Third Order of St. Francis, and easily induced her ladies of honor and her domestics to do the same. Together with these she strictly observed the Rule of the Order in all things, imitated the life of a religious community as far as possible, and attended to the wants of the sick and the poor.

But even this did not satisfy the zeal of Angelina. Accompanied by some of her companions, she visited the towns of the district, and by her earnest exhortations and holy life succeeded in converting many sinners and in arousing in all a love of virtue. A



Bl. Angelina of Marsciano

Drogemeller fec.

number of young women, some of them belonging to the highest families, touched by her words and example, consecrated themselves to God, either by joining her little society or by entering convents. This brought upon her a violent storm of persecution. The friends and relatives of many of the maidens who had been guided by her counsel, accused her of causing discord in families, of looking on marriage as wrong, of witchcraft, and even of heresy. Ladislas, the King of Naples, to whom these accusations were brought, allowed himself to be deceived and believed them. He summoned Angelina to his court, determined to have her burnt as a sorceress. But God watched over his servant. He revealed to her the evil design of the King, and bade her obey the summons without fear and to take with her, in the folds of her mantle, some live coals which she was to present to him.

On the appointed day, Angelina appeared before the court. She declared herself innocent of the charges brought against her, and concluded by saying, "If, Sire, I am guilty of the crime that has been laid to my charge, I am ready to suffer the punishment due to it;" and then, opening the fold of her mantle and displaying the live coals, she added, "Behold the fire, let the pile be lighted." Full of astonishment at the evident intervention of God in behalf of his faithful servant, the King acknowledged her innocence and courteously dismissed her.

A few days later, Angelina, by her prayers, restored to life the son of a nobleman. To escape the veneration shown her on all sides, she,

with her companions, returned to Civitàlla. Here she continued her former mode of life, until a new persecution broke out against her and she was banished from the kingdom. Humbly submitting to the will of God, she sold all her possessions, and went to Assisi. While at prayer in the church of St. Mary of the Angels, she was rapt in ecstasy and received the divine command to proceed to Foligno and to found there a convent in which she and her companions were to live under the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Arriving at Foligno, the servant of God presented herself before the bishop of the city and humbly begged his permission to found a convent of Regular Tertiaries. The bishop, recognizing Angelina's great virtue, received her petition favorably, and after obtaining from Pope Boniface IX the necessary authorization, assisted her in every way to accomplish her purpose. When the convent was completed, she and her companions, who had increased to twelve, entered upon their novitiate, and after a year pronounced the solemn vows of poverty, obedience, and chastity. This was the first community of Regular Tertiaries with vows in Italy. Angelina, who was then only twenty years of age, was chosen superior. She governed her Sisters with enlightened prudence, and edified them by her fervor in prayer, by humility, mortification, and charity. The fame of her holy life and that of her spiritual daughters attracted many pious souls, and in the course of time, she founded sixteen convents throughout Italy. In 1428, she was appointed Superior General of all the

convents founded by her, which office she held until the time of her death.

When she felt her last hour approach, she made a general confession and received the last sacraments with great fervor. She then took affectionate leave of her spir-

itual daughters, and after enjoying the delights of an ecstasy, she entered into the joys of heaven. This took place on July 14, 1435. She was buried in the Franciscan church at Foligno. Pope Leo XII approved the veneration paid to her from time immemorial.

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## DIVINE RETRIBUTION

*By Fr. Francis Borgia, O. F. M.*

THE last years of Henry's inglorious reign were years of gloom and desolation for him. Wide-spread dissatisfaction, pauperism, immorality, and religious indifferentism among the lower classes, who clamored for the charitable ministrations of the ousted monks and friars; bitter discord and senseless wrangling on matters of doctrine among the clergy,<sup>1</sup> who railed at one another and chafed under the yoke of the Six Articles; rivalries and intrigues among the courtiers,<sup>2</sup> who were only waiting for the death of their royal patron to satisfy their own greed and ambitious designs; strained relations and open hostilities with foreign powers, who while resenting Henry's religious and political despotism, sought to profit by his present helplessness; marital troubles within the royal household, aggravated by the bodily ailments of the royal voluptuary:—such was the gloom and desolation that followed in the wake of

that dreadful storm which Henry's unbridled passions had conjured up against the Church in England.

What made his declining years most bitter were the pangs of remorse that harrowed his guilty soul. Anxious to become reconciled to the Church, he, as early as 1541, asked Charles V to mediate between him and the Pope. The Emperor was willing; but in the end nothing came of it.<sup>3</sup> The King made another step in this direction in the autumn of 1546, six months before his death. He consulted his bishops and divines; but for obvious reasons they evaded the question. Gardiner alone was sincere; he suggested that the affair be proposed to parliament, or, should time not allow this, that the King at least commit his wishes to writing, since God would take the good will for the deed.

Finally, after months of bodily suffering and mental anguish, the woeful end came. Black despair, like a hideous specter, haunted the

1. In his last speech in parliament on religion, Henry VIII deeply lamented the dissensions among the clergy. Lingard: *History of England* (New York, 1879), Vol. V, pp. 99 sqq. For a copy of this speech see Dodd: *Church History of England* (Brussels, 1737), Vol. I, pp. 315 sqq.—2. Cromwell had betrayed his trust both as minister and as vicar-general. On June 10, 1540, he was arrested and subjected to the bill of attainder, "a most iniquitous measure, but of which he had no right to complain, as he had been the first to employ it against others." In vain he appealed to the King for mercy. No one dared to raise a voice in his defence, and on July 28, he was beheaded. Lingard, l. c., pp. 79 sqq.—3. Sander: *De Occidente ac Progressu Schismatis Anglicani* (Col. Agrip., 1585), p. 97.

last hours of the refractory King. Lying helpless on his bed of pain, and staring wildly into the darker recesses of the room, he would groan, "Monks! monks!"<sup>4</sup> On January 28, 1547, when told that his last moment had come, he became frantic with fear and despair. Calling for a cup of wine, he turned feebly to one of the attendants and exclaimed, "All is lost!" then he sank back on his pillow and expired.<sup>5</sup>

On February 14, the corpse was conveyed from Westminster to Windsor castle for burial. On this occasion, the prophesy of Fr. William Peyto, made fourteen years before in the friary church of Greenwich, was literally fulfilled. The cortege halted for the night at the monastery of Sion. During the journey, owing perhaps to the jogging of the chariot, the coffin was damaged and the corpse injured. The next morning, a pool of blood was found on the pavement of the church where the remains had been placed. To repair the damage, embalmers and plumbers were summoned. They were about to begin their work, when "suddenly was there found among their legs a dog, lapping and licking up the King's blood, as chanced to King Achab, before specified. This chance one William Consell reported, saying he was there present, and with much ado drove away the said dog."<sup>6</sup> Such was the horrible end of Henry VIII, whom Stubbs, the Anglican bishop and historian, characterizes as a "strong, high-spirited, ruthless, disappointed, solitary creature; a thing to hate or to pity or to smile at, or to shudder at or to wonder at, but not to judge."<sup>7</sup>

Edward VI, the son of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour, was only nine years old when he ascended the throne. During his brief reign (1547 to 1553), schismatical England was hurled into the more dismal abyss of heresy. Eager to safeguard Catholic dogma and practices, the late King had published the *Book of Articles* and the *King's Book* and had compelled parliament to enact the Statute of the Six Articles. But now the mighty monarch was dead, and the very men who had been most obsequious to him in life, were the first to ignore his wishes. They made common cause with the foreign heretics and by degrees swept away the last vestiges of Catholic belief and discipline. Headed by Cranmer, they hailed the accession of young Edward whom they knew to be thoroughly imbued with heretical tenets. What encouraged them most, however, was the fact that the Duke of Somerset, appointed protector of the realm during his nephew's minority, was a zealous adherent of the new teaching. According to Lingard, eleven-twelfths of the English population were still strongly attached to the old faith. But Cranmer and Somerset were determined to establish Protestantism, and they left nothing undone to carry out their design. Where persuasion and deception failed, unmasked tyranny succeeded. "The key-stone of the arch had been taken away when Henry broke with the Head of the Church, and the Sacraments followed in more or less rapid succession, till by a gradual and natural sequence nothing was left but a heap of ruins."<sup>8</sup>

One of the saddest results of the

4. Strickland: *Lives of the Queens of England* (Philadelphia, 1899), Vol. III, p. 256, on the authority of Harpsfield.—5. Sander, I. c., p. 105.—6. Hope: *Franciscan Martyrs in England* (London, 1873), p. 68, quoting Harpsfield. See also Strickland, I. c., p. 230, quoting a contemporary document. According to Hall, this incident occurred in the room where Henry died. See Hope, I. c., p. 57.—7. See Stone: *Faithful Unto Death* (London, 1892), p. 88.—8. Stone: *Faithful Unto Death*, p. 91.

spoliation of religious houses which continued during Edward's reign, was the wholesale destruction of libraries. Invaluable manuscripts, costly books, important records and documents were either committed to the flames or sold to shopkeepers for a few shillings. Great, indeed, must have been the havoc, if a contemporary like Bale did not hesitate to declare, "Our posterity may well curse this wicked fact of our age, this unreasonable spoil of England's most noble antiquities."<sup>9</sup> Already during the preceding reign, the royal visitors had laid hands on the valuable library of Oxford university. Layton and London informed Cromwell that they had bound Duns Scotus in Bocardo, a prison in Oxford, and that they had banished him and all his obscure glosses from the university; the said philosopher, they boasted, was now reduced to mean offices and would be of use to the lowest rank of the people; his writings could be seen at the door of every "house of office." During Edward's reign, in 1550, carloads of books were publicly burned in the marketplace at Oxford. Here again, the writings of Fr. Duns Scotus were the principal object of the "reformers'" rage and vandalism. His doctrine, strictly in keeping with Catholic dogma, was as popular among the scholars of the past centuries, as it was sacred to the Order to which he belonged. This explains why his works were above all conspicuous during that senseless demonstration of hostility toward Catholic teaching. And further, to deal his fair reputation a telling blow, the base proceedings were styled *Funus Scotti et Scotistarum*, "as if," Parkinson remarks, "the pre-

eminence among Scholastics, and the right of preference in the schools had been due to the Subtle Doctor Duns Scotus and his followers."

Great was the dismay of the reforming party, when, on July 6, 1553, King Edward died and Princess Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon, at last entered London amid the acclamations of the populace. The noble Queen, whom long years of suffering had taught the value of Catholic faith and worship, was determined to undo the work of her father and of her brother. During her first parliament, in 1553, she had the Catholic liturgy and disciplinary laws of the Church re-established. On November 23, 1554, Cardinal Reginald Pole, her kinsman, was joyfully welcomed in London as papal legate a latere. A week later, in full session of parliament and in the presence of the Queen and her royal consort Philip II, of Spain, he presided at the solemn ceremony of reconciliation, and absolved them and the entire nation "from all heresy and schism and all judgments, censures, and penalties therefor incurred." How the heart of the Queen must have leaped for joy when the hall reechoed with a fervent "Amen" and all the members rising from their knees proceeded to the chapel, where they chanted the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving.<sup>10</sup> Little did she imagine that within a few years this joy would again be turned into sorrow.

Queen Mary had hardly ascended the throne, when the Franciscan Observants reappeared on the scene. Before the end of 1553, though not yet officially recognized, they resided in their old

<sup>9.</sup> Parkinson: *Antiquities of the English Franciscans* (London, 1726), p. 246. Bale, an ex-Carmelite, was a bitter and outspoken enemy of papal supremacy and of the religious orders.—<sup>10.</sup> Lingard l. e., p. 223. See also *Anales Minororum* (Quaracchi, 1914), Vol. XIX, pp. 1, sqq.

friary at Greenwich. Naturally, they enjoyed the favor and esteem of their sovereign. How much had they not suffered in defence of her mother and of the Holy See? Would they be less faithful and zealous now in her own cause? Gratitude, therefore, as well as prudence and justice prompted her to rebuild and enlarge their friary at Greenwich and to recall those of their Order who were still living in exile. In the spring of 1555, the work of restoration at Greenwich was completed, and, on April 7, the sons of St. Francis were solemnly reinstated by the Bishop of Rochester.

We can easily imagine the joy of the friars when they gathered once more amid the familiar scenes of their former labors. Many a time they must have recalled the trials and sorrows of the past years and spoken with the deepest reverence of those who had since won the crown of martyrdom for the faith. What emotions of gratitude to God and to their Queen thrilled their hearts, when they assembled for choir and meditation in the very church where twenty years before Fr. Peyto had so boldly defied the King and his court. How warmly, too, they welcomed their brethren returning from exile. Besides FF. Peyto and Elstow, there were FF. John Standish, John Richel, and John Gray, all men of singular virtue and learning, as also the Spanish Franciscans who had accompanied their royal master Philip II to England.

Gradually the number of friars increased, much to the satisfaction of the Queen who had two more houses, at London and Southampton, erected for them. In November, 1555, twenty-five friars were residing in their convent at Green-

wich,<sup>11</sup> of which Fr. Elstow was appointed guardian. The Queen chose Fr. Peyto as her confessor and spiritual adviser, while Fr. Stephen Fox apparently held the office of custos.<sup>12</sup> A few names of such as were received into the Order during Mary's reign have come down to us. Fr. Richard Britan, an Oxford scholar, had already suffered a long imprisonment under Henry VIII for openly defending the Pope's supremacy. Sanders, who knew him at Oxford, tells us that he was a man of great mortification. He died shortly after his reception at the Greenwich friary. The other novices, FF. George Dennis, Thomas Bourchier and NN. Nelson lived to witness the renewed persecution that began with the accession of Queen Elizabeth.

Needless to say, the Franciscans were awake to the pressing needs of the times, and with their customary zeal began to minister to the spiritual wants of the people. "The spirit of St. Francis," writes Stone, "was once more alive in the land. The friars taught and preached and exhorted as before; and if they were spurned and treated with insolence, as sometimes happened now, they taught and preached and exhorted all the more. It was the business of the shepherds to chase the wolf from the fold; it was the business of the friars to repair the damages which the wolf had done, to bind up the broken and confirm the weak." A copious source of many evils were the abuses to which Sacred Scripture had been subjected by the heretics. In view of this, Fr. John Standish not only wrote and published a book on the proper use and interpretation of the sacred Books, but also "used his utmost endeavors to have this weighty affair laid

<sup>11</sup>. Pastor: *Geschichte Der Päpste* (Freiburg, 1943) Vol. VI, p. 604.—<sup>12</sup>. Mason: *Certamen Sacrae Scripturae Provinciae Angliae* (Quaracchi, 1885), p. 15. See also, *Annates Minorum*, Vol. XIX, p. 190.

before the Parliament,.....to prevent the erroneous and dangerous impression apt to be made on the minds of the ignorant people by the ridiculous explications of taylors, weavers, coblers, silly women, and all sorts of mechanicks, who filled the thoughts of their unwary hearers with such remarks as were unworthy the holy mysteries of the Christian faith." In a sermon held before court, Fr. Alfonso Castro, a Spanish Franciscan, denounced the Council for taking measures against the heretics, that were not in keeping with the Christian law of charity.<sup>13</sup> This same friar held his famous controversy with Cranmer in Bocardo prison at Oxford and finally induced him to sign a recantation of his heretical tenets.<sup>14</sup>

How the heretics were disposed toward the friars and how they even resorted to open violence against them, may be seen from the following incident. One day, FF. Peyton and Elstow were returning home from London, when suddenly a mob gathered to assault them. Seeing the danger to which they were exposed, the friars made good their escape by leaping into a boat. They, indeed, saved their lives, but someone in the crowd hurled a stone, which struck Fr. Peyton and broke one of his ribs.<sup>15</sup> Queen Mary, on the contrary, repeatedly showed that she favored the friars. As we heard, she provided them with three convents. On Saturday, March 21, 1555,

Cardinal Pole was ordained priest at Lambeth, and the following day, he said his first Mass and received the episcopal consecration in the Franciscan church at Greenwich, in the presence of the Queen and the entire court.<sup>16</sup> In August of the same year, shortly before King Philip's departure for the continent, their majesties went in solemn procession to the friary church at Greenwich. Subsequently, while her royal consort was abroad, the Queen resided in the Greenwich palace, and we may suppose that she was in frequent consultation with Fr. Peyton, her confessor and spiritual adviser. A year later, however, the relation between the Queen and Fr. Peyton was perhaps less cordial. In view of his learning and virtue and in reward for his unswerving loyalty to the Church, Pope Paul IV, with the unanimous approval of the Cardinals, created him Cardinal and appointed him to succeed Cardinal Pole as legate a latere in England. Prior to 1547, while yet in exile, the distinguished friar had been named bishop of Salisbury; but in his humility he gladly relinquished his claim, when Bishop Salcot (Capon), a nominee of Henry VIII, returned to the old faith. Little then need we be surprised if now he used every lawful means to escape the new dignity thrust upon him, the more so because this appointment was to the prejudice of Cardinal Pole, whom he loved as a friend and esteemed as a man of

<sup>13</sup> Parkinson, I. c., p. 230; Stone: *Mary The First, Queen of England* (London, 1901), I. p. 364; Pastor, c., p. 585; Lingard, I. c., p. 231. For these rigorous proceedings of the Council against obstinate heretics Protestant historians lay the blame on Queen Mary and consequently style her "Bloody Mary." For a critical and lucid refutation of this groundless charge, we refer the reader to Stone's *Mary The First, Queen of England*, chapter xiii. "It is as great an historical absurdity," the author maintains, "to apply to Mary the epithet 'bloody,' as it is to attach that of 'good' to Queen Elizabeth" (p. 37).—<sup>14</sup> Parkinson, I. c., p. 150; Stone: *Faithful Unto Death*, p. 101. Cranmer who had done so much harm to the Church and State in England during the reign of Henry VIII and Edward VI, is without doubt one of the most despicable figures in English history. When, after a life of crime and scandal, he was finally convicted of heresy and handed over to the secular arm, he baselessly feigned repentance, hoping thus to save his life. Queen Mary, only too eager to believe the hypocrite, although he had wronged her so greatly, would have used all her influence in his behalf. But public justice demanded retribution. On the day of his execution, the wretched man publicly recanted all the former recantations he had made and died an apostate and a heretic.—<sup>15</sup> Parkinson, I. c., pp. 249, 252.—<sup>16</sup> Stone: *Mary of England*, p. 408, footnote on the authority of Wriothesley.

eminent qualities. "No one," says Stone, "felt his incompetency for the dignity and office conferred upon him more than Fr. Peyto himself, and he entreated the Pontiff to be allowed to decline them, as too great a burden for the old shoulders." In a letter to the Pope, he stated that he could not show himself in the streets of London without being insulted. But the Pope insisted and demanded that he come to Rome; whereupon, it seems, Fr. Peyto departed for the continent. He remained in France, where in April, 1538, he departed this life.<sup>17</sup> How little this affair estranged the Queen from the friars may be seen from the fact that in her last will dated April 30, 1558, she bequeathed five hundred pounds to the guardian and convent of the Observant friars at Greenwich and two hundred pounds to those at Southampton.

Worry over the coldness and neglect of Philip II, her royal consort, and anxiety regarding the succession to the throne, had gradually undermined the health of Queen Mary. To this came the fall of Calais, on January 8, 1558, a disaster which made the public mind restive and distrustful and which was a severe blow not only

to the Queen but also to the cause of the Catholic Church so dear to her heart. During the following spring and autumn her health sank rapidly so that with the advent of autumn she felt her end fast approaching. Anxious that the work of restoration be continued after her death and at the same time justly doubting the orthodoxy of Princess Elizabeth, who would succeed her as queen, she sent commissioners to examine her on the matter of religion. The unscrupulous Princess swore that she was a Catholic; and accordingly, on November 6, the Queen sent her jewels to Elizabeth, again requesting her to further the old religion, when once the reins of government would be in her hands. Finally, on the morning of November 17, the end came. A priest was celebrating holy Mass in her room; and when he "took the Sacred Host to consume it, she adored it with her voice and countenance, presently closed her eyes and rendered her blessed soul to God."<sup>18</sup> She was laid to rest on December 14, in Westminster Abbey on the north side of Henry VII's chapel. It was the last royal funeral conducted in England according to the rites of the Catholic Church.

17. *Annales Minorum*, Vol. XIX, p. 143; See also Leon: *Ancient Scrapbook*, Engl. transl. (Taunton 1887), p. 357 footnote.—18. Stone: *Mary Queen of England*, pp. 466 seqq. That same day, at seven in the evening Cardinal Pole breathed his last.



## AN ANNOUNCEMENT PARTY

*By Fr. Celestine V. Strub, O.F.M.*

HARRY and Agnes had been engaged two months, and it was an open secret though, of course, nobody at all besides their parents had even the slightest intimation of it. The astounding fact was to be divulged at an announcement party some time in August. As a matter of fact, the party was held on the evening of the first Thursday in October;—but I must not anticipate.

It was June now, and the mission at St. George's had just closed, leaving an impression on all who had attended it that was never forgotten. Father Avelline was one of those rare preachers who rely mainly on a clear exposition of the eternal truths, coupled with the use of a very few but very vivid images that would stick forever in the memory, a check to wrong-doing and a spur to virtuous action. Among all his hearers none followed his discourse with closer attention than Harry and Agnes. Like all earnest souls about to enter upon a new career in life, they had golden ideals; and being bent on realizing them by every means in their power, they welcomed the mission as most opportune for their purpose.

While out driving a week after the close of the mission, their future naturally formed the principal topic of the conversation—if Agnes's almost uninterrupted chatting might be called conversation. She had entertained Harry (or at least she thought she had) with a

long account of her extensive knowledge of cooking and house-keeping (domestic science they call it nowadays): telling him in how many different ways she could prepare meat, fish, and potatoes; how many salads she could make without a recipe; what varieties of bread she could bake; that buns and biscuits that melt in one's mouth were her special forte; that she could make seven different kinds of pancakes, besides cakes, and pies and tarts and muffins and vanities and cream puffs and—what not; when the sight of a vine-clad cottage directed her thoughts to the kind of home she would like to have.

"I like a house," she said, "with lots of windows, don't you? And lots of porches, too—fashion or no fashion. Then a pretty lawn in front;—you might take care of that,—and in the back-yard a nice little kitchen garden for me to manage,—that is, of course, somebody else would have to do the spading. Then there would also be a little patch of green sward with a summerhouse. You never saw cousin Kate's garden, did you? She has the sweetest little white arbor, all overgrown with roses and wisteria. There's where I would sit and watch the vegetables grow." Here she gave a musical little laugh that evoked a smile from her companion, and then she began afresh.

Throughout it all, however, Harry remained unusually pensive. On other occasions he was more than a match as a conversationalist for

his fair companion; but to-day he failed to play even the part of a good listener. At last Agnes remarked this, and directly she enquired the reason of his silence.

"I'm all taken up," he apologized, "with an idea I got during the mission. You remember, we talked about social work a few weeks ago."

"Yes."

"Well, it has since occurred to me that we ought to do more directly for the Church."

"In what way?" Agnes asked. "Are you thinking of building a few cathedrals? Goodness knows, our Bishop needs one."

"No, not that exactly," he replied smiling. "This seems to be the age of cathedrals in America; but the building of those 'Extension chapels' appeals more to me. You can erect a hundred such chapels—each a center of Catholic activity—at the expense of a single chapel in a cathedral. Yet there is even a greater need in America than the need of cathedrals and churches."

"You mean the need of priests? I remember how this scarcity of priests was emphasized by Father —what was his name?—the missionary."

"Avelline," Harry supplemented.

"Yes, Father 'T've-a-line.' Well, are you thinking of founding some scholarships for ecclesiastical students?"

"You're a good guesser," he answered. "Yes, I have thought of that; and I intend to do that too. But that would not relieve the situation much. You know, Father said there was a lack of candidates."

"Yes, I remember. But isn't it strange? There are so many large

families of boys, and not one of them studying for the priesthood. Why, the Youngs, the Starks, and the Laughlins each have half-a-dozen or more fine young men. I'm sure if I had several boys, I'd want one of them, at least, to become a priest."

"Mrs. Young and the others," Harry rejoined, "most likely had the same wish; but boys don't become priests, you know, or get married just because their mothers want them to."

This remark came home the more forcibly, as Harry's own mother had at first not favored his engagement to Agnes.

"But what else can a mother do," she asked, "than pray and endeavor to implant the desire of becoming a priest in the heart of her child?"

"A mother can do no more, perhaps," he replied, "nor a father either; but the young man that isn't married can."

"What can he do?"

"He can become a priest himself."

Agnes broke into a teasing little laugh and said:

"Indeed, he can; but how are you going to influence him to do so?"

"I have long been of the opinion," Harry answered, "—and the mission has confirmed it in me—that there is little to be gained by deplored this or that condition of things and then suggesting ways and means for others to improve it. Everybody is complaining about some evil or other; but too few seem willing to apply the proper and most efficacious remedy, which is, first of all, utterly to avoid the evil oneself. Take the evil of drunkenness. If everyone

that despises and preaches against this evil would avoid all manner of intemperance in eating and drinking himself, the evil would grow appreciably less. As long as there are 'moderate drinkers' that sometimes go to excess, be it ever so little, you will have a yearly crop of drunkards. There wouldn't be any fallen away Catholics, if there weren't any Catholics that are lukewarm in their Faith. Women—many of them, at least,—would have no cause to complain of the glaring immodesty of dress of some of their sex, if they did not allow themselves improprieties of dress less glaring. There would never be any divorces—"

Here Agnes had simultaneously begun to speak, and then said:

"I beg your pardon."

"Well?"

"I was only going to observe," she said jokingly, "that I believe you have missed your vocation. You speak like a missionary."

Harry was silent for a moment and then said:

"I haven't missed it yet;" with a deliberate emphasis on the last word.

"Haven't missed it yet!" exclaimed Agnes. "You surely can not be thinking of becoming a priest?"

Harry did not answer; and then all at once the realization chilled her whole being—what Harry thought she should have guessed long before—that he was really contemplating entering the priesthood. Cautiously as he had attempted to lead up gradually to the revelation, it had nevertheless come so suddenly that Agnes was almost overcome. Her face grew pale; tears stood in her eyes; and

her voice quivered when she began to speak.

"What was that—engagement-ring," she began; but a sob choked her voice.

Harry had got himself into a most trying predicament. Tears no less than smiles possess a tremendous power, and having never before beheld Agnes in tears, Harry's own eyes began to water. His first impulse was to take her in his arms; but, unlike many young men, he had schooled himself not to act on first impulses. So he merely took her by the hand like a child; told her not to cry; assured her that there was no need for it; that he had no thought of becoming a priest without her willing consent.

"That's small comfort," Agnes said, as she wiped away her tears; "you know I will not refuse my consent and make you unhappy."

"It would not make me unhappy, Agnes. I could not be unhappy with you. Humanly speaking I should prefer to live with you, and it would be a great sacrifice to give you up."

"Why, then, wish to become a priest?"

"Chiefly, Agnes, for the reason that there is such a need of priests, as I stated before." And he proceeded to explain that, had the missionary not emphasized the need so forcibly, he never would have thought of altering his intent of marrying. The supreme dignity of the priesthood and the knowledge that in aspiring to it he would be choosing the better part lent sanction enough to the change.

"But isn't it too late," Agnes objected, "to begin to study now?"

"I shouldn't have to begin, Ag-

nes. I've finished the course that is usually required for entrance into the seminary, and I have had even a little of philosophy; so I could enter a seminary at once. My Latin would need a little brushing up, being out of college four years; but the missionary assured me that no bishop would refuse me on that account."

Agnes said nothing, and they drove on for a while in silence.

The sun was sinking behind a copse of young oak trees, and as the long shadows fell athwart their path, Agnes could not help thinking how suddenly all her bright hopes had begun to sink and the dread shadow of loneliness was threatening to darken her life. It was all due to the mission, too,—that mission that had shed light and warmth into so many lives. And she had loved the missionary, with his earnest words and kindly eyes. Could he have intended his words to be taken so literally? Had he even surmised that they might raise a barrier between two hearts that beat as one? 'Leave father and mother, or wife and children for My name's sake and receive life everlasting.' How beautiful these words had sounded when the missionary quoted them! And how they cut her to the quick now!

Harry, who could almost guess her thoughts, at length broke the silence, saying:

"It is not necessary at all, Agnes, that this matter be decided to-day. I myself want a little more time to consider it. I merely wanted to make the suggestion to you. If you give your consent, very well; if not, then very well too. I should be happy to marry you; but I should willingly forgo that pleas-

ure for the sake of a higher life."

Again Agnes did not reply at once. It seemed so easy, she thought, and so simple to him: his life would be full of work; he would not be lonely; but what would become of her? Did he suppose she would become a nun? She resolved to sound him.

"You would certainly make a splendid priest," she said; "but what would I do without you?"

"There are plenty of other eligible young men," he replied, not wishing to suggest the convent. And then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "The Youngs, the Laughlins, and the Starks each have several fine young men who do not wish to become priests."

"The idea!" she exclaimed; "as if I'd ever marry one of them! Besides, Joe Laughlin and Marty Stark are about the only ones of my age; and Joe has such horrid red hair, and Marty, a pug nose; and—"

"Fine young men to be priests, though, you thought."

"Well," somewhat embarrassed, "but not in that way."

"Now listen, Agnes," Harry went on; "do you know what made it possible for me to entertain this idea seriously when it first occurred to me? You were speaking a while ago about our golden future. I admit that it might turn out as you pictured it; but might not just the reverse prove true? And if I should lose you after two or three years, I should feel the loss far more keenly than now. Suppose we should marry next spring as we intended, and a few months later I should die; would you not be more unhappy than if you had not been married?"

"But that is a most unlikely contingency, Harry."

"Death doesn't bind itself to likely contingencies," he rejoined.

Another silence ensued. Agnes gazed pensively at the ruby ring on her finger, a gift from Harry, and then said:

"Well, one thing I am sure of: if you become a priest, I shall never marry. Perhaps I might follow your example eventually, as far as I can, and enter a convent."

"To tell the truth, Agnes, the idea of your becoming a nun occurred to me before I thought of becoming a priest. You remember that the missioner, in his sermon on the different states of life, spoke of the religious state before he spoke of the priesthood. When he spoke of the virgins that follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, I pictured you among the throng. It seemed to me that I should prefer to see you among that happy host than to be able to claim you as my own. I then resolved that, if you should change your mind and not wish to marry, I would willingly cancel our engagement. I love you too much to stand between you and any special joy or glory that might be yours in Heaven. It was only after that, that I got the notion of becoming a priest."

"Now that you recall that," Agnes said, "I confess that Father's words awakened a certain longing in me; but directly I remembered that my future was already decided on, and that one may please God in any calling. You know, one must have a vocation to enter the convent; and I never had an inclination that way."

"Such an inclination is not nec-

essary," he replied. "Don't you remember what Father Avelline said? The main sign of a vocation is the qualification of the aspirant; and you have all the qualifications in an eminent degree: piety, zeal, education,—"

"Wait a moment, please!" Agnes interrupted. "It isn't quite time for a funeral oration yet. I'll admit that I may, perhaps, have the essential qualifications — though not in an eminent degree, as you imagine. But if the qualification is the only sign of a vocation, then all good and sufficiently talented Catholics are called to the priesthood or to the religious life."

"I said the main sign," Harry corrected, "not the only sign. Naturally a person must also have a good will and the right intention; and both his qualification and his intention must be tested and sanctioned by the proper authorities."

"But," Agnes again objected, "suppose all young people would make up their minds to do what you propose that we should do; every parish would be turned into a convent."

"As much danger of that as of the whole world being converted into a total abstinence society," Harry replied. "The idea of becoming a priest or a religious never enters seriously into the minds of most people."

"So it is the inclination after all," Agnes answered, "that must prompt the resolve."

"If by inclination you mean the grace of God without which no one can make such a virtuous resolution, you are right. But if you mean merely a natural liking for, or being drawn toward, a certain calling, then such an inclination is

not only not necessary but is in itself insufficient as a sign of vocation. I had a talk with the missionary on this subject, and he cleared away the few doubts that his sermon had left in my mind. A properly qualified person may be thus drawn toward the religious or ecclesiastic state; but he may also feel no such inclination and embrace the state simply because he realizes that in doing so he is doing what is more perfect and more pleasing to God. The greater the sacrifice on his part, the greater will be his reward. Practically, of course, as Father said, vocation is commonly the result of environment—of circumstances so arranged by Providence as to lead one to the choice. You may be sure that if it had not been for this mission, or perhaps even if some one else had preached it, I should not now be considering this step."

This clear and succinct statement put an end to Agnes's objections and to the dialogue. Yet they parted, leaving the question wholly undecided.

On the following afternoon, Harry left the city on some business that necessitated a fortnight's absence. Though his attention was thus diverted, there were many moments, nay hours, when his mind was mainly engaged with the probable effect his conversation with Agnes would have on her decision and on their future. At times he would reproach himself for having disturbed the even tenor of their life with this singular suggestion of his. What was the use of upsetting all the bright hopes of the girl whom he had wooed and won—and such a girl as Agnes was? The poor, sweet thing!

She would be a saint as a wife and mother; why wish her to become a nun? He would write and tell her to forget all about his fantastic notion of becoming a priest, as he had given it up.

And he did write. But on the morrow, as he was going to mail the letter, he tore it up. He then went to Mass and received Holy Communion, and for a while other thoughts prevailed. He would do as he had said: leave the decision to Agnes and in the meantime pray that God would direct her to decide for the best.

Thus a week went by; and though he was frequently on the point of acquainting Agnes that he had changed his mind, he conquered his impatience and resolved to await her answer.

Towards the end of the second week of his absence, Harry sent Agnes a post-card informing her that he would be home on the following Sunday and would call in the afternoon to take her out riding. On the very day that he sent this, he received a letter from Agnes. He took the letter from the clerk in the hotel just as he was going to supper; but after cutting it open, he placed it in his pocket unread.

Possibly my readers are less patient than Harry was; so while he is eating supper, we will peruse the letter. The main part of it ran as follows:

".....I lay awake a long while that night. Naturally, I recalled all you had said and also the missionary's sermon; and revolving the matter again and again in my mind, I always came to the conclusion that I should best provide for my own happiness, both here and especially hereafter, by acting

on your suggestion to enter the convent. When I fell asleep at last, I had a most wonderful dream. We were returning from church, where we had just been married, when our attention was arrested by a majestic burst of music in Garland Park. We entered,—but what used to be the park was transfigured into paradise. I can't describe how it looked. The place was seemingly interminable; yet I took it in at a glance. Gorgeous avenues of flowers wound among crystal palaces. The air, though perfectly transparent, was colored—now of this, now of that color—the loveliest colors imaginable, and everything in the scene assumed the changing hues.

"While I stood there entranced, a lengthy procession of singers passed by, apparently walking, but without bruising the lilies and roses that blossomed beneath their feet. It was the throng of virgins following the Lamb. I recognized St. Cecilia and St. Agnes, both of whom smiled sweetly upon me. St. Agnes beckoned me to follow; but as I eagerly hastened to do so, you held my hand, and I turned tearfully away. When I looked again, I beheld St. Francis and, beside him, a youth who looked for all the world like you. I turned to where you had stood,—and you had disappeared. At this I awoke.

"I know this was merely a natural dream due to my thoughts on going to sleep; but it was the most extraordinary dream I've ever had; and it helps me also in a small way to visualize what I hope to gain in Heaven by the sacrifice I intend to make.

"One thing I have yet to tell, may surprise you. You would have

expected, I am sure, that I would enter a teaching order: I have decided to become a cloistered Poor Clare. You remember how eloquently the missionary overthrew the objection that the cloister is the place where the idle bury their talents. My course will need no other defense. And for me it will be enough to recall, that during their hidden life at Nazareth, Jesus and Mary 'buried' infinitely greater talents than mine."

After a few other remarks irrelevant to our story, Agnes concluded her letter with the observation, that, since they intended to consecrate themselves to God and to forgo each other's companionship, it would be best for them not to meet again.

Harry read Agnes's letter, in the retirement of his room, with a feeling of intense satisfaction and genuine joy—until he came to the last sentence. The proposal not to meet again did not suit him. He was fully content to give her up; but he saw no need of this abruptness. In thought he had already indulged in the pleasure of a last ride with her, and he had pictured to himself the final parting, perhaps with a brotherly kiss,—the first and the last. Must he forgo even the pleasure of a last farewell?

He read her letter again—still undecided. He put it down; lit a cigar, one of a box from Agnes; seated himself in a comfortable armchair, and while ringlets of smoke played round his curly head, read the letter a third time. After this perusal he said:

"Agnes is right."

Romance had vanished in smoke. Harry and Agnes never met

again. The greater part of the summer Agnes spent with a distant relative; and when she returned, Harry had gone to begin his seminary studies. A fortnight before Agnes bade farewell to home and kindred, her mother gave the 'announcement party'—to make known her daughter's former engagement, her new resolution, and Harry's departure for the seminary. I will not attempt to describe the astonishment of the friends that attended the party. But I must chronicle one incident that came as a surprise to Agnes herself. Without the least knowl-

edge of Harry's and Agnes's purpose, Joe Laughlin—he of the horrid red hair—had made a similar resolution. Despite the color of his hair, of which he protested his entire innocence, Joe was a splendid fellow and a fine workman. So when his two friends' intentions had been successively announced, Joe said:

"Since surprises seem to be in order, I might as well make known that I shall enter the Franciscan Order as a lay brother next spring."

And, like Harry and Agnes, he kept his word

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## COMMUNICATION

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### Third Order National Convention

*To the Editor of FRANCISCAN HERALD:*

The idea of a National Third Order Convention comes very late but better late than never. A National Third Order Convention and organization I have pleaded and hoped for, for many years. It is absolutely vital if the Third Order is to be a living, useful, necessary force. Catholics are invited to join the Third Order but few, very few secular priests in my experience have shown any interest in it, and in some instances have exhibited even opposition to it and reluctance to aid in any work, even for souls, outside their parish work. This is lamentable. The Third Order of St. Francis for men is the most excellent organization in Christendom to-day and its possibilities for good in many, I might say in a multitude of directions, are very great.

Do give all your influence to bring about the Convention and plead with the Holy Father, the Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Gibbons, and the Bishops in general to help. This is a time of stress and the Third Order is desperately needed. May God bless your efforts.

Northampton, Mass.

DR. W. THORNTON PARKER.

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## The Canticle of Mount Alverna

*By Mary K. F. O'Melia, Tertiary*

### PRELUDE

SWEET Spirit, mystics in thy semblance find  
The breath that beareth forth the word of kings,  
The glory and the wisdom of their mind  
To stamp in laws and deeds on outward things.

Well hast thou set thy chosen symbol fire  
In gleaming stars to adorn the heavens in sight,  
Who in the heart love's fervor dost inspire  
To adorn the eternal heavens with saints in light.

Upon his ages kindling coldness gazed  
The Savior whose desire is power divine,  
And soon the Pentecostal glories blazed,  
Embosomed in a firmament to shine.

The world grew warm with love, from breast to breast  
Shone holy faith reflecting heavenly truths,  
As starful heavens that bend o'er waves at rest  
Lend them, nor lose, the beauty they infuse.

But, as a cloud with chilly darkening shade,  
May hide of sun and star the genial flame,  
So from the heart may faith's fair glories fade,  
Although the heavenly truths still shine the same.

Seeing such hearts where faith and love grew faint,  
Came, on the earth to cast the heavenly flame  
Christ kindled in his breast, the Seraph Saint,  
Herald of penance in the Church's name.

The bright seraphic love that burnt in him,  
The holy penance in his life exprest;  
Past as a lightning through the shadows dim,  
Opening to heavenly truths the sinner's breast.

It seemed a seraph from the very throne,  
Who glowing gazed in beatific sight,  
Sent by the Savior, to the earth had flown,  
To glow with love and burn and shine with light.

And as, consumed with love, for more he pined,  
The Savior mindful of his servant blest,  
The inward Christlike ardor of his mind,  
In holy wounds upon his flesh imprest.

And with this meaning Christ as Seraph came,  
That, not in martyr's death by fire or sword,  
But through that inward ardor's burning flame  
He was to bear the image of his Lord.

Sweet Spirit, to Alverna lead my thought,  
That I new fervor from that flame may find,  
By which the Savior in his vision wrought  
That mystic Passion on his form and mind.

For as unto the Saint the Crucified  
Was clad in beauty of seraphic fire,  
So, sweet shall be my cross and glorified  
If thou within the flame of love inspire.

†      †      †  
I

#### HOW ST. FRANCIS ATTAINED TO THE MOUNT

**O**UR Savior, as a holiness to lend  
To daily food and common things we use,  
Often with earthly feasts vouchsafed to blend  
The sweet unfolding of his heavenly truths.

So Francis, faithful follower of his Lord,  
With holy friar to Montefeltro came  
Where many gathered round the festal board,  
His spirit burning with seraphic flame.

Brilliant the guests that filled the banquet halls  
In honor of its lord, to celebrate  
The glory of his knighthood. But what calls  
The holy friars amid this wealth and state?

They know the hollowness of earthly things,  
They seek not revels or the glare of fame,  
A higher thought the Sons of Penance bring,  
To gather fruit of souls their holy aim.

When to that brilliant throng the friars attained,  
Cries in their midst the Saint with heavenly light,  
"So precious is the good I hope to gain  
That every pain and sorrow is delight."

Such was his theme, and by his presence awed,  
They listened breathless as their eyes he turned  
From worldly glamor to the great reward  
By penance, pain, and tribulation earned.

Upon his lips their eyes and spirits hung  
Transfixed, enraptured; for to them it seemed  
As though an Angel spoke with human tongue,  
And fire seraphic from him burnt and gleamed.

And one Orlando more than all inspired  
 A heavenly grace, who, when the Saint had ceased,  
 Still lingered reverent by him, and desired  
 His holy counsel more than earthly feast.

For tasteless are the pleasant things of earth,  
 Its social friendships and its goods possest;  
 Its hopes and honors and its festive mirth,  
 Unless the way be sure, the soul at rest.

So, to Orlando, after honor due  
 He paid as bidden to his host, was given  
 A feast of holy counsel, and anew  
 His feet were guided in the way of Heaven.

Who, while he pondered in his grateful mind  
 Some gift to offer, by a sudden grace  
 Thought of a mountain, so by Heaven designed  
 It seemed for holy friars a chosen place.

Thus was Alverna offered, and desires  
 Long cherished by the Saint fulfillment found,  
 Who, on returning, sent his holy friars  
 In God's name to receive that favored ground.

O great Alverna of seraphic fame,  
 Among the hills with heavenly visions blest  
 We, Francis' children, venerate thy name  
 On thee God sealed his life with signs imprest.

Thou knewest not when thunders Sinai thrilled  
 Or Thabor with our glorious Savior shone,  
 Or when with love from heavens angel-filled  
 He bent o'er Olivet and blest his own.

And yet the lore of Francis bids us hold  
 That in that hour when Calvary's rocks were torn  
 Thy rocks by mighty fissures made foretold  
 The mystic passion on thee to be borne.

Sweet fruit of penance was the gift of thee  
 In all thy wilderness, solitude sublime,  
 As virgin creature fresh from God, to be  
 Cloistered in heavenly memories through all time.



II

**HOW ST. FRANCIS JOURNEYED TO THE MOUNT**  
**T**HE Mount accepted and the friars returned,  
 As now of Michael's Lent drew near the days,  
 St. Francis as the will of God discerned  
 Those days to spend in that sequestered place.

To obtain by penance from our Savior grace  
To consecrate this Mount, his love had given,  
Unto his glory and in reverent praise  
Of Mary and the Angel hosts of Heaven.

Thus, choosing three companions, having prayed  
And asked the prayers of all, the Saint went forth  
Toward his mystic Calvary, to his aid  
Invoking Christ as Savior on the Cross.

O blessed way where Calvary is the goal,  
Where all is Christ and all is crucified,  
And him with love seraphic finds the soul  
In penance by communion glorified!

A cross long bore the Saint with blissful pain,  
Christ's Passion so embracing with his soul  
That nothing could his frequent tears restrain,  
No earthly joy that grief of love console.

But soon would grief and love yet unattained  
Affix him to that cross already given,  
Until his spirit, love's perfection gained,  
From that sweet Calvary's mystery past to heaven.

How great the heavenly favor to ascend  
To trembling Sinai with its flashing flame,  
Or in that voiceful Presence to attend  
Which dread yet gentle as a zephyr came.

But greater still the wondrous grace allowed  
The blessed soul of those departed seers  
When in the enfolding mystery of the cloud  
Christ to be crucified in light appears!

'Twas thus on Christ Seraphic Francis gazed  
As seraph crucified, as one who claims  
Our worship—God, whose awful glory blazed,  
Yet held his tender Passion in its flames.

\* \* \*

**A**ND as they journeyed, when the second night  
Stormful and wild upon them darkling closed,  
No other shelter nigh appeared in sight—  
A desolate church, and there the friars reposed.  
Save him whose soul, all heavenly in its ways,  
Soared like the stars, which nightly seem to climb  
Into the purple heavens that they may gaze  
In trembling silence on their God sublime.  
O happy Saint, his sweetest food and rest  
His God and All! Yet, as he prayed, assailed  
The hosts of darkness striving to molest  
His holy peace; but heavenly grace prevailed.

Then went he forth in fervor of his mind  
Drawn by resistless love beyond control,  
And sought with tears in prayer his Lord to find,  
Spouse and delight of his seraphic soul.

Till the sweet Savior as a jewel of light  
He in the secret of his spirit found,  
And communed with him through the silent night,  
In a soft cloud of splendor wrapt around.

Now in our Lord his Master he addressed,  
Now to his Judge with holy awe replied,  
Now to a Father made his fond request,  
Now talked with a Companion at his side.

There he prayed for sinners, and his tears  
Flowed like a heavenly unction on his prayers,  
And lo! the Passion to his gaze appears  
The Savior on the cross his sorrow shares.

He sees the falling drops, the thorny crown,  
He hears the struggle of the laboring breath,  
The Sacred Heart grows faint, the eyes look down  
In loving sorrow as they close in death.

O tender hands extended to embrace,  
O feet so lovely with the Gospel's peace,  
O face enrapturing angels, blessed face,  
And is the cross the chosen place for these?

Still as he gazed, and grew the mystic light,  
Came the desire with power, the Saint's reward,  
Drawing the mortal frame toward that sight  
In a sweet rapture to embrace his Lord.

Thus past the night in heavenly visions blest  
Which followed in its flight that mystic time  
When saints in holy visions fathom best  
The deep sweet mysteries of the things sublime.

But worldly minds know not of treasures there  
Where saints discern them; filled with worldly lights,  
Heaven's glories gleam not through the earthly glare  
Of gain or fame which fills their days and nights.

For as the visible heavens refuse to show  
The treasurers of jewel-like glories that they hold  
When mid-day's glamor, brightening things below,  
Attracts us with the beauties these unfold;

So when the worldly things are clear and fair,  
Attracting all our thoughts, our sole delight,  
God, jealous of his glory, will not share  
Our hearts with creatures, and is lost to sight.

WHEN morning came, Francis with vigils faint,  
The holy friars a worthy peasant prayed  
To lend his ass's colt to bear the Saint  
That thus the arduous journey might be made.

Gladly was tendered for the love of God  
The gentle beast. Proceeding in God's name  
The Saint approached his Calvary, as the Lord,  
Humble and poor of old to Sion came.

'Tis thus the humble and the gentle come  
To possess the land, nor are their realms outspread  
In length and breath by cruel war, as some  
Which grow across the graves of noble dead.—

Now, as his journey's end St. Francis neared,  
There came in welcome, not that jubilant throng  
With palms, which met the Savior, yet appeared  
A numerous host of birds with joy and song.

Out of the east and of the west they came  
With festive carols, and the Saint around  
Gathered, with fearless love, composed and tame,  
As wildest creatures oft with him were found.

And seeing how the birds with joy were filled,  
The Saint rejoiced, and on them friendly smiled,  
For by this sign he knew that Christ had willed  
That he should sojourn on that mountain wild.

And as in music's mystery duly taught,  
By touching strings the knowledge may be given  
Of harmonies first existing in the thought  
Of souls now past the veil, or saints in heaven;

Thus to St. Francis' mind in things of sight  
Were images and tones of things concealed:  
By heavenly knowledge found he with delight  
Divine monitions there for him revealed.

But now his journey drew unto its close;  
The chosen place was reached, remote and lone,  
This Calvary of the Saint.—O happy those  
Who know that such a Calvary is their own!

Who, after journeyings long, the heights have scaled  
Where Christ is all, and all the world is loss,  
And so with sense, possest by Christ, are nailed  
In passive love affixed upon a cross!

(*To be continued*)

## THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

### CHAPTER II

*Viceroy Mendoza Selects Fr. Marcos de Niza to Make a Hazardous Journey—His Instructions to the Friar—Bandelier's Observations—Fr. Marcos's "Certification"—Testimonial of the Fr. Provincial—Fr. Marcos Begins the Journey—His Companion and Attendants—He Hears of California and of Cortes—He Sends Ahead the Negro Estevan*

WHEN Viceroy Antonio de Mendoza heard the story of Cabeza de Vaca and his companions from their own lips, he concluded that the lands about which such wonderful things were being told would be worth conquering for the Crown of Spain. Before going to any great expense, however, he judged it prudent to have some trustworthy and capable man examine the territory which was said to be so rich and to be inhabited by such strange people. Francisco Vásquez de Coronado, whom the king of Spain, on April 18, 1539,<sup>1</sup> confirmed as governor of Nueva Galicia, suggested the Franciscan Fr. Marcos de Niza as the most suitable person for the hazardous task. Fr. Marcos had accompanied Francisco Pizarro to Peru and had witnessed the conquest of that country. Mendoza thereupon drew up a set of instructions, which Fr. Marcos received through Coronado at Tonalá, on November 20, 1538. "These instructions are a model of careful and explicit directions," Mr. Winship writes,<sup>2</sup> and are, therefore, worth reproducing. In the translation they read as follows:

"First, as soon as you reach the Province of Culiacán, you will exhort and encourage the Spaniards who dwell in the town of San Miguel to treat well the Indians who are at peace, and not to avail themselves of them for excessive labors. You will assure them that, if they do this, favors will be granted them and they will be recompensed by His Majesty for the hardships they have suffered there, and in me they will have a good assistant to that effect; but if they act to the contrary, they shall be punished and be in disfavor.

"You will give the Indians to understand that I send you in the name of His Majesty, in order to tell them that they shall be well treated, and that they may know that he has grieved for the injuries and evils they have experienced; and that henceforth they shall be well treated, and that those who wrong them shall be chastised.

"You will also assure them that they shall no longer be enslaved, nor shall they be taken out of their countries, but that they shall be left free there without doing them harm or damage; that they should abandon fear and recognize God, our Lord, who is in heaven, and the Emperor who is placed on earth by His hand to rule and govern it.

"And since Francisco Vásquez de Coronado, whom His Majesty has made governor of that province, will go with you as far as the town of San Miguel de Culiacán, you must inform me how he provides for the affairs of that town in what concerns the service of God, our Lord, and the conversion and good treatment of the natives of that province.

"And if, with the help of God, our Lord, and of the grace of the Holy Spirit, you shall find a road on which to proceed and to enter the land of the interior, you

1. Coronado had been appointed by Mendoza subject to royal approval. This latter was dated April 18, 1539. Fr. Tello, *Cronica Miscelanea*, vol. ii, 311-314.

2. Winship, 14th An. Rep., p. 354.

shall take with you as guide Estévan, who belonged to Dorantes,<sup>3</sup> whom I command to obey you just as myself in everything you order him to do; and in case he does not so, he will incur disgrace and the penalties that befall those who do not obey the persons who possess authority from His Majesty to command them.

"Likewise, the governor, Francisco Vásquez, takes along the Indians who came with Dorantes,<sup>4</sup> and some others whom it has been possible to collect from those regions, in order that if to him or to you it should appear advisable that you accept some of them into your company, you may do so and use them as you may deem expedient for the service of our Lord.

"You will always endeavor to proceed in the safest manner possible, informing yourself first whether the Indians are at peace or at war with one another, in order not to give them any occasion to do harm to your person, which would be a cause for proceeding against them and chastising them; for in this way, instead of doing them good and bringing them light, the contrary would be the result.

"You will note carefully what kind of people are there, whether they are numerous or few, and whether they live dispersed or together; the quality and fertility of the land, its climate, the trees and the plants, the domestic and the wild animals it may have; the appearance of the country, whether it is rugged or level; the rivers, whether large or small; the rocks and the metals that are there; and the things of which it may be possible to send or bring samples, these bring or send in order that His Majesty may be informed of everything.

"Inform yourself always whether there is any knowledge about the sea-coast, as well about that of the north as about that of the south; for it might be that the continent grows narrow and that some arm of the sea enters inland. If you should reach the coast of the South Sea at the points where it enters, you will, at the foot of some strikingly large tree, bury some letters, in which you tell what may seem to you expedient. On such a tree, under which the letters will be, you shall carve a cross so that it may be recognized. In the same

manner, at the mouths of rivers and at what may be sea-ports, on the most conspicuous trees, near the water, you will carve the same sign of the cross, and leave letters; for if I should send out ships they will go with directions to search for that sign.

"You will always try to send information through Indians about how you fare and how you are received, very particularly about what you may discover.

"And if God, our Lord, should be pleased that you find some populous community where it might seem to you opportune to erect a monastery and to send some religious who would understand the work of evangelizing, you will send word about it through the Indians, or return to Culiacán yourself. You will transmit the information with all secrecy in order that everything expedient may be provided without commotion, because in the pacification of what may be discovered, the service of our Lord and the welfare of the people of the land is to be kept in view.

"Although the whole country belongs to the Emperor, our Master, you will in my name take possession thereof for His Majesty; and you will make the marks and perform the acts that may seem to you requisite for such a case; and you will give the natives of the country to understand that there is a God in heaven, and on earth the Emperor who is there to rule and to govern, to whom all have to be subject, and whom they have to serve.—Don Antonio de Mendoza."<sup>5</sup>

"Aside from the great wisdom of which this document gives proof," Bandelier remarks, "there are several points contained in it that deserve special attention, as they exercised great influence upon the actions of Fr. Marcos and the results of his trip.

"In the first place, there is the strict order to travel with the greatest possible security. This meant that the monk (friar) should not expose his life whenever it could possibly be avoided. Next,

3. Literally "Estévan de Dorantes." Mendoza had secured Estévan from Dorantes through purchase. That explains the viceroy's threats if Estévan should disobey.

4. From Sonora and Sinaloa, in 1536.

5. *Colección de Muñoz*, tomo lxxxi. Compare Bandelier, *Contributions*, 108-112; Read, *History of New Mexico*, 101-104.

there are the directions upon the manner in which he should investigate the countries.....,and how he should report.....These instructions are worthy of expeditions of the present day made for purely scientific purposes."<sup>6</sup>

Fr. Marcos acknowledged the receipt of Viceroy Mendoza's instructions as follows:

**Certification**

"I, Fr. Marcos de Niza, of the Observants of St. Francis, do say that I have received a copy of this Instruction signed by the Most Illustrious Lord Don Antonio de Mendoza, Viceroy and Governor of New Spain, which was delivered to me by order of His Lordship and in His Name, through Francisco Vásquez de Coronado, Governor of this New Galicia, which copy is made from this Instruction *de verbo ad verbum*, and corrected and made to conform with it. With this Instruction I promise to comply faithfully, and not to go or to act contrary to it, nor contrary to anything contained therein, now or at any time. And because I will so observe it and comply with it, I have signed my name here in Tonalá, on the twentieth day of the month of November, of the year one thousand five hundred and thirty-eight, where he saw me and delivered to me the said Instruction in said Name, in the Province of this New Galicia.—Fr. Marcos de Niza."<sup>7</sup>

That Fr. Marcos went on his memorable journey with the required permit of his superiors is evident from the following statement of the Fr. Provincial:

"I, Fr. Antonio de Ciudad-Rodrigo, friar of the Order of Minors and Minister Provincial, as I am for this term, of the Province of the Holy Gospel, New Spain, do say that it is true that I sent Fr. Marcos de Niza, priest, friar, preacher, and religious, such in all virtue and piety, who by me and my brethren, the *definidores* deputed to take counsel with me in all arduous and difficult matters, has been approved and regarded suitable and capable of making this journey and exploration, as well for the sufficiency of his person as stated before, as for the reason that he is learned not only

in theology but even in cosmography, and in the maritime art; and so, it having been discussed and decided that he should go, he went with a companion, a lay brother, who is called Fr. Onorato, by order of Don Antonio de Mendoza, Viceroy of this New Spain; and His Excellency provided the whole equipment and security that was necessary for the road and journey; and this Instruction, which is written here, which I have seen and His Excellency communicated to me, and asked me as to what of it seemed and seems to be good, was given to the aforesaid Fr. Marcos by the hand of Francisco Vásquez de Coronado, which he received without defect and executed faithfully, as in effect has appeared. And I, because what has been said above is the truth, and in it no error whatever, have written this certificate and testimony, and have signed it with my name. Done in Mexico on the twenty-sixth day of August, in the year one thousand five hundred and thirty-nine.—Fr. Antonio de Ciudad-Rodrigo, Minister Provincial.<sup>8</sup>

It will be seen that Fr. Marcos was fully authorized and equipped for the perilous task. On his expedition, he noted points and occurrences, but kept no regular diary showing dates or distances traveled. For this reason, the exact route taken is to a great extent in doubt. Some of his enemies even claimed that the journey was never made, at least not so far as stated in the report. From his notes, on his return, Fr. Marcos compiled a summary under the title *Relacion* (Report or Account), and this was presented to the Viceroy. Because of the acrimonious controversy as to the veracity of Fr. Marcos, and because it is the earliest document we have on New Mexico drawn up from personal observations, which a number of authors criticize but not one of them presents it entire, it will be reproduced here, although it is very long. The readers, especially those

6. Bandelier, *Contributions*, 112-113.

7. *Colección de Documentos Inéditos del Archivo de las Indias*, tomo iii.

8. *Loco citato.*

acquainted with the region traversed, will then observe that the narrative is absolutely truthful. Not having found it translated anywhere, we herewith offer our own version from the Spanish document provided by Mr. Benjamin Read.

#### Report of Fr. Marcos de Niza

"With the help and favor of the Most Holy Virgin Mary, our Lady, and of our Seraphic Father St. Francis, I, Fr. Marcos de Niza, professed friar of the Order of St. Francis, in compliance with the aforesaid Instruction of the Most Illustrious Don Antonio de Mendoza, by the grace of His Majesty Viceroy, and Governor of New Spain, set out from the Villa de San Miguel in the Province of Culiacán, on Friday, March 7, 1538, taking as companion Brother Honorato,<sup>9</sup> and bringing with me Estévan, Dorantes's negro, and certain Indians whom the Viceroy had purchased and freed for that purpose and whom Francisco Vásquez de Coronado, governor of Nueva Galicia, entrusted to me; besides a large multitude of Indians from Petatlán and from the pueblo called Cuchillo, which may be fifty leagues from that villa. These latter came to the Valley of Culiacán manifesting great joy, because they had been reassured by the freed Indians, whom the governor had sent ahead to notify them of their liberty, that they should not have been enslaved, that war should not have been waged against them, and that they should not have been badly treated, saying that so His Majesty willed and

commanded.

"With this company, which I describe, I took the road until I reached the town of Petatlán. On the way, I received a kind welcome and many gifts of food, roses, and other things of this sort; also, the people erected shelters for me of mats and boughs wherever there was no village. At the town of Petatlán I spent three days, because my companion, Brother Honorato, was seized with an illness which induced me to leave him there. In conformity with the Instruction, I went whithersoever the Holy Ghost led me, though I did not deserve it. With me went Estévan, Dorantes's negro, some of the freed Indians, and many people of the country, who prepared for me in all the places I came to receptions, entertainments, and solemnities, and gave me such food as they had, which was little, because, as they said, it had not rained for three years, and also because the Indians of that region knew better how to hide themselves than how to sow seeds, owing to their dread of the Christians of the Villa de San Miguel, who came so far to make war on the natives and to secure slaves.<sup>10</sup>

"Along this entire way, which may be twenty-five or thirty leagues from that part of Petatlán, I did not see anything worth noting here, except that Indians came to me from the island where the Marques del Valle was,<sup>11</sup> by whom I was assured that it is an island and not, as some will have it, *tierra firme*.<sup>12</sup> I observed that from it they would pass over to the mainland and from there to the island

9. "llevando por compañero al padre Fra Onorato." This word *padre* must be an error of the copyist. Fr. Provincial Antonio de Ciudad-Rodrigo clearly writes, "fraile lego, que se llama Fra Onorato," hence a lay brother, not a priest, who alone is entitled to be styled *padre*.

10. Greed had actually transformed some Spaniards into slave-hunters, as Cabeza de Vaca relates in his report of the country traversed.

on rafts, and that the distance which is between the island and the mainland may be half a league of sea, a little more or less.<sup>13</sup> Likewise, some Indians came to see me from the other island, which is larger than this one and farther beyond,<sup>14</sup> from whom I received the information that there are thirty other small islands inhabited but scant of food, save two, where, they say, the natives have maize. These Indians wore about their necks many shells, in which generally there were pearls. I showed them a pearl which I had with me for demonstration, and they told me that there were some of these on the islands, but I have seen none whatever.

"I continued on my way through an uninhabited country for four days, Indians going with me, as well from the islands I mentioned as from the pueblos I left behind. At the farther end of the wilderness, I found other Indians who were amazed to see me, as they knew nothing of Christians, since they never have dealings with the people on this side of the wilderness. They showered every attention on me, gave me much food, and sought to touch my habit. They called me *Sayota*, which in their language means "a man from heaven." In the best way I could, through interpreters I let them understand what is contained in the

Instruction, which is: the knowledge of our Lord in heaven and of His Majesty on earth. Moreover, along all the roads, wherever I could, I always endeavored to learn about the country which is densely populated, and about the natives who are more advanced and more intelligent than those I usually encountered; but I have received from them no further information than that the country in the interior, four or five days' journey, where the mountain chains terminate, is a level valley, in which, they said, are many and very populous villages, where the people dress in cotton clothes. When I showed them some metals, which I carried with me, they took the gold and told me that of such material there are vessels among the people of the plain, and that they wear hanging from their nostrils and ears certain round things of gold; and that they have little spades of it with which they scrape themselves and remove the perspiration.

"As this valley turns from the coast and my intention was not to depart from it, I determined to leave it for my return, because then it might be possible to explore it better. I therefore went for three days through a district inhabited by the same people, by whom I was received in the same manner as by those I left behind.

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11. Hernando Cortés, who had reached Lower California, May 3, 1535. See *The Missions and Missionaries of California*, vol. i.

12. It is interesting to note that, only four years after its discovery, Lower California was already declared by some to be a part of the mainland, whereas it was generally believed to be an island up to the time of Father Kino at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

13. As will be noted later, Fr. Marcos scrupulously relates only what the Indians told him. He evidently refers to Tiburón Island here.

14. Doubtless, Isla Angel de la Guarda in the Gulf of California, northwest of Tiburón Island. It is not improbable that Cortés, during his two years' stay in Lower California, made excursions to these islands. This would explain "the island where the Marques del Valle was." Bancroft at this stage jumps at the conclusion, "There is clearly something worse than exaggeration in this part of the diary." *History of Texas*, vol. i, 75. Yet Fr. Marcos spoke the truth, as will appear later.

I arrived at a town of considerable size which is called Vacapa,<sup>15</sup> where they held a great reception in my honor, and gave me much food of which they have an abundance, because all the land is well irrigated. From this settlement to the sea the distance is forty leagues. As I found myself so far from the sea and as it was only two days to Passion Sunday, I resolved to remain there until Easter Sunday, in order to assure myself about the islands of which, as I said before, I had received some information.<sup>16</sup> I therefore sent messengers to the sea by three roads, and I charged them to bring me some natives from the coast and also from those islands, that I might get acquainted with them.

"In another direction I despatched Estévan, Dorantes's negro, whom I instructed to go toward the

north for fifty or sixty leagues in order to learn whether along that course any information of the kind we were seeking was to be had; and I also instructed him that in case he should learn of any rich lands and populous villages which might be of some importance, he should not pass on, but should return in person; or he should send some Indians with this token on which we had agreed: if it was a matter of some moment, he should send a plain cross one span long; if it appeared to be a matter of greater importance, he should send a cross of two spans in length; and if it were a matter of still greater consequence than even New Spain, he should send me a large cross. Thus the negro Estévan left me after dinner on Passion Sunday,<sup>17</sup> while I remained at this town, which, as I said, is called Vacapa."

15. "Matapa or Matape, on the headwaters of the Rio Matapa, about latitude 29, at or near the modern town of Matape in Central Sonora, where the Jesuit Mission of San José de Matapa was founded in 1626." Coues, vol. ii, 481. Bandelier thinks likewise. Whipple identifies it "nearly with Magdalena on the Rio San Miguel," more than one hundred miles farther north!

16. See note 14. It is clear that previously Fr. Marcos had not seen either the islands or the sea, but simply reported what the Indians had told him.

17. March 23, according to Winship, *14th Annual Report*.

(To be continued)

#### THE SIGN OF A LUKEWARM SPIRIT

Dearest brethren, when pleasure points out as a necessity what reason does not demand, it is a manifest token of the spirit's being quenched. For when the spirit is lukewarm and gradually growing cold in grace, the flesh and blood needs must seek the things that are their own. For when the soul is lacking in spiritual enjoyments what remains but that the flesh should turn to its own enjoyments? And then the animal appetite puts forward the palliation of necessity; then the feelings of the flesh fashion the conscience. If my brother has a real want and forthwith hastens to satisfy it, what reward shall he receive? For he had the opportunity of deserving well, but he deliberately proved that he did not like to profit by it; for not to bear one's wants patiently is nothing else but to turn back to Egypt.—*St. Francis.*

## COMMUNICATIONS

**Third Order National Convention**

*To the Editor of FRANCISCAN HERALD:*

Just before leaving Detroit, I saw the May number of the *Franciscan Herald*. Glancing over it, I saw your suggestion of a National Third Order Convention. Now, this was a thought that had been on my mind for several years past. I was going to write you at once; but with traveling and the work connected with building I procrastinated until I feel that I need an apology for expressing an opinion now after the many votes of approval and encouragement that you must have received by this time.

Suffice it then to say that I am heartily in accord with the movement. I have repeatedly suggested that a meeting or congress be held of the Tertiaries in the churches of our Capuchin Province; if it can be a National Convention of all Tertiaries, so much the better. There seem to be no obstacles besides the work and the difficulties incident to any convention, whilst the advantages of any large gathering of zealous Tertiaries will be just those which you have pointed out.

We admit that these difficulties will be aggravated by the conditions of war time. On the other hand, if these conditions are unfavorable for a convention they seem the more favorable for Tertiary propaganda. Under the circumstances, it may be wise to have a territorial convention first in some larger center of Tertiary Congregations, in New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis. I believe large audiences could be collected in any of these cities and "entertained" for three days in 1919 or 1920. Nothing more would be needed to create enthusiasm and an appreciative longing for a National Convention. The Capuchins of the Province of St. Joseph will be with you. Wishing you every blessing in promoting the good work of the Third Order and the honor of our holy Father St. Francis, I am,

Milwaukee, Wis.

FR. ANTONINE WILMER,  
Min. Prov. O. M. Cap.

*To the Editor of FRANCISCAN HERALD:*

Your timely editorial proposing a National Convention of the Third Order for 1921 gave me no little satisfaction. I am heart and soul in favor of it, and I am convinced that this same sentiment is to be found throughout our Province. Now, that every Province has its Visitor for the Tertiary fraternities, there are even in other Provinces men able and willing to assist in this movement. I would suggest that *Franciscan Herald* take up this matter again and again, by showing when, where, and how National Tertiary Conventions have been held in other countries; by telling of the splendid results of these conventions; by pointing out the prime necessity of unity between the various fraternities of the country and showing how a National Convention will bring this about; and finally, by warning against whatever might hamper the work of a convention or even defeat its purpose.

I do not think that you will receive many communications on this topic from the Tertiaries themselves, even if you directly sollicit such by personal letters, but this does not mean lack of interest in the movement, it is merely a phase of Tertiary inertia. It is, therefore, my opinion that if we are to have a National Convention of the Third Order in 1921, you yourself will have to do most of the work through the columns of the *Herald* by calling attention to it time and again. Only then will your readers gradually begin to realize that you are in earnest about the matter and then, too, they will begin to take interest in it. After it is once settled that a National Convention is to be held, the heads of the various Provinces can meet and arrange the details. The point now to be gained is to break the ice, to get the right people interested, and then the Convention will be an assured fact. If *Franciscan Herald* succeeds in effecting this, it will have done a grand and noble deed.

Cleveland, Ohio

FR. HILARION DUERK, O.F.M.  
Director III Order.

## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—His Holiness Pope Benedict XV appointed Very Rev. Fr. Bernardino Klumper, O.F.M., consultor of the newly established Congregation for Oriental Churches. The distinguished friar, besides being Procurator General of the Order of Friars Minor, is connected with several of the other Sacred Congregations. He was likewise a member of the committee entrusted with the codification of Canon Law.—

On April 4, a new superior was appointed by the Most Rev. Fr. General for the hospice of St. Elias, near Rome, in the person of Rev. Fr. John Peter Deambrogi, O.F.M., of the province of Turin. He is the third superior of the hospice since last December; his two predecessors having been called to serve their country in a military capacity. As he is advanced in years, he is no longer subject to the draft. Although belonging to the province of Turin, Fr. John Peter has served as co-founder and novice master of the province of Portugal and also as novice master of the province of Sardinia. He is held in high esteem and St. Antony's International College rejoices to know he is to administer their summer villa.—

Since the War rendered a general chapter and a personal election practically impossible, the Holy See ordained that the new mother general of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary should be appointed directly by the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda after all the electors among the Sisters had sent their votes by mail. On April 16, Most Rev. Fr. General published the appointment of Ven. Mother Mary Magdalen of Pazzi as mother general. This venerable Sister was mother provincial of Lyons at the time of her appointment and was for twenty-two years active in the Chinese missions of her congregation, where she acquired a vast experience that will now enable her to rule with special wisdom and discretion her constantly growing congregation of missionary Sisters.—

Rev. Fr. Benedict Coffey, O.F.M., who

was guardian of the convent of St. Isidore in Rome for the past six years, has been transferred as guardian to the convent of the novitiate of the Irish province in Killarny, Ireland. He is succeeded at St. Isidore's by Rev. Fr. Hubert Quinn, O.F.M., who has hitherto taught dogmatic theology in the same convent and college. Fr. Quinn is but thirty years old.

**Villareal, Spain.**—This year, the Order of Friars Minor commemorates the third centenary of the beatification of St. Paschal Baylon, whom Pope Leo XIII chose as patron of all Eucharistic works and congresses. On May 17, a large concourse of people visited the Franciscan church at Villareal, in Spain, where the glorious saint of the Eucharist lies buried. For this occasion, the Holy Father granted a plenary indulgence of *toties quoties*, in the form of a jubilee. Moreover, the Sacred Congregation of the Penitentiary has granted special indulgences for the recital of a responsory in honor of the Saint.

**Morocco, Africa.**—From the latest annual report regarding Franciscan activity in Morocco (*Acta Ordinis Fratrum Minorum*, April 1918), we learn that these extensive missions are in a most flourishing condition. A new church and a residence for the missionary Fathers are constructing in the town called Nador, near Mililla. From this place, the Fathers visit the Christians who are scattered about in the region known as Riff. With the cooperation of the civil authorities, they also intend to enlarge the churches at Tetuan, Larache, and Arcila. Finally, a little church has been erected in Casablanca. The untiring missionaries may justly thank God who has so abundantly blessed their arduous labors for the spiritual welfare of the natives. During the year ending with September, 1917, 2,298 Baptisms were registered, while 1,108 of their flock received the sacrament of Confirmation. Easter Communions amounted to 17,780, and the total Communions during the year were 102,564. The vicariate, of

which Very Rev. Francis M. Cervera, O.F.M., is Vicar Apostolic, numbers 56 Franciscan priests and 29 lay Brothers. Besides, the Brothers of Mary are active in Tetuan. Of the Franciscan Tertiary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, 23 members are engaged in the education of the children, especially in the Girls' Academy in Tingi. Moreover, the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary are represented by 95 members of their congregation, who are laboring in the various mission stations. There are 8 schools for boys and the same number for girls, with a total enrollment of 2,100. At Tetuan, there is a high school for boys. At present, in the 24 missions, the total Catholic population numbers 90,217.

**Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church.**—Owing to the express wish of the very Rev. Fr. Provincial Hugolinus Storff, O.F.M., and of the Rev. FF. Definitors of the Santa Barbara Province, Rev. Fr. Maximilian Neumann, O.F.M., pastor of St. Elizabeth's Church, this city, consented to the solemn celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his religious profession. A splendid program covering three days was arranged by the committee in charge of the celebration and the happy event will live long in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to witness it. On the morning of the first day, Sunday, May 19, the members of the Third Order and of all the parish societies received Holy Communion in a body, and at 10.30 o'clock, the Rev. Jubilarian officiated at a solemn High Mass. The well known Chinese missionary, Rev. Fr. Juniper Doolin, O.F.M., preached the festive sermon. At noon, the Christian Mother's Society served a banquet in honor of Fr. Maximilian to the Rev. Clergy, and in the evening, a fine program consisting of music, addresses, and dramatic numbers, the principal one being "The Fool of God," by Mr. Charles Phillips, was rendered in the parish gymnasium.

At 8.15 A. M., on May 20, Rev. Fr. Maximilian celebrated another High Mass at which all the school children were present to receive Holy Communion for his intentions. After the services, the children and their Ven. teachers tendered their beloved pastor a reception and presented him with a very handsome

gift. The special jubilee ceremonies prescribed by the ritual of the Order were held on Tuesday morning, May 21, with great pomp. At 8.15 o'clock, the Rev. Jubilarian, bearing in his left hand a lighted candle and in his right the jubilee staff, was led in solemn procession from the monastery to the church, where he celebrated a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving. Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Hugolinus delivered on this occasion in his spirited manner a most impressive and edifying sermon, while the Franciscan clerics and novices of the local monastery enhanced the beauty of the services by their splendid singing. Immediately after the Mass, the Rev. Jubilarian renewed with marked devotion his three holy vows of religion, whereupon he received the jubilee crown and a special blessing. The joyful singing of the *Te Deum* by the vast congregation that had come to witness the ceremony brought the religious celebration to a worthy close. In the evening of the same day, a reception was held in honor of the Rev. Jubilarian in the monastery by the clerics and brothers.

Rev. Fr. Maximilian was born in Neustadt, Germany, July 7, 1846, and pronounced his holy vows on May 19, 1869, in the Franciscan monastery at Warendorf. While yet a cleric he served as nurse on the battlefield and in various military hospitals during the Franco-Prussian War. Ordained to the priesthood by Cardinal Melchior in the historic cathedral of Cologne, in 1875, he was compelled by the so-called Kultur Kampf to flee his native land during the same year and seek an asylum among his brethren in this country. His first appointment was to St. Francis Solanus College, Quincy, Ill., where he remained for ten years and where he won great distinction by his wonderful powers in music, especially as organist. Leaving Quincy, he served a three-year term as guardian of the monastery at Cleveland, Ohio, when he was sent to Chicago as pastor of St. Peter's Church. In 1894, his superiors sent him to California to assume the pastorate of St. Boniface Church in San Francisco. Here he remained for seventeen years and it was due to his indefatigable labors that the beautiful new church of St. Boniface was built. Hardly had the church been com-

pleted when it was destroyed by the terrible earthquake and fire of 1906. Nothing daunted, Fr. Maximilian immediately set about rebuilding the church, and in a short time another and still more beautiful St. Boniface rose from the ruins and ashes of the old and stands a monument to his zeal for the glory of God and the good of souls. In 1912, Fr. Maximilian was transferred to the large and growing parish of St. Elizabeth, Fruitvale, where he is still active and where his devoted parishioners trust he will long remain to guide them on the way of Christian perfection. Besides these important positions, Fr. Maximilian has at different times been entrusted with high offices both in the Province of the Sacred Heart as also in the new Province of Santa Barbara, of which he is at present a provincial definitor. *Franciscan Herald* extends to the Rev. Jubilarian its heartiest congratulations and wishes him many more years of blessed activity in the service of his religious brethren and of the faithful at large.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.**—On June 2, in spite of the fact that it was the hottest day we have had this season, our large church was taxed to its utmost capacity by the members and friends of the Third Order. In the absence of our Rev. Director, the Rev. Director of the Pious Union of St. Anthony addressed the assembly on the duty of the Tertiaries to visit and care for the sick and distressed members, admonishing especially the prefects not to be lax in the observance of this regulation of the Rule. Sixteen postulants were invested with the scapular and cord and sixteen novices were admitted to holy profession. Our Third Order Center is growing daily, both in size and in means. This is very gratifying and we think that we are not over-bold in saying, "Watch us grow!"

**Del Monte, Wash., St. Paschal's Church.**—On Pentecost Sunday, May 19, our parish celebrated in a most worthy manner its patronal feast. Many of the parishioners received Holy Communion at the early Mass in honor of St. Paschal, the special patron of all Eucharistic Congresses and Societies, and at 10 o'clock a solemn High Mass of Exposition was sung in his honor. Rev. Joseph Chinale, S.J., of St. Michael's Scholasticate, near

Spokane, assisted by two Jesuit scholars, officiated at the solemn services and also preached the festive sermon. The great spiritual joy exhibited by all recalled the words of Holy Writ, "Blessed is the people that knoweth jubilation." St. Paschal's Church was dedicated on Thanksgiving Day, November 30, 1916, and is just outside the eastern city limits of Spokane. Rev. Fr. Capistran, O.F.M., was the organizer and first rector of the parish, which is now in charge of Rev. Fr. Roman, O.F.M.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Francis Church.**—The local fraternity of the Third Order, which is under the direction of Rev. Fr. Gregory, O.F.M., had its first canonical visitation on Sunday, April 29. The Rev. Visitor Fr. Roger, O.F.M., was solemnly conducted in procession to the church, where he addressed the Tertiaries, filling them with renewed fervor and zeal in the observance of their holy Rule. On this occasion, thirty candidates—four men and twenty-six women—received the Third Order cord and scapular. The fraternity now numbers seventy-five members and is in a very flourishing condition. The members are especially interested in the Franciscan Indian Missions and have made them a number of substantial donations. The fraternity is now the proud possessor of a beautiful Third Order banner, which was blessed by the Rev. Visitor on this occasion.

**Washington, D. C., Mt. St. Sepulchre.**—The 687th anniversary of the passing of St. Antony of Padua from this earth to heaven was fittingly celebrated at Mt. St. Sepulchre with all the solemnity that usually attends this feast at the Commissariat. Beginning at 5.15 and continuing until 9 o'clock there were well attended Masses every half-hour. At 10 A. M., Right Rev. Bishop Shahan, preceded by a number of visiting and Franciscan clergy, went to St. Antony's shrine where he blessed the lilies. A solemn procession was then formed, during which the choir chanted the responsory of St. Antony, *Si quaeris miracula*. Coming to the main altar, the Bishop went to the throne where he vested in cope and mitre to assist at the solemn High Mass, celebrated by Very Rev. George Dougherty, Vice-Rector of the Catholic University. After the Mass, the Bishop gave Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament.

It was a beautiful sight to behold so vast a throng of people gathered to do honor to the Wonderworker of Padua, and one could see that the clients of St. Antony in the Capital City come from every walk in life and are almost without number.

**Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.**—A very impressive ceremony took place on the feast of St. Antony, June 13, when at the evening services, fifty candidates were received into the Third Order and sixty-eight novices were admitted to their holy profession. The investment and profession of so many devoted children of St. Francis was the fraternities' gift to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and surely nothing could have pleased Him more than to see so many zealous and pious souls dedicating themselves to His service by entering the ranks of the Tertiaries. In the course of his German discourse on this occasion, our Rev. Director encouraged the postulants to enter whole-heartedly into the spirit of St. Francis and admonished the professed members to persevere in their first zeal or to renew it in case they had become lax. In his English address, he held up for their imitation the great St. Antony as a most perfect example of the true Franciscan spirit. After the ceremony of profession, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed and the act of consecration of the Third Order to the Sacred Heart was read aloud by the Rev. celebrant.

A pilgrimage to Holy Hill, Wisconsin, for the purpose of imploring Heaven to grant peace to our war-cursed earth, has been arranged by our Third Order conference for July 7. The pilgrims will travel in automobiles which will leave the corner of Fourth Street and Reservoir Avenue at 7 A. M. The round trip tickets at \$2.60 (children half fare) must be procured before July 2 either from the officers of the conference, or at Alois Weber's, 691 Fourth Street, or at the Monastery. English and German sermons and devotions will be held at the holy shrine and a large number of Tertiaries are expected to take part in the pilgrimage. In consequence the regular monthly meeting due to be held on that Sunday in St. Francis Church will not take place.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—The solemn novena of Tuesdays preceding the feast of St. Antony was better attended

than ever before, and Rev. Fr. Luke, O.F.M., of Gary, Indiana, and Rev. Fr. Leo, O.F.M., chaplain of the Joliet penitentiary, assisted the local Fathers in accommodating the throngs of St. Antony's clients that crowded the confessional each week. On the feast day itself, a solemn High Mass was sung, at 10 A. M., by Rev. Fr. Maurice, O.F.M., assisted by FF. Leo and Basil. Fr. Lee also preached the panegyric. After the Mass, followed a special devotion in honor of St. Antony and the blessing of the lilies.

**Cleveland, Ohio, St. Alexis Hospital.**—Sister M. Anselma, a nurse at St. Alexis hospital for many years and a member of the Franciscan sisterhood for thirty-three years, died at the hospital June 14, at 1.30 A. M. The funeral was conducted in the hospital chapel, Rev. Fr. Bernardine, O.F.M., officiating at the solemn Requiem, assisted by Rev. FF. John, Remigius, and Hilarion as deacon, sub-deacon, and master of ceremonies. Rev. Fr. John preached the funeral oration. Sr. M. Anselma has been for years one of the chief Sisters at the hospital, but she knew so well how to hide her merits that the world at large saw and knew little of her. R. I. P.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.**—The faculty and student-body of the college were most agreeably surprised, on May 27, by a visit from Rev. FF. Alphonse Weber and Albert Braun, the two National Army chaplains of the Franciscan Province of Santa Barbara. They were on their way to Camp Taylor, Ky., where they are now attending the school for army chaplains.

The delightful weather with which we were blessed on the feast of Corpus Christi made it possible to conduct the annual procession with the Blessed Sacrament through the college campus with all the customary solemnity. In the evening of the same day, the members of the Third Academic entertained their fellow students with a most unique and pleasing Latin playlet, *A Roman School*. The boys all took their rôles well and in spite of the fact that Latin was the language they spoke they were as natural in their enunciation and delivery as if they had never learned to speak otherwise. Rev. Fr. Peter Nolasco, who directed the play, deserves special credit

for the success scored by his pupils. Following is the cast:

Magister	.....	A. Schladweiler
Servi	.....	T. Tushaus L. Krempele
Paedagogi	.....	E. Finnegan A. Stanovich
Aulus Licinius Archias	/ judices	F. Kohlberg
Publius Licinius Crassus	/	R. Kopp
Gaius Licinius Crassus.	adulescens	C. Futterer
Marcus Cicero		J. Ritter
Quintus Cicero		H. Bachman
Lucius Catilina		A. Rehwinkel
Marcus Antonius		R. Kopeksi
Gaius Caesar		J. Thiel
Appius Caecus		O. Wilhelmii
Gnaeus Pompeius		J. Berger
Publius Pulcher		J. Mactko
Marcus Brutus		A. Habig
Quintus Hortulanus		J. Terstegge
Lucius Lucullus		H. Girtan
Gaius Marcellus		E. Lyons

Another interesting evening was spent in the dramatic hall on June 2, when the St. Bernardine Literary Circle presented its annual program which was as follows:

L'Eclair (Flute, Violin, Piano)	.....	Halig
J. SCHMIDT. J. REISCH. F. FOSSELMAN		
Address of Welcome	.....	Paul Eberle
Invective against Mr. Coffy	.....	Henry Grattan
LEO HASENSTAB		
Advice on Epistolary Correspondence	.....	Dickens
RALPH PATTERSON		
Calvary (Cornet, Piano)	.....	Rodney
A. SCHLADWEILER. H. FOCHTMAN		
The Character of Lafayette	.....	Prentiss
W. WERNsing		
The Battle	.....	Schiller
A. SCHLADWEILER		
Christian Patriotism	.....	Antony Glauber
The Star Spangled Banner		

SUNG BY THE ASSEMBLY

All the numbers were very well given and the Circle is to be congratulated on its splendid showing.

The graduating class of '18 held their commencement exercises in the college hall on June 7, on which occasion the degree of Bachelor of Arts was awarded to Paul Eberle, Frederick Huster, Francis Piontkowski, and Edward Voss. On the following day, the class left their Alma Mater amid the cheers of their fellow students and turned their steps to the novitiate monastery to begin the retreat preparatory to their investment in the First Order.

Rev. Fr. Herman Joseph, a member of the college faculty, was called home to St. Charles, Mo., June 11, by the death of his father, Mr. F. A. Fister, who died at the ripe age of seventy years of a complication of diseases. The solemn funeral took place, on June 14, at St. Pe-

ter's Church, Fr. Herman Joseph officiating. Mr. Fister came to this country from Germany as a lad of eighteen years and settled in St. Charles, where he built up a reputation as a man of sound business principles, an enterprising citizen, and a devoted Christian husband and father of the old type. Five of his children have entered the religious state: Rev. Fr. Herman Joseph, O.F.M., of St. Joseph's College, Bro. Paschal, O.F.M., of the local monastery, Sr. Gonzaga, Sr. Priscilla, and Sr. Herman Joseph, all of St. Mary's Infirmary, St. Louis. Besides these, two daughters, one son, and his dear wife remain to bewail his loss. To all his sorrowing family the faculty and students extend their most heartfelt sympathy. R. I. P.

The faculty of St. Joseph's was deeply grieved early in June on receiving the sad news of the death of Professor Gerhard Schuette, who succumbed to an attack of paralysis, on March 2, in his native city of Mettingen, Germany. Born May 23, 1847, he finished his college course at Rheine, and then studied medicine and philosophy at the universities of Wuerzburg, Marburg and Greifswalde. During the Franco-Prussian War, he acted as secretary to an army officer. After the war, in 1872, he came to this country and was at once installed as professor at St. Joseph's College, remaining at his post for twenty-seven years. In 1876, he married Miss Catherine Mette, of Effingham, Ill., but his married life, which was most happy, was doomed to be short lived; for within a year, death suddenly snatched his beloved wife from his side. Thenceforth, he lived wholly for his pupils. In 1898, he left St. Joseph's to accept a professorship in St. Francis Solanus College, at Quincy, Ill. Here he taught with his usual success until the summer of 1904, when he returned to his native land to be near his aged mother, there to enjoy the rest he so well merited. On June 8, a Requiem Mass was sung in the college chapel for the repose of his soul. Professor Schuette was a man of dignified bearing, a true Catholic gentleman, a teacher of exceptional talent, and a most devoted friend of the Franciscan Order. For years, he filled the important post of provincial syndic and his memory is in benediction. R. I. P.

The scholastic year 1917-18 closed on June 19, and the students with laughing faces and joyous cheers for "Old St. Joe's" boarded the trains to begin their well merited vacation. Most of the professors, too, have gone to distant cities to assist their brethren in their pastoral labors. In the meantime, the good lay brothers, who have worked so faithfully throughout the year for the students, are spending their well earned vacation by busily making repairs about the place, so that the college will be in perfect order to welcome back the students on their return in the fall. May the good God, who has so signally blessed our college during these trying times, not cease to watch over its destinies, that the spirit of St. Francis may continue to be instilled here into the hearts of his future sons for His own greater honor and the good of souls.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Francis Monastery.** —Tuesday morning, June 18, the graduating class of St. Joseph's College, augmented by several other aspirants, received the habit of the First Order as clerics at the hands of Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Hugolinus, of the Santa Barbara Province, who acted as the delegate

of our own beloved Father Provincial Samuel Macke. They were the following: Paul Eberle, Fr. Edgar; Alphonse Limator, Fr. Albert; Francis Piontowski, Fr. Godfrey; Edward Voss, Fr. Fidelis; John Brzezinski, Fr. Bernardine; Frederick Huster, Fr. Egbert; Justin Diederich, Fr. Aduin; Antony Glauber, Fr. Rufinus; Albert Kunz, Fr. Kilian. Br. Henry Dreixler, Br. Boniface Becker, Br. Hyacinth Polec, and Br. John Forest Findeldey were admitted to the novitiate of the First Order on the same occasion, while Br. Solano Pfeifer pronounced his solemn vows, and Br. Fidelis his profession in the Third Order. The following cleric novices, who had successfully completed their year of probation were admitted to the simple vows: Fr. Ambrose Pinger, Fr. Angelus Zwiesler, Fr. Alban Kiefer, Fr. Florian Thiel, Fr. Natalis Wellner, Fr. Theophilus Thiel, Fr. Engelbert Bienek, Fr. Patrick Maloney, and Fr. Edwin Fochtman. To all the happy novices and newly professed clerics and brothers *Franciscan Herald* extends heartiest congratulations and wishes them in the words of Holy Church "peace and perseverance!"

## OBITUARY

### Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

*St. Elizabeth Fraternity:* Elizabeth Haw, Sr. Veronica.

### Cleveland, Ohio:

*St. Alexis Hospital:* Sr. M. Anselma.

*St. Joseph's Church:* Joseph Grasskemper, Br. Francis; Peter Helmrick, Br. Louis; Joseph Gedeon, Br. John; Mary Klein, Sr. Elizabeth; Adelhaide Voll, Sr. Clare; Catherine Pahl, Sr. Mary; Mary Marquard, Sr. Colette; Anna Leinwand, Sr. Teresa.

### Douglas, Wash., Camp Lewis:

Joseph Swanton.

### Omaha, Nebr., St. Joseph's Church:

Bridget Mary Davis, Sr. Frances.

### Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church:

Mary Little, Sr. Rita.

### San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:

Kate Donahue; Mrs. E. Fitzpatrick.

### St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:

J. F. Umscheid; A. Hoffman; B. Hauck; K.

Nolan; Elizabeth Mertz.

### Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church:

Mary Schuermann, Sr. Seraphina.

# Franciscan Herald

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## Editorial Comment

### "DELIVER US FROM EVIL"

There are two kinds of evil, moral and physical. Both imply deficiency in perfection, a privation of some good. Moral evil is found only in intelligent beings and deprives them of some moral good. It is called sin. Physical or natural evil is found also in irrational beings. It may be described as the sum of opposition, which experience shows to exist in the universe, to the desires and needs of individuals; whence arises among human beings, at least, the suffering in which life abounds.

The greatest of all evils for man is moral evil; because it deprives him, either for a time or forever, of the greatest good. Since sin is an aversion from God, the sovereign good, by reason of the preference given to some created good, it is only natural that the commission of sin should be followed by the privation, temporal or eternal, of the supreme good, according as this turning away is partial or total. A partial aversion from God is termed venial sin; while a complete turning away on the part of the sinner constitutes a mortal sin.

But whether mortal or venial, sin is so great an evil that never, under any circumstances, is it permissible to commit sin, even if the sinner could thereby put an end to all possible physical evils and promote every conceivable form of moral good; even if the sinner could thereby quench the fires of hell and convert this vale of tears into a paradise of pleasure. Though the malice of sin is not infinite, since the human will is incapable of infinite malice; yet to understand its full heinousness, it would be necessary to comprehend the infinite God—of which the human understanding likewise is incapable—since it is an insult offered his infinite majesty.

That sin is the greatest of evils is apparent also from the number and magnitude of its punishments; for all the temporal and eternal evils must be ascribed to sin, original or actual, as their cause. Temporal evils, or such as involve, for instance, the loss of health, fame, or fortune, are inflicted as medicinal punishments, that tend to draw us from sin. Eternal punishment, however, is inflicted only to satisfy the justice of God; it is, therefore, of a merely vindictive nature. In either case, these evils have the character of punishments that the sinner must undergo; and from the magnitude of these penalties we may conclude to the enormity of the malice contained in sin.

When we pray to be delivered from evil, we ask to be freed from both kinds of evil, moral and physical, from sin and from its conse-

quences. Deliverance from the ills of the body, however, is not always in the interest of the soul. Hence, Almighty God does not always hear our prayers for deliverance from physical evils. Viewed in the light of faith, these are after all not so much evils of our nature as benefits of God and marks of his favor. As such, at least, the saints of God regarded them; and it is not at all strange that the greatest saints were at the same time the greatest sufferers. For is not Christ himself "a man of sorrows, acquainted with infirmities,—a reproach of men, and the outcast of the people,—the accursed of God that hangeth on a tree"? Has he not said that if we wish to be his disciples we must take up our cross and follow him? If we only knew the value of pain, we should not shrink from it, but, like the saints, rather covet and seek it.

Not a few of the saints have sung the praises of pain in terms, the most rapturous. "O how happy should I be," exclaims St. Bernard, "if I possessed the strength of all men that I might be able to bear all the crosses of all the world!" St. Augustine was convinced that "to have no cross is a great cross." St. John Chrysostom preferred to "suffer with Christ on earth than to reign with him in heaven." St. Teresa's motto was, "To suffer or else to die"; that of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, "To suffer and not to die." St. Francis of Assisi, too, knew the worth of suffering. So great was his love of pain that for him pain lost its sting and went over into joy. He is no less the champion of pain than the apostle of joy. But on this point let us quote the words of one of his modern disciples, the Franciscan poet Francis Thompson:

There is one lesson which strikes me as specially needed by the day in which we live—it is the lesson of Pain—the modern world pales before it. If a man's cupboard has such a skeleton, let us shut the cupboard very close, let us suppress all whisper of it; we will not have our actors play us tragedies, for they remind us of pain; unpleasant poverty—look to it, policeman, keep it from our ways when we walk forth, for it says "Pain is"; take, messieurs the philanthropists, millions of money, so you will scavenge away this pain from our doors; and for ourselves, shall we not form a Mutual Cotton-wool Society, whereby every germ of pain shall be filtered from our sacred air? It is upon this cowardly day that the voice of St. Francis breaks, crying in the words of a modern poet—"Delight has taken Pain to her heart."

This sums up St. Francis' teaching on this point, sums it in a line. Pain which came to man as a penalty, remains with him as a consecration; his ignominy by a Divine ingenuity he is enabled to make his exaltation. Man, shrinking from loving pain, is a child shuddering on the verge of the water, and crying, "It is cold!" How many among us, after repeated lessonings of experience, are never able to comprehend that there is no special love without pain. To such St. Francis reveals that the Supreme Love is itself full of Supreme Pain. It is fire, it is torture; his human weakness accuses himself of rashness in provoking it, even while his soul demands more pain, if it be necessary for more love. So he revealed to one of his companions that the pain of his stigmata was agonizing, but was accompanied with a sweetness so intense as made it ecstatic to him. Such is the preaching of his words and example to an age which understands it not. Pain is inevitable. Pain may be made the instrument of joy. It is the angel with the fiery sword, guarding the gates of the lost Eden. The flaming sword which pricked man forth from Paradise must wave him back; through that singeing portal, with dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms, he must return or not at all.



### SHUNNING THE WORD

- In an article contributed to a recent number of *The Nation* (Vol. 106,

No. 2758) on "The Failure of Intellectuals," Mr. Hartley B. Alexander takes these high priests of modern culture severely to task for their failure to prevent the great European cataclysm. After bitterly denouncing them as propagandists of a narrow nationalism, as creators of a sort of rational faith or artificial religion, as promoters of the idolatry of man—and of woman, as advocates of "evolution" so-called, and as adherents of the crassest kind of naturalism and materialism, he concludes by saying:

"The war is a dreadful purge applied to a sufferer in a desperate strait. We trust that it will carry away many ill humors from the constitution of mankind, but we know that at the best there must be a long period of anxious care before we can hope to see civilization restored and hale. In the broadest sense the problem of recovery is an educational one. A new ideal of human life will have to be discovered by those who see truest the meaning of the spiritual agony. A new schooling will have to be developed to enkindle in a fresh generation the light of this ideal. What is beyond lies on the knees of the gods. But of this much, at least, we may be sure: that the future will refuse to own any mere intellectualism, but will demand in its place (and we need not shun the word) a confessed spiritualism. The education of the future, in school and state, will instil with all its power that there can be no knowledge without responsibility, no realization of beauty without sympathy, no discovery of goodness without idealism. There must be faith of men not in other men for their attainment's sake, but in the visioned Man, for his unattainment's sake."

These conclusions of the learned professor of philosophy are, to say the least, disappointing. While we agree with him that civilization's period of convalescence after the War must be a long one, we differ considerably as to the cure to be applied. That education will play a prominent part in the work of restoration, may be conceded; but it is not of the sort that the Nebraska pundit advocates. This particular brand of education has long been cracked up as the panacea for society's distempers; but society knows too much of the disastrous effects with which its application has been followed to be willing to try the remedy again. Instead of going in search of a new ideal of human life to end the spiritual agony, might it not be better to adhere to the old ideal of Christian living? It is a remedy that has been often tried against all kinds of social ailments, and with wonderful success. There is no doubt that the future will refuse to own any mere intellectualism. But will it be satisfied with what Mr. Alexander is pleased to call a confessed spiritualism? Why shun the word? Why not admit that confessed religion is the desideratum? Without the religious element, there can be no true conception of responsibility, sympathy, idealism.

The faith in the visioned Man (sic!) that the learned doctor requires is not the supernatural, dogmatic faith in the God-Man, but a sort of Lutheran *fides fiducialis* in humanity. If this is the remedy that is to cure society, sick unto death, we fear that all hope of recovery is vain. Evidently, the professor does not know that it is useless to try to drive out the devil by Beelzebub.



#### AN OMINOUS SIGN

Not long ago we called attention in these columns to the dearth of priests and candidates for the priesthood, occasioned by the War in almost every country. We have since read appeals by a number of Italian

and French bishops to young Americans of Latin birth to return to Europe and take up the studies for the sacred priesthood. The same bishops have also urged their priests to encourage vocations among the young men of their congregations. From all seminaries, even the most famous of Rome, come reports of many vacant rooms and scholarships. If the War has caused an alarming decrease in the number of priests in these countries, it has likewise depleted the classes of students for the priesthood. All this would seem to indicate that the War is eating deep into the vitals of the Church and that hopes for a great post-bellum revival of religious life in Europe are doomed to disappointment.

Nor are the prospects for this country much brighter. Already during the last scholastic year there was a marked falling off in attendance at most institutions educating boys for the priesthood. The reasons for this are too patent to need elucidation. Nor do we wish to blame the young men who have voluntarily left these institutions to serve their country in its dark hour of need. We have a lurking suspicion, however, that not all who have forsaken the schoolroom for the office or the workshop, were prompted by motives of patriotism. We fear that in many cases the *auri sacra fames* was a much more powerful incentive. It would be strange, indeed, if many lucrative positions now open to boys should offer no temptation for them, and that patriotism should not be made to serve as an excuse for exchanging the drudgery of the classroom for less tedious and more remunerative labor. We can readily understand such conduct on the part of immature boys; but that their parents should permit them so to act is beyond comprehension. They have no excuse for not knowing that the Government deems any interruption of college or seminary work not only unnecessary but undesirable; and their common sense should tell them that to permit a boy to interrupt and retard his education, to trifle with his vocation, and perhaps to spoil his career for life—all for the sake of a handful of filthy lucre, is a very doubtful gain indeed.



#### ST. FRANCIS ON BROTHERLY LOVE

Blessed is the servant who loves his brother when his brother is sick and can not give him satisfaction as much as when he is well and can give him satisfaction. And blessed is he who loves and fears his brother when his brother is absent from him as much as when he is with him, and would not say anything behind his back that he could not with charity say to his face.



#### PAMPHLET FOR SISTERS EXPLAINING NEW CODE OF CANON LAW

*Religious Communities of Women in the New Code of Canon Law.* Compiled and arranged by a Friar Minor of the Sacred Heart Province. Being a brief statement of "Things they ought to know" from the New Code. 50c the copy; postage extra. For sale early in August. Address: Librarian, 3140 Meramec Street, St. Louis, Mo.

## BL. PETER OF MOGLIANO

*By Fr. Silas, O. F. M.*

**T**HIS great servant of God was born at Mogliano, in the March of Ancona, in the year 1442. After completing his elementary education in his native town, he was sent to the University of Perugia, where, after a successful course, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Laws. Thus a brilliant future in the service of his country awaited him; for his birth and learning would, no doubt, have enabled him to reach the highest positions of honor and wealth. But God, in his wisdom and mercy, called him to a life of poverty and humility, and destined him to be the messenger of salvation for many immortal souls.

In the year 1467, the saintly Dominic of Leonessa, Provincial of the Friars Minor in the Marches, delivered a series of sermons at Perugia. His holy life and eloquent words made a deep impression on his hearers, but especially on Bl. Peter, who opened his heart without reserve to the workings of grace. Greatly touched by the exhortations of the zealous preacher, the young Doctor of Laws seriously reflected on the vanity of all that this world can offer us in comparison with the true happiness promised to the servants of God; and following the call of grace, he resolved to bid farewell to the world, in order to seek the things that are above by a life of self-denial and penance in religion. He, therefore, went to Fr. Dominic and humbly asked to be received among the sons of St. Francis. He was then

twenty-five years of age.

It would be difficult to describe the zeal with which the young religious fulfilled all the duties of his new state of life. Suffice it to say that his daily endeavor was to gain the mastery over the inordinate inclinations of nature and to progress on the way of perfection; thus, in a short time, he distinguished himself by his fervent piety, his humility, obedience, and spirit of mortification. After completing his novitiate, he was commanded to apply himself to the study of theology, in order to fit himself for the sacred ministry. Like all truly spiritual persons, he did not allow his daily occupations, no matter how numerous and distracting, to extinguish in him the spirit of devotion; hence his studies were a constant prayer, and the more he advanced in knowledge, the more closely he became united to God in love and self-abandonment. The fame of his learning and sanctity spread beyond the walls of the convent, and as soon as he was ordained priest, he was chosen by his superiors to accompany St. James of the March on his missionary journeys in Italy.

St. James, the famous disciple of St. Bernardine of Siena, was at that time traversing the provinces of Italy, combating the heresies of the Fraticelli and Manichaeans, rooting out abuses, and everywhere strengthening the faithful in the practices of a Christian life. His fiery eloquence and holy life, confirmed by numerous miracles, exer-

cised an irresistible influence on the people and effected wonderful results in the cities and towns which he visited. Under the guidance of this saintly master, Bl. Peter labored as a missionary with a zeal and fervor to be found only in those who live solely for God and for the eternal welfare of their fellow-men. Disregarding all hardships and privations when there was question of saving souls, he passed through the towns and cities, and by his earnest words, combined with prudence and kindness, restored peace and harmony among warring factions and cities, converted thousands of sinners, and aided pious souls to advance on the road of virtue and perfection.

The fruits of his labors were so wonderful that, after the death of St. James of the March, he was chosen to succeed him as the teacher and guide of all the missionaries. He was known in all the provinces of the Marches as the "holy Father," and wherever

he went, he was followed by crowds of the people, who were often witnesses of his heroic virtues and of the signal graces obtained through his prayers.

Julius Caesar Varani, Duke of Camerino, highly esteemed Bl. Peter and consulted him on all important matters. His daughter, Bl. Baptista Varani, a Poor Clare in the convent at Camerino, rejoiced to have the holy missionary as her spiritual director, and under his enlightened guidance, she advanced to a high degree of perfection. His religious brethren, admiring his virtue and learning, thrice elected him Provincial in the Province of the Marches, and once in that of Rome. In 1472, the



Bl. Peter receiving the Viaticum

General Chapter held at Aquila sent him as Commissary to the island of Candia. He fulfilled the duties of all these offices with singular zeal, prudence, and charity.

After a life thus spent for the honor of God and the salvation of souls, Bl. Peter received a revela-

tion of his approaching end, just as he had again been elected to the office of Provincial of the Marches. In the beginning of July, 1490, he was seized with a violent fever which greatly affected his head and stomach and made it impossible for him to take food. In spite of his sufferings, he was always patient, always in good cheer; and when the Duke of Camerino expressed his astonishment at this, he declared, "The happiness I expect is so great that all suffering is a delight." Eight days before his happy death, he made his last confession and prepared himself to receive the Holy Viaticum. Notwithstanding his pains and weakness, he insisted on receiving our Lord in the church, rather than in his cell. His devotion and deep humility on this occasion touched the hearts of all present and they shed abundant tears. When he had returned to his cell, God permitted him to be tormented for two days by most violent temptations of the devil. The evil spirit appeared to him under various forms and tried to

make him believe that his whole life and preaching had been a lie and a delusion. But Bl. Peter humbled himself before God, and strengthened by prayer and the words of Holy Scripture, which he had his brethren read to him, he confounded the spirit of darkness and put him to flight. He then encouraged his brethren to strive for religious perfection in words so touching that the Holy Spirit seemed to be speaking in him. He was visited by the Count of Camerino, his two sons, and many distinguished citizens. Exhorting them with great fervor to practice charity and justice, and in all things to observe the law of God, he dismissed them with his blessing. At length, he passed to his eternal reward during the night of July 25, 1490. His body was entombed in the church of the Friars Minor at Camerino. Later it was transferred to the cathedral. Pope Clement XIII approved the veneration paid the servant of God by the faithful.

### The Assumption

Dreaming, I behold Thee still  
Playing round the cottage door,  
List the music of Thy voice,  
Hear Thy step upon the floor.

Live the happy days again,  
Nightly to Thy cot I steal,  
Press a kiss upon Thy brow,  
With adoring angels kneel.

To Thy Father's side restored,  
To Thy home among the blest.  
Ah! 'twas once all cast aside  
For a shelter on my breast.

Yearns my spirit for Thy face;  
Bid me fly, my God, to Thee.  
Through the watches of the night,  
At the dawn I wait for Thee.

Fain would see Thee come again,  
By the lake, across the hill,  
Yet, Thy holy Will, not mine,—  
I am but Thy handmaid still.

Rays of flaming light—a voice!  
Is my weary exile done?  
Gates of glory backward roll—  
Lamb of God! my Love! my Son!

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

## THE FINAL BLOW

*By Fr. Francis Borgia, O. F. M.*

**Q**UEEN Mary departed this life, trusting that her sister was as good as her word and would continue the work of restoration. On January 15, 1559, Princess Elizabeth submitted to the ancient Catholic coronation ceremonies, received Holy Communion and under solemn oath promised allegiance to the Pope and the Church of Rome. Deep down in her heart, however, the unscrupulous and treacherous Queen was contemplating a final and decisive blow at Catholic doctrine and worship. No sooner was she firmly seated on the throne, to which she well knew Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, had a better right, than she threw off the mask and began undoing the work of her saintly predecessor.

During the reign of her father, Henry VIII, the English hierarchy proved all too pliant to the will of their monarch. Now, however, having learned by experience that schism and heresy were practically inseparable, the bishops firmly opposed every encroachment of the government on the rights of the Church and of the Holy See. Elizabeth, therefore, justly fearing a too rigorous pursuit of her project might enkindle a general uprising against her, counselled her ministers to proceed slowly and cautiously. After 1570, however, when Pope Pius V, after much pleading and long waiting, finally excommunicated the Queen and dissolved the people from allegiance to her, the storm of persecution against

Catholics broke forth in full fury. It is not our purpose here to depict in detail how this terrible woman, supported by a few cringing courtiers, abused her Catholic subjects and at last succeeded in establishing Anglicanism as the state religion. Suffice it to say, during the forty-five years of her reign, "good Queen Bess" proved in her public as well as in her private life a worthy and true daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn.

With deep regret the English Franciscans witnessed this second storm of religious persecution gather over the country. As to themselves, they knew quite well that Elizabeth hated them in particular for the boldness and determination with which in years gone by they had opposed her worthless mother, questioned her own legitimacy, championed the rights of the papacy, and, during the preceding reign, helped to reestablish Catholic doctrine and worship. Little then were they surprised, when on June 12, 1559, one of the Queen's first measures was to seize their friary at Greenwich and to banish all the members of their Order from England.<sup>1</sup> Many of the friars refused to leave the country, while others trusting in the Providence of God, once more wandered into exile and at last found a home among their brethren on the continent.

In the Province of Lower Germany, Davenport tells us, many of the English friars distinguished themselves as men of eminent vir-

1. Unless otherwise stated, our sources of information regarding the English Franciscans and their activity at home and abroad during the reign of Elizabeth are Fr. Angelus a S. Francisco Mason: *Certamen Seraphicum* (Quaracchi, 1885); *Annales Minorum*, Vols. XIX-XXV; Fr. Antony Parkinson: *Antiquities of the English Franciscans* (London, 1728), whose authorities besides Mason are chiefly Fr. Francis a Sta. Clara Davenport, Fr. Francis Gonzaga, Antony Wood, and Jeremy Collier.

tue and learning. Since his banishment under Henry VIII, *Fr. Henry Holstam* had been twice appointed visitor of this province and, in 1549, he was elected its provincial minister. Other English friars taught theology in the Franciscan convent at Louvain so successfully that to them, as Fr. Pinchart later admitted, the members of the province were indebted for their learning. Among those who ended their days in this province was *Fr. John Elstow*, who apparently returned to Lower Germany, when Elizabeth expelled the Order from England.

*Fr. Thomas Bourchier* was a descendant of the earls of Bath. He received his classical education at Magdalen College, Oxford, and joined the Franciscan Observants at Greenwich toward the close of Queen Mary's reign. Later, together with *Fr. Thomas Langton*, also an English exile, he continued his studies at the Sorbonne in Paris and subsequently obtained the doctor's degree. Thereupon, he went to Rome and lived in the famous Franciscan friary of Ara Coeli. Here, too, he died about the year 1586. Pits who knew the eminent friar in Rome tells us that he was a man of extraordinary piety and learning and deserved well of his Order and of the Church of Christ. He is the author of the much-quoted *Historia Ecclesiastica*, a brief account of the martyrdom of the Franciscan Observants in England, Belgium, and Ireland between the years 1536 and 1582.

Thaddeus mentions another English Franciscan, *Fr. Henry More*, who was a relative of the illustrious Tertiary Blessed Thomas More. Fr. Henry was received into the Order abroad on September 22, 1584. Further details regarding

his life and activity in the Order have never been recorded.<sup>2</sup>

*Fr. John Standish*, who distinguished himself during Queen Mary's reign as a zealous and fearless defender of the Sacred Scriptures, was a nephew of Fr. Henry Standish, at one time provincial of the English Franciscans and later Bishop of Asaph. Fr. John was clothed with the habit of St. Francis prior to the first outbreak of the persecution under Henry VIII, whereupon he went to Paris and after the usual course of studies merited the doctor's degree in theology. He returned to his native land during the restoration and departed this life shortly before the outbreak of the second storm. Pits says that Fr. John was "a man celebrated for learning, piety, faith and zeal for the honor of God."

*Fr. George Dennis* was born of a prominent family in Devonshire. In 1545, when the English laid siege to Boulogne, he served his country as royal standard-bearer. In 1558, however, he renounced the world and joined the Observants at Greenwich. He was still a novice, when Elizabeth banished the friars. Filled with holy zeal, Fr. George refused to leave the Order and departed with his brethren for the continent. About the year 1585, the saintly friar died and was buried in the Franciscan convent of Liege, where he had spent the greater part of his holy life.

In the second year of Elizabeth's reign, *Fr. Stephen Fox* likewise left England and came to the convent of St. Francis in Antwerp. Some time later, when the city was plundered by the heretics, he was again forced to flee. With about twenty English Poor Clares, he at first went to Rouen and later pro-

2. Thaddeus: *The Franciscans in England* (London, 1898), p. 19.

ceeded to Lisbon in Portugal, where Philip II had a convent erected for the nuns. Fr. Stephen died in Lisbon, in 1588, and was laid to rest in the church of the Poor Clares.

Another English Franciscan priest, who probably belonged to the Greenwich community, was *Fr. John Richel*. He entered the Order during the reign of Henry VIII and lived to witness the utter ruin of the once glorious Franciscan province in England. Seventy-two years of his life he spent as a true and faithful son of St. Francis, highly esteemed for virtue and holiness. The venerable jubilarian passed to his eternal reward in the friary at Louvain about the year 1599, having attained the ripe old age of ninety-seven years.

When Elizabeth banished the Observants, a certain *Fr. Richard* (his surname is not known) for a time defied the Queen and bravely continued to labor for the spiritual welfare of his persecuted countrymen. At last, however, he was arrested for being a priest and thrown into prison. After a long and severe confinement, he was for some reason or other set free and banished. He spent the remainder of his life in the Franciscan province of Andalusia in Spain and died at Herez de la Frontera, in 1619. So great was his reputation for sanctity, that after his death the townsfolk cut bits of cloth from his habit, and treasured them as the relics of a saint.

Of the English Franciscans who were living in exile, *Fr. John Gray* alone attained the martyr's crown.<sup>3</sup> He was the son of a noble and wealthy English family,<sup>4</sup> and at the time of his martyrdom resided in the Franciscan convent at Brussels. During the absence of Don Juan of Austria, a horde of fanatical sec-

taries entered the city and set about molesting the Catholics and plundering the churches. As in England so also here the Franciscan Observants were especially odious to the heretics. On June 5, 1579, their friary was assailed. When the porter, *Fr. James Leisman*, an English lay Brother, saw the mob approaching, he barricaded the doors and warned his brethren of the impending danger. While the terror-stricken friars made good their escape, one of the community was both unable and unwilling to flee. It was Fr. John Gray, a man of seventy winters, who had spent the greater part of his religious life in exile. "Let us stay in God's house," he exhorted the fleeing friars; "where can we die so happily as in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, on the holy spot where we hope to be buried." But his words fell on deaf ears; Fr. James alone remained with the aged and infirm priest.

By this time, the infuriated mob had forced their way into the friary. Meeting the porter, they beat him with cudgels until he lost consciousness. Leaving him for dead, they rushed madly to the church, where they found Fr. John kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament. Like ravenous wolves, they seized him and began to insult and maltreat him. Hardly knowing what he did, so great were his pain and terror, the venerable friar begged his enemies to spare him. "What," cried the ruffians, "shall we spare thee, thou wretch!" Thereupon one of the mob drew his sword and dealt the innocent priest a severe blow on the head. Mortally wounded the martyr fell to the floor and with a kindly, "I certainly forgive you," he passed to his eternal reward. Bourchier relates that Fr.

3. Bourchier: *Historia Ecclesiastica* (Paris, 1586), pp. 278 sqq.—4. Other chroniclers, among them Bourchier, say he was of Scotch extraction.

John bore the stigmata of St. Francis on his feet, adding that he himself had the privilege of seeing them. The martyred priest was known far and wide for his great sanctity. Hence, when the people heard that he had laid down his life for the faith, they hastened to the friary to do homage to his mortal remains. Bourchier further attests that a miracle was wrought through the intercession of the martyr. A man who was near death, on learning what had happened in the Franciscan friary, asked that a cloth dipped in the martyr's blood be brought to him. On receiving it, the dying man kissed it reverently, whereupon he was immediately restored to health.

Not all the friars left their country and died in exile. A large percentage ignored Elizabeth's orders, remained secretly with their flock, and sought in every way to counteract the efforts of those illiterate and malevolent preachers to whom the government entrusted the dissemination of heresy. Needless to say, indescribable hardships and countless obstacles confronted the friars at every turn. Robbed of their cherished friaries, they wandered about from place to place, discharging their religious and priestly duties as best they might. To be ordained priest; to shelter, aid, or support a priest; to celebrate or assist at the Sacrifice of Mass; to administer or receive the sacraments;—all these were crimes punishable with fines or imprisonment, and eventually with death on the scaffold. Towns and hamlets were infested with spies who, like Topcliffe, were ever on the alert for priests and religious and glorified in ferreting out their secret hiding-places. Hence we can readily conceive how constant fear and anxiety lest their labor of love be

cut short and the people grow weak for want of spiritual sustenance, frequently drove the hunted friars into secluded caves and holes, where for weeks and months they eked out a miserable existence. Accustomed, as they were, to community life with its thousand charms and blessings, their condition was particularly distressing. They no longer had their friaries whither they might return after a day's arduous labor to find peace and rest. No longer could they seek the fatherly counsels of a prudent superior or share the sympathy and geniality of a loving fellow-friar. All this was a thing of the past; they were now thrown on their own resources. They dared not appear publicly in their habit or with any distinctive mark of their sacred character, but had to go about in disguise and under assumed names, on which account, we may suppose, they were in many cases unable to identify themselves before the people on whose charity they depended for the necessities of life.

Still, if the lot of the wandering friars was hard and distressing, their wonted zeal for the things of God was none the less fervent and self-sacrificing. We find, therefore, that all through the reign of Elizabeth there were always Franciscans in the mission-fields of England, ready to suffer everything, even death itself, for the salvation of immortal souls. Prudence, of course, demanded that they perform their duties in the greatest secrecy. Hence it is that to-day we find so little recorded regarding the activity of these men of God, and are restricted for a general estimate of their life and labors to a few isolated facts that chanced to come to the notice of the chroniclers. A number of friars were at last captured by the royal emissaries and thrown

into prison, where they ended their days in misery and oblivion. Thus it is known that, in 1583, a certain *Fr. Thomas Ackrick* lay confined as prisoner in Hull Castle.<sup>5</sup> Others, like *Fr. Tonstall*, vexed the government by the boldness with which they toiled in the vineyard of the Lord. Others, finally, defied and baffled the Queen's priest-catchers. Thus, for instance, *Fr. Gregory Basset* was thought to be in hiding in Herefordshire; but, although his enemies were constantly on the look-out for him, they apparently never succeeded in getting him into their clutches. In fine, so great was the number of Franciscans in England at this time, that, as Hope says, "even in the first year of Elizabeth's reign the government was greatly irritated against them, and attributed to their zeal the want of unity among Protestants."<sup>6</sup> Only regarding a few individuals have some interesting details been transmitted to posterity.

In his famous *Certamen Seraphicum*, Mason brings at some length what a religious priest related about a certain *Fr. John*, commonly known as the "Old Beggar."<sup>7</sup> When by order of Elizabeth, the Observants had to quit England, this saintly friar found refuge in the house of Roger Lockwood in the parish of Leyland, county Lancaster. Here he resided till about the year 1590, when death summoned him to a better life. So popular was Fr. John for virtue and holiness, that the Earl of Derby prevailed upon the Queen to allow the harmless friar to wear his religious habit in public, although the penal laws against Catholics were then in full force. Heaven favored Fr. John with the gift of

working miracles. And, when old age and bodily infirmities no longer permitted him to wander about in discharge of his priestly duties, the people flocked to him from all parts of northern England, in order to obtain help from him in their spiritual and temporal needs. That he was a Franciscan and not a Benedictine, as some claim, is quite certain from the testimony of the woman who served him in his illness. She was still living when Mason wrote his *Certamen Seraphicum* and testified that Fr. John never received or touched money, and that he himself had told her he was a mendicant and a beggar. Her testimony is strengthened by that of William Walton, one of the friar's penitents, who maintained that his father confessor went about barefoot and wore the grey habit and the cord of St. Francis.

About the same time that Fr. John closed his remarkable career, another English Franciscan, *Fr. Lawrence Collier*, succumbed to the hardships of prison life. For a long time he succeeded in escaping the vigilance of the notorious priest-catchers. But at last, probably at Stafford, he was seized and committed to prison, where after two years of intense suffering, he departed this life to share the glory and bliss of the next.

Another Franciscan whose name sheds luster on the history of the English province during these troublous times was *Fr. Nelson*, a priest of singular holiness and undaunted zeal. He entered the Order during the period of restoration. Subsequently, during the entire reigns of Elizabeth and James I, Fr. Nelson toiled and suffered in the English missions. As usual, the details regarding his

5. Thaddeus, l. c., p. 19.—6. Hope: *Franciscan Martyrs in England* (London, 1878), on the authority of Strype.—7. Hope, l. c., p. 76, informs us on the authority of Dodd that Fr. John had zealously opposed Henry VIII and had suffered for the faith.

long and untiring activity were perhaps never recorded. All we know is that he spent the last thirty years of his life in the house of a Catholic gentleman, two miles distant from Hereford. Here, too, about the year 1628, the holy friar breathed his last and entered the realms of eternal joy to receive the reward for his long and faithful service in the Order of St. Francis.

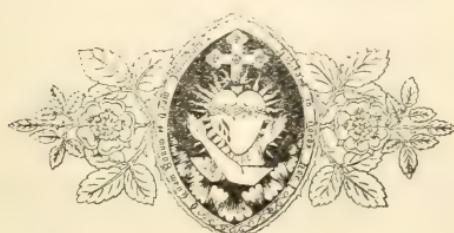
*Fr. William Stanney* (Staney) was active in England at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. He was a man of acknowledged virtue and learning, and, since 1598, had been Commissary General of the English Franciscans, having received the official seal from Ven. Fr. Godfrey Buckley, shortly before the latter's martyrdom. Zeal for the spread of the Third Order of St. Francis induced Fr. William to write and publish his *Tractatus De Poenitentia*, a sort of manual in English for the use of secular Tertiaries.<sup>8</sup> In 1614, he received Fr. John Gennings into the Franciscan Order. Subsequently, he handed over to this worthy friar the seal of the province and authorized him to revive and reorgan-

ize the province which by this time had become well-nigh extinct. Thus, we might say, Fr. William forms the connecting link between the first and the second Franciscan province in England. Strange to say, however, after 1620 nothing more is heard of him; nor is it known when and where he died.

Perhaps the first English Franciscan to become affiliated with the second province was *Fr. Nicholas Day*.<sup>9</sup> Born at Oxford, he entered the Franciscan Order in Spain and for a time taught theology in the friary at Segovia. Early in the seventeenth century, he returned as missionary to his native land. How long he labored in this capacity is not known. That he was a man of eminent qualities is sufficiently clear from the fact that, after the founding of the second province by Fr. John Gennings, he taught theology and held the offices of definitor and custos at Douai. He was still living in 1649, being in that year appointed confessor for the Franciscan nuns at Newport. Fr. Nicholas spent his last days in England. After death, his mortal remains were laid to rest in the old Franciscan church of St. Ebb's in Oxford.

(To be concluded)

8. From this as well as from other incidental remarks of early chroniclers, we may justly infer that at this time there were among the English laity such as followed the Third Order of St. Francis.—9. Hope, l. c., p. 107, on the authority of Wood.



## AN INTERRUPTED MUSICALE

*By Grover C. Maclin, Tertiary*

“**M**AY I ask one more favor, Miss Ashley? Please play Chopin’s ‘Polonaise Militaire’ before Bill and I wend our way homeward. You play Chopin’s music beautifully, and this polonaise has been haunting me since you played it on a former occasion.”

“Certainly, Mr. Hayes, I shall be glad to do so. I have great delight in playing Chopin’s music and I often deplore the fact that there are not more people who appreciate its poetic beauty.”

Reseating herself at the grand piano, Miss Ashley launched into the spirited polonaise. However, before she had finished two bars of the music, a shriek echoed through the open windows of the room and the music terminated abruptly. After a tense moment of listening on the part of the hostess and her two guests, muffled voices and scuffling became audible. Leaping to their feet, Larry Hayes and Bill Carr rushed through the French windows on to an unenclosed porch. Three forms were distinguished on the lawn, and the two young men lost no time in accosting the group.

“What’s all this rumpus about?” asked Bill.

“Stand back there, young feller. This is none o’ yer business, and you’d better beat it while beatin’ is good.”

“Don’t try any of that rough stuff,” Larry exclaimed, and, as he gave the group closer inspection, he discovered one of the party was

a woman, and in trousers!

“Well, of all things! What in the name—?”

“Me China woman. Bad mans steal me. You save China woman? Please?”

“You bet your life we’ll save you,” Bill replied. “Stand back there, you crooks. If you make a move to interfere with this girl, I’ll have a cop here in just two minutes to dispose of you. Beat it!”

The thugs lost no time in disappearing, and the party of three re-entered the music room. Miss Ashley, in the meantime had summoned her father and mother, and it was with no little surprise the Ashleys beheld the diminutive Chinese girl before them. She was dressed in the richest of silks, her midnight-black hair was adorned with costly jade ornaments, while her wrists were circled with magnificent gold bracelets of curious carving.

“What is your name?” Miss Ashley asked, after the young men had given a brief explanation of the scene in the garden.

“Woo Fong. Me velly shaky,” was the reply, as the tears welled into her beautiful oriental eyes.

“She means she is terribly frightened,” Mrs. Ashley interpreted.

“Larry, what on earth can we do with her to-night in the way of finding accommodations for her?” asked Bill.

“I guess mother can look after her for the time being—”

“Why, I’ll not entertain such a

proposition," Mrs. Ashley interposed. "We can nicely provide for her ourselves, and it is evident she needs immediate quiet."

"I expect to drive over to the mills to-morrow to see how the work is progressing on the new Community Center, so I will bring Woo with me. Possibly, by that time I can explain this mystery," Miss Ashley explained; whereupon adieus were made for the night.

Late the following afternoon, a limousine drove up before the Hayes Community Center, which was in process of construction. This building was being erected through the generosity of Mr. Ashley, the active head of the Simmons Mills, and it was dedicated to the spiritual and intellectual welfare of the mill employees. As Miss Ashley and her protégé alighted, Larry Hayes emerged from the contractor's office and cordially greeted them.

"I'm mighty curious to know all about Miss Woo Fong," Larry began, when the subject of his comment broke into a demure smile and exclaimed:

"Velly good 'Melican man. Him save China woman!"

As Miss Ashley began the story, they entered the building and seated themselves on improvised benches.

"It develops that Woo Fong, whose home is in South China, has been in America for several months visiting relatives. She is the daughter of a very wealthy man and has received an unusual education for an oriental girl. She was en route from the home of one uncle to another when this misfortune befell her. While the Lim-

ited was in the Union Station last evening, Woo alighted to purchase some fruit. In her anxiety to procure some choice oranges she wandered quite far from the train and apparently reached Eighth Street, which you know is about the most undesirable part of town. Two men, no doubt attracted by her unusual display of jewelry, then accosted her and forced her into a taxicab. It appears they were halted by a traffic policeman for speeding, and while the men were arguing, Woo managed to escape and boarded a crosstown car, only to be pursued by the men in the taxi. She must have left the street car near Congress Avenue and Grand Boulevard, for she fled up the street and sought refuge in our garden. The rest of the story you are familiar with. I might add that Woo understands English quite well, but she has great difficulty in expressing herself in our language."

"How's that for melodrama? Who says the spirit of romance has quite expired with the advent of this rushing twentieth century?" Larry ejaculated.

"I have telegraphed her relatives she is in safe hands and have asked that she be permitted to spend some time with me before resuming her journey. I have already fallen in love with her and her quaint oriental ways."

It was evident this intelligence was most pleasing to Woo for her face was radiant as she confided:

"Me velly, velly happy."

In the course of the next two weeks, the new Community Center, as far as its exterior went, rapidly neared completion. A chapel was

one of the features of the building, and Miss Ashley, with the help of her mother and brother, had undertaken to furnish it. Among other pieces of statuary a magnificent marble pietà had been ordered, and now that it had arrived, visits were necessary to the sales-rooms of the firm of importers and dealers in Catholic goods from whom it was ordered to discuss the matter of installation. On one of these trips, Miss Ashley was accompanied by Woo Fong. The little woman from China was anything but voluble and she generally looked long at that which aroused her curiosity before making enquiry concerning it. Miss Ashley observed Woo intently studying the marble figures of the pietà, and smiled as she anticipated being called upon for an explanation.

"What man do? Do he die?"  
Woo finally queried.

"That is a story I shall tell you about when we get home, Woo; for it is too long for me to tell you here in this place of business."

"What is that?" Woo continued, as she pointed to a crucifix made of lapis lazuli.

"That's a crucifix. It is also part of the story I shall tell you."

"Me want clucifix." And nothing would do but the crucifix must be purchased. All the way home she held this in her tiny hands, and it was obvious she was all alert to become acquainted with its tragic story.

Seating themselves in a comfortable bower of the conservatory, Miss Ashley began her story of the Christ Child. She made a brilliant beginning, but as she progressed she discovered her knowledge of

Catholic usage of the crucifix, or of their reverence for the pietà, was negligible.

"You see, Woo, I'm not a Catholic, and only Catholics use the crucifix. I will ask Mr. Carr and Mr. Hayes to come over and spend the evening to-morrow and I imagine they will have real pleasure in giving you an adequate explanation of things Catholic."

The following evening, the two young men, accompanied by the two young ladies, took their way down the rustic steps into the sunken garden, and seated themselves where the reflection of the full moon could be seen in the quiet pool.

"Woo wants to know all about the story of the crucifixion, Mr. Hayes. She has purchased herself a crucifix and has already become greatly attached to it, for I hear her saying to herself, 'Poor man, poor man.' I also wish to know what the Catholic Church teaches in this regard, since I discovered I am not so well informed on the subject as I had taken for granted."

Thereupon, Larry proceeded to narrate the story of the early prophets who heralded the coming of the Son of God; pictured the birth of the Christ Child, his early youth, and his arrival at manhood's estate. With fine descriptive powers he depicted the wonderful happenings in Jerusalem which culminated in the tragic crucifixion. In easy gradations, he explained Catholic usage of the crucifix, and this led to an explanation of the rosary and of the lights and vestments used in Catholic services. This was a subject

Larry loved, and the minutes rapidly passed into the span of an hour.

"Why, Mr. Hayes," Miss Ashley exclaimed as he concluded his narrative, "I did not dream these things had such significance and that they were used in such a beautiful manner. I am perfectly charmed with what you have told us." Then turning to Woo she continued, "What do you think of the story, dear?"

"Understand velly well. Maybe me be Cat-o-lick!"

"And Mr. Hayes, Mrs. Ashley and I want to congratulate you upon your powers of narration," Mr. Ashley stated, as he and his wife emerged from behind some shrubbery which had effectually concealed their presence. "We were seated here when you young people came down the path. Mother knew you were to tell the story of the Nativity; so she wished to remain and listen without our presence being known, as she feared that would cause you embarrassment. It is a wonderful drama, this about which you have been speaking, and for the first time I now appreciate what a perfect depository of religious learning and teaching the Catholic Church is. Congratulations, my boy!"

"How long theese Church live?" asked the lady from China.

"Over nineteen hundred years," Bill responded.

"Why you not of theese Church?" she asked of the Ashleys. This was a matter of some embarrassment for a moment, when Mr. Ashley suggested:

"Suppose you explain this point, also, Mr. Hayes. No doubt, it will

prove as enlightening as your other discourse."

With candor Larry explained the birth of Protestantism and showed, without a trace of vindictiveness, that it was but a feeble attempt to rival the Church of Rome which had lived through the ages and, according to prophecy, would continue to flourish until the end of time.

It was almost with a spirit of reverence that the little party returned to the house. Each one felt that he had made a little pilgrimage to holy ground, and each felt better for having made that visit.

A short time after, Miss Ashley was the recipient of a casket of oriental jewelry, sent by an uncle of Miss Woo Fong, who was a prominent merchant and importer in a western city. There was a beautiful pin of pure gold fashioned into a butterfly, a ring of jade surrounded with lustrous pearls, a pin of gold and jade, and other jewelry of the richest character. The gifts were a reciprocation of her kindness to the gentleman's niece, "which kindness was beyond the giving of gifts in return," as the letter accompanying the casket had stated.

The two young ladies were examining a necklace of golden beads and commenting on the exquisite workmanship displayed, when Miss Ashley began:

"What will your people say, Woo, if you persist in giving up the faith of your ancestors?"

For a moment Woo reflected on the possibilities of what they might have to say and do in the matter, but she became reassured

and replied:

"No make difference. I believe in 'Light of World,' as Laree say —"

"Mr. Hayes," Miss Ashley corrected.

"Yes. And I join Church soon as chapel finished."

"But that's to be real soon and you have to receive instruction before you can join. If you are determined on this, I shall call up Mr. Hayes immediately and ask him what you should do."

As a result of the conversation that ensued, Woo Fong was put under the tutelage of Father Spencer, who gave so ungrudgingly of his time and strength to the work at the Community Center. Miss Ashley secured permission to be present at the periods of instruction, and many were the questions she asked and the explanations demanded.

At last, the Hayes Community Center stood finished in its every detail. The formal opening was set for the Sunday following and the day promised to be memorable, for Woo had requested to be baptized during the course of that afternoon.

The first Mass in the new chapel was most impressive. The magnificence of the marbles and rich woods was added to by the glow from splendid candelabra presented by the Catholic employees of the Simmons Mills. Woo Fong was one of many that thought the sight too impressive for words.

Miss Ashley was very grave during the ceremonies of the morning

and, during the drive home after the service, she was visibly agitated. Shortly before it was time to return to the chapel for the baptismal ceremony for Woo, she slipped into her father's den, threw her arms around his neck while the tears rolled thick and fast down her cheeks.

"What on earth is the matter, daughter?"

"Father, I want—to be—to become a Catholic, too, with Woo Fong."

"Well, is that all? Why, dear, I don't see that is anything to cry about. I should think that would be a cause for smiles."

"But I thought you and mother would object."

"Object? Why, darling, your mother and I have almost made up our minds to become Catholics ourselves!"

Such news must be imparted at once, and Woo thought her hostess was stark mad when she was being hugged almost breathless and informed there would be two young ladies baptized that afternoon instead of one.

In the joyous party that left the chapel after the baptismal ceremonies, no one was happier than Larry and Bill. As the Ashley party entered their car, Larry exclaimed:

"I yet have hopes, Miss Ashley, of hearing you conclude the 'Polonoise Militaire,' but in the light of subsequent developments I am perfectly satisfied that we suffered that little interruption during your charming musicale."

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# THE CANTICLE OF MOUNT ALVERNA

*By Mary K. F. O'Melia, Tertiary*

*(Continued)*

## III

### HOW ST. FRANCIS LIVED ON THE MOUNT

SWEET Charity, thou beam of dual ray,  
Which, from our God all glorious shining forth,  
Caught by the mirror of the soul, thy way  
Takest again to him, thy radiant source.

The eternal Artist found thy gentle face  
So fair and pleasing, that the world he made  
A canvas for his hand divine to trace  
Thy portrait in the heavens and earth displayed.

There in the natural world how clearly shown!  
The sun, the gleaming host night's shadow brings,  
The soft full clouds which drop their goodness down,  
Our Mother Earth with sheaves and fruits and springs.

And, as if all these goods not yet sufficed  
To express thy beauty, Charity benign,  
God sent to us his only Son, his Christ,  
To make us know what loveliness is thine.

Upon a spiritual world thy face  
Painted the Savior; daily it appears  
In souls redeemed, in heavenly truth and grace,  
Sin pardoned, sweet communions, answered prayers!

Transforming beam, as glass, dull in the shade,  
Struck by the sun a sparkling diamond seems,  
The costliest of all jewels; so is made  
Lovely the soul in which thy radiance gleams.

And as the great sun's image, it seems, contains  
That worthless glass; so when thy lusters shine  
Transfiguring the soul, there in it deigns  
To dwell the triune God with grace divine.

Dual thy precept, gentle Charity,  
To bear our spirits on two wings to heaven;  
For God and man thy claims; yet what by thee  
We give to man, through man to God is given.

A loan it is to God to be repaid  
A thousandfold by him; who gives receives,  
As, for the tiny seeds within her laid,  
The earth returns us ripe and golden sheaves.

Blest then Orlando who the Mount bestowed  
Upon the holy friars! Happy to share  
By generous offering to these men of God  
The merits of their works and holy prayer.

And now still more to aid by liberal deeds,  
That steep ascent he climbed with willing feet,  
Bringing provisions for their simple needs,  
Lest worldly cares should mar their calm retreat.

With him a goodly company he brought  
To greet the Saint of God, with whom he stayed  
In long and happy converse; then they wrought  
A cell of boughs beneath a beech-tree's shade.

Devout the place and well designed for prayer,  
And for the Saint to dwell alone with God,  
A stone's throw from the cells constructed there  
When first the friars had chosen that abode.

Then, when the evening's misty shades above,  
Drew o'er the Mount, as soft with angels' wings,  
They gathered round the Saint in reverent love  
To hear his sweet discourse of heavenly things.

So, with good works fulfilled, good counsels learnt,  
His blessing given, they left the Mount behind,  
As those who from some sacred shrine returned,  
His benediction filling all their mind.



**T**HAT peaceful hour St. Francis chose to call  
The friars about him, and with words inspired,  
He taught the way of life for them and all  
Who would as hermits live with God retired.

In glowing terms, upon them he imprest  
To have a care in nothing to offend  
Our Lady Poverty, that virtue blest,  
His evangelical pearl and chosen friend.

Earnest and pledge is she of future wealth,  
Those treasures in the heavens so safely stored  
That hand of man or time's more subtle stealth  
Shall ne'er deprive us of their sweet reward.

Still living upon earth, in heaven above  
Communes with angels, one of her possest,  
And, free from cares, his spirit as a dove  
Flies with soft, agile wings to God its rest.

She, sweet associate of our Savior, shared  
His life and death; he led her by the hand  
Through the gates of heaven's glory; he prepared  
For her sweet service his Apostle band.

THUS having spoken to them words of grace,  
As one who for the end of life prepares,  
St. Francis sought his solitary place  
To mourn alone for sins with tears and prayers.

It seemed there faded from before his view  
The two years still between his soul and heaven,  
Which, growing in glory, life's fulfillment knew,  
As richer glowing sun presages even.

'Twas during that retreat that, wrapt in thought,  
He gazed upon those mighty fissures riven  
Deep in the rocks and, as in prayer he sought,  
Their secret meaning to his soul was given.

Then 'twas that slowly on his pondering mind  
The vista of his mystic Passion stole;  
And more and more the Cross that should be signed  
Thrilled, with foretasted pain, yet charmed his soul.

And more and more at contemplation's springs  
He drank of sweetness until he was raised  
In blissful raptures, as if seraph's wings  
Would bear him to the God on whom he gazed.

Now Leo, one sojourning in that holy place,  
A friar of childlike innocence who brought  
Him bread and water daily, moved by grace,  
Observed St. Francis' life with earnest thought.

The Saint who loved him for his simple mind,  
Ofttimes the heavenly secrets of his own,  
By frequent prayer and rapture there enshrined,  
To him, his "little Sheep of Christ," made known.

Once, while he watched the Saint in rapture there,  
On him a scroll, whereon his eye discerned  
In golden letters, "Grace Divine is here,"  
Descended out of heaven and then returned.

And since grace comes on grace, as wave on wave  
The ocean's fulness presses on the shore;  
So to the Saint the Savior's fulness gave  
The effluence of his graces more and more.

Thus, not alone his blessed soul received  
The joy of raptures in love's dissolving flame;  
But, when perchance some shade of sadness grieved,  
In consolation angel visions came.

Once, while St. Francis mused, there filled his mind  
A tender sadness flowing forth in prayer—  
"What of thy family, Lord, to me consigned?  
When I am gone, ah, who for them shall care?"

To those that cherish souls, life well-nigh done,  
Cling fond desires to guide and guard their ways;  
As beams that linger from the setting sun  
Still clasp the western clouds with glowing rays.

Thus, as our Patriarch, Blessed Francis, prayed,  
An angel, coming from behind the veil  
Which dims our mortal vision, promise made,—  
“Ne’er shall profession in thine Order fail.

“Still shall it flourish till the earth dismayed  
Shall tremble with the trump of judgment thrilled,  
Its holy Rule in purity obeyed,  
Its evangelic life with love fulfilled.

“Who persevere therein, in hope are sure,  
Who love and cherish Heaven’s mercy claim,  
But persecutors shall not long endure,  
And perverse brethren soon be put to shame.”



**T**HESSE consolations sweet to Francis given,  
Approached the Assumption, when the faithful praise  
Mary’s ascent above as Queen of Heaven,  
The glorious closing of her earthly days.

This feast it is that ushers in the Lent  
Of Michael, mightiest chief of angels good,  
Which time it pleased St. Francis should be spent  
In still more deep and secret solitude.

The Brethren, instituting search, soon found  
A quiet place, such as St. Francis willed,  
Across a yawning chasm riven profound  
In rugged rocks, fearful and shadow-filled.

To bridge the gulf a heavy timber thrown,  
They past across it and constructed there  
A hermitage of boughs, and there alone  
They left the Saint to vigil, fast, and prayer.

Heroic Penance, few thy name have praised  
’Mid ancient bards, though vices have been given  
Tribute of verse, and human passions raised  
On thrones divine against the Lord of Heaven.

Yet from the scribes who wrote the Books Divine  
Great has thy tribute been from earliest days;:  
Its bards and prophets eager to entwine  
Thy wreaths of fame in glowing words of praise.

But most of all God’s Son divine has deigned,  
Heroic Penance, to bestow on thee  
Power in his Kingdom only to be gained  
By those who please him in a high degree.

And when he would with John, his Herald, send  
 Another as companion, thee he chose,  
 Whom John already cherished as a friend,  
 The people for the Gospel to dispose.

On thee the glorious honor he conferred  
 Of tending him in conflict with his foes,  
 And to angelic ministry preferred  
 Thy service till that mortal strife should close.

When Mary poured the ointment, his command  
 The wide world o'er would have her praise proclaimed,  
 So has he ordered that in every land  
 Where'er the Church shall preach, thy name be named.

Thou stand'st as arméd cherubim, beside  
 The gates of Paradise, and only those  
 To pass from earth to glory as purified  
 Allowest, who on earth thy friendship chose.

Great power hast thou with God: when thou didst plead,  
 The Ninivites were spared. Who treads thy ways  
 Evokes God's mercy, Hell resists, is freed  
 From passion's durance, debts to justice pays.

Blessed is he who has his inward gaze  
 Upon the Cross of Christ forever turned,  
 Where, with the sorrows of his earthly days,  
 He offered all and our salvation earned.

O consolations of this fleeting time,  
 Shall we desire you, when our Savior died  
 For love and penance—sacrifice sublime?  
 Not these, O Lord, but Christ the Crucified!

Would you console us, gilded vanities?  
 We count you lost who know how Christ is sweet,  
 Vain consolations! More than years of these,  
 One moment weeping to embrace his feet.

*(To be continued)*



# THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

## CHAPTER III

*News from Estevan—Hears of Cibola—The Seven Cities—The Island of the California Gulf—More News from Estevan—Dress and Homes of the Cibolans—The Pintados or Papagos—Buffalo Robes—Turquoises—The Houses of Cibola—Fr. Marcos Cleared of Misrepresentation*

### Report of Fr. Marcos de Niza (*Continued*)

“AFTER four days, his messengers came from Estévan with a very large cross of the size of a man, and they told me in the name of Estévan that I should start out at once and follow in his wake, because he had met people who told him the most remarkable things in the world; and that he had some Indians who had been in that country, one of whom he sent to me. This Indian told me such great things about the country that I hesitated to believe until I had seen them or had some better evidence about the matter. He also told me that the place where Estévan was, is distant a journey of thirty days from the first city of that country, which is called Cíbola. Inasmuch as it has seemed to me worth while to note in this paper what the Indian, whom Estévan sent to me, relates about the country, I will do so. He affirms that in this first province are seven very large cities all under one lord; that the houses are spacious, built of stone and mortar, the smallest being of one story with a flat roof; while others are of two and three stories, and that of the lord is of four stories; that on the portals of the principal houses are many designs of turquoise stones, of which, he said, there is a great abundance; and that the people of these cities are

very well dressed. Many other particulars the Indian told me as well about the Seven Cities as about other provinces that lie farther beyond, each of which, he said, is of much more consequence than these Seven Cities. In order to ascertain how he knew this I plied him with many questions, but I always found him to give a good answer.

“I gave thanks to our Lord, but delayed to follow Dorantes’s Estévan, because I thought I ought to wait, as I had stipulated with him, and also because I had promised the messengers, whom I had sent to the sea, that I would await them; for I always proposed to treat very uprightly the people with whom I dealt. The messengers returned on Easter Sunday, and with them some people from the coast and from two islands, which I learned are the islands which I mentioned before as having a scarcity of food, as I had been made to understand, but which are nevertheless inhabited by Indians. On their forehead they wore shells, and they said these contained pearls. They assured me that there are thirty-four islands close together, the names of which I give in another paper, where I state the names of the islands and their population.<sup>1</sup> The people of the coast as well as those of the islands,

1. This highly important paper has not, it seems, been discovered, as yet.

they say, have little food, but they trade with one another by means of rafts. Here the coast turns toward the north as much as it can. These Indians of the coast brought me some shields made of the hides of cattle, very well tanned and so large that they cover one from head to foot, having apertures at the top in order that one might see through them from behind the shield. The shields are so hard that I believe no arrow will pierce them.

"This day some Indians came to me who are called Pintados (painted), as their faces, chest, and arms are decorated. They live toward the east, and border on the confines of the Seven Cities. They said that they came to see me, because they had heard of me; and among other things they gave me much information about the Seven Cities and the provinces, which the Indian sent by Estévan had described, and almost in the same manner. I therefore dismissed the people from the coast; but two Indians from the islands said they wished to go with me for seven or eight days. With these and the three Pintados, I mentioned, I departed from Vacapa on Easter Monday,<sup>2</sup> taking the road and direction marked by Estévan, from whom I had received other messengers with another cross of the same size as the first, telling me to hasten, and affirming that the country, in search of which he was going, was of more importance and greater than any of which he had ever heard. These messengers, in particular, without missing a point in the narrative, told me the same things the first had said; rather, they told me much more and gave me a clearer account. Hence, I traveled that day, Easter Monday, and

two more days along the same course which Estévan had taken. At the end of these days, I came upon the people who had given him the news about the Seven Cities, and about the country beyond. They told me that from there it would be a thirty days' journey to the city of Cíbola, which is the first of the seven; and this not only one, but many told me, They described especially the grandeur of the houses and the style of architecture, just as the first messengers had done.

"They told me that, besides these Seven Cities, there are other territories which they called Marata, Acus, and Totonteac. I wanted to know why they went so far from their own homes. They told me that they went for turquoises and hides of cows and for other things, all of which were plentiful in that pueblo. Likewise, I enquired what they exchange in return. They told me that it was their labor and personal service; that they would go to the first city, which they called Cíbola, and that they served there by digging up the soil and by other labors, and that for these services they received hides of cows of the kind they had there, and turquoises. All the inhabitants of that pueblo, they said, wear fine turquoises suspended from their ears and noses; and that the ornaments on the principal portals of Cíbola are also made of turquoises. They told me that the style of dress of the inhabitants of Cíbola is this: garments of cotton cloth that reach to the feet, having a button at the neck, and a long cord which hangs down from it, the sleeves of these garments being as wide above as below—in my opinion it is like the dress of a gypsy. They say that the people go girt

2. "Segundo dia de Pásqua Florida," as "Dia de Pásqua Florida" is Sunday. All non-Catholic writers stumble here.

with belts of turquoises, and that over these garments some wear good blankets, and others cow hides very well dressed, which they regard as better clothing, and of which in that country, they say, there is a great quantity. The women dress likewise and are similarly covered down to the feet.

"The Indians here received me very well, and took good care to learn the date on which I had departed from Vacapa so that they might have food and shelter for me on the way. They also brought me the sick that I might cure them; these sought to touch my habit, and I would read the Gospel over them.<sup>3</sup> They gave me some hides of cows so well curried and dressed that the work appeared to have been done by men of much skill; and they all said that these hides came from Cíbola.

"The next day I continued on my way, taking with me the Pintados<sup>4</sup> who would not leave me. I reached another settlement where I was very well received by the people, who also sought to touch my habit. They also gave me as detailed an account about the country for which I was bound, as those had done whom I left behind. Moreover, they told me that from there some men had gone with Dorantes's Estévan four or five journeys. Here I came upon a large cross which Estévan had left in token that the news about the fine country always grew more favorable, and he left word that the natives should tell me to hasten very much, and that he would await me at the first town. Here I set up two

crosses and took possession in accordance with the Instruction, because it seemed to me to be better land than that which lay behind, and that it was expedient from here on to perform the ceremony of taking possession.<sup>5</sup>

"Thus I proceeded for five days, always discovering some settlement, receiving grand receptions and entertainments, finding many turquoises and cow hides, and hearing the same account of the country. Then all those who had been in Cíbola and in that province spoke to me as if they knew that I was going in quest of it; and they told me that Estévan had gone ahead. I had received some messengers he sent from the neighbors of that pueblo who had gone with him, and who were always eager to describe the grandeur of the country and who urged me to hasten. Here I learned that, after a two days' journey, I should reach an uninhabited district of four days' journey,<sup>6</sup> where there would be nothing to eat, but that preparations had already been made to construct shelters and to bring me food. I made haste, thinking to come up with Estévan at last, for there, as he sent word, he would await me. Before arriving at the wilderness, I came to a pleasant town, well irrigated, from which the people in considerable numbers came out to receive me, men and women dressed in cotton cloth, and some covered with leather, which in general they regard as better than clothing of cotton. All the people of this pueblo go *encacondados*, that is with turquoises hang-

3. Read remarks that this is proof that Cabeza de Vaca had come this way to Culiacán; for it was in such a manner—by laying on their hands, praying over the sick, etc.—that he and his companions, through the help of God, had effected some remarkable cures, and that it was this which caused the Indians to treat Fr. Marcos, of whom they expected similar favors, so reverently.

4. The Pintados are the Papagos or the Pimas of our day, says Coues.

5. This was the valley of the Sonora, according to Coues, ii, 482.

6. Fr. Marcos was now a little north of Arizpe, Coues claims. Ibid.

ing from their nose and ears, and this they call *cacona*.<sup>7</sup> With the people came the chief of the pueblo and his two brothers, very well dressed in cotton, *encaconados*,<sup>8</sup> and each having collars of turquoises about the neck. They brought me some venison, rabbits, and quails, also maize and pine-nuts, all in great abundance. They also offered me many turquoises, ox-hides, very pretty gourd cups,<sup>9</sup> and other things of which I took nothing, because they were accustomed to do so after I entered the country where they had notice of us. Here I heard the same story about the Seven Cities, and the territories and provinces, as I said I had received before.

"I wore a gray habit,<sup>10</sup> which Francisco Vásquez de Coronado, governor of Nueva Galicia, had made me put on. The chief of this pueblo and other Indians felt the habit with their hands, and they told me that there was much cloth like it at Totonteac, and that the natives there were dressed in it. At this I laughed, and said that it could be nothing but those cotton blankets which they were wearing; but they said to me, 'Do you think we do not know that that which you wear and that which we wear is different? You must know that in Cibola all the houses are filled with the kind of robes we wear, but at Totonteac there are small animals from which they take and make this cloth which you wear.' I was astonished, because I had not heard such a thing until I arrived

here. I desired to inform myself very particularly about it. They told me that those animals are of the size of the greyhounds of Castile which Estévan took along. They said that there are many at Totonteac. I could not imagine what kind of animals they might be.<sup>11</sup>

"The next day I entered the wilderness, and wherever I had to go for meals I found shelter and plenty of food, close to an arroyo,<sup>12</sup> and at night I found huts and also provisions. In this way, I journeyed four days through the wilderness. Then I entered a valley very well inhabited. Out of the first pueblo many men and women came to me with food. All wore many turquoises which were hanging from their noses and ears, and some wore collars of turquoises of the kind I said the chief and his brothers wore from the pueblo beyond the wilderness, except that these latter wore only one set, whereas these now encountered had three and four sets, and besides many good blankets and dressed cow hides. The women likewise wore turquoises in their noses and ears, and very pretty petticoats and dresses.

"Here there was as much talk about Cibola as there is in New Spain about Mexico, and in Peru about Cuzco; and they would speak so minutely about the style of the houses, the manners of the population, the kinds of streets and plazas, as if they had been there many years, and had been wont to

7. i. e. the turquoise.

8. "It is usual for all the principal Indian chiefs of the Gila and Colorado, as well as those of Zuñi, to wear blue stones pendant from the nose." Whipple, *Pacific R. R. Reports*, vol. iii, 106.

9. Read has, "Indian baskets."

10. "Yo llevaba vestido un habito de paño pardo, que llaman de Saragoza."

11. "Possibly the long hair of the big horn wild sheep, which are abundant in these parts, may have been woven into cloth." Whipple, 106.

12. "He was on the modern San Pedro River, near the confines of Arizona. I regard this identification as assured; and he went down that river, past the vicinity of Tombstone and other well-known Arizona places." Couse, ii, 482-485.

bring from there the neat things which they received for their labors, like those natives I had already encountered. I would tell them that it was not possible that the houses were of the kind they described to me. In order then to make me understand, they would take some soil and ashes, throw water on it, and show me how the stones were placed, and how the houses were built by placing the mortar and the stones upon one another until they reached the desired height. I asked the men who had been in that country whether the people had wings to ascend to the upper stories. They would laugh and describe to me the ladder, just as I might have described it. Then they took a stick and placed it on end, and said that that is the height from story to story. Likewise, I received information here about the woolen cloth of Totonteac, where they say that the houses are like those of Cibola, but much better and more numerous, and that the city is very grand and

(To be continued)

without limits.

"Here I learned that the coast turns westward very sharply for, up to the entrance of this first wilderness which I had passed, the coast lay toward the north; and as it was a matter of such importance, if it turned I wanted to know it, and so I went in search of it. I then understood clearly<sup>13</sup> that in thirty-five degrees<sup>14</sup> the coast turns to the west. This fact caused me no less joy than the good news about the country. So I returned to proceed on my way. I went for five days through the valley which is so well populated by intelligent people, and so well stocked with provisions that there is enough there to feed more than three hundred horsemen. It is well irrigated and like a flower garden. The boroughs, half a league long, are a quarter of a league apart, and in every one of these settlements I heard a long story about Cibola, and they spoke of it with such details like people who go there every year to gain a living."

13. "y ví claramente," as translated solves all difficulties. Fr. Marcos uses the same term in the beginning with reference to the Gulf of California. (See preceding chapter, note 16.) His statement taken literally is the only knotty point in the whole narrative. Coues, too, explains the puzzle in a similar way. "At this point in the *Relacion*," he writes (ii, 483), "comes up a matter which seems to have needlessly puzzled many commentators, and even caused some of them to send Fray Marcos to a supposed west coast in an impossible lat. 35 degrees. But I find nothing in the original Spanish to require such a forcible construction of his words. I think that he does not say he *went* to see about the trend of the coast, but simply sought to learn about it ('quiselo saber,' he says) from hearsay; 'y asi fui en demanda della y ví claramente' need not mean more than that he demanded of the Indians how the case was, and was given to understand clearly what they told him. At this stage of his journey he was on the Rio San Pedro, then called Nexpa, say 200 miles or more from the Gulf of California in an air line, say latitude 31 degrees, 30 or 40 minutes, among the Sobaipuri Indians; and he was following down the river northward." Winship (*14th Annual Report*, 359) explains it thus: "Fr. Marcos may have gone to some point among the mountains from which he could satisfy himself that the report of the Indians was reliable. There is a week or ten days, during this part of the journey, for which his narrative gives no specific reckoning." "As for Fr. Marcos's much disputed trip to the sea," Woodbury Lowery, author of *Spanish Settlements*, in a personal letter to the writer, says, "it is most unfair to guess at his route, guess at his starting point, and then assert the trip could not be made as he describes it, and dub him a liar on the strength of one's own guess-work. More than that, we have but half of his report; you remember he had put down the names of places in another report, which has not come to light."

14. Fr. Marcos's instruments, as was the case in the reports of other explorers of that period and later, must have been very defective; for his calculation was three and one-half degrees out of the way.

## FOUNDING AND DEDICATION OF MISSION SANTA CLARA, ARIZONA

*By Fr. Tiburtius, O.F.M.*

In the northern part of the Papago reservation, are three villages, Anegam (Annekan), Juepo, and Komalik, inhabited by a branch of the Anegam Indian tribe. They are good-natured folk and with the exception of the Hoholas, in the western portion of the district, have, perhaps, of all Papagos, been the most tenacious of their ancient manners and customs.

In consequence of a visit which the Rev. Mother Catherine Drexel paid last year to Anegam, the largest of the three villages, we received a sum of money for the building of the church and school which had been so long desired. The work was ably superintended by Fr. Gerard, O.F.M., superior of the San Solano Mission; but, like all similar undertakings here in the desert, was much hampered by the remoteness of the railway (forty-three miles distant) and by the lack of skilled craftsmen. Still the work was prosecuted with a vim. Fr. Gerard himself, arrayed in overalls—the modern habit which we Franciscans in the desert are only too often obliged to don—set the example; and by the beginning of March of this year, the school was completed and at once opened with an enrollment of forty-six pupils under the direction of an experienced Indian-teacher, Mr. Kosterman.

The Indians' thirst for knowledge was remarkable. Even married men forsook the while wigwam and pony and sat beside their sons and daughters to be initiated

into the mysteries of the A, B, C, and to rehearse with their awkward tongues the most necessary prayers and truths of our holy religion.

A month later, the church building was so far advanced that the date of its dedication could be fixed, the day chosen being very appropriately the nameday of the Rev. Mother Catherine. The Right Rev. Bishop most readily agreed to officiate; and it was a pleasure to observe with what zeal the Indians prepared themselves for the great feast. Time was, not so many years since, when their feasts were one round of dancing and revelry. But they were then still involved in the darkness of heathenism. The day of grace had dawned now, and their preparations were mostly of a spiritual character. Almost every Sunday during the month of April some Indians, most of them adults, sought the grace of Baptism. On one occasion, as many as twenty-two bowed their heads to the yoke of Christ.

Besides this, there was also a sort of weekly retreat for those that were to receive their first Holy Communion. The discourses were so well attended, that sixty-five had the happiness of receiving their Eucharistic Lord for the first time during the last weeks of April. Yet some preparations also for the material part of the feast must needs be made. A supply of flour was procured, a beef purchased, and a mud hut and a rude pavilion erected to serve as kitchen and

dining room.

The day of the dedication and of Confirmation at last dawned. It was Tuesday, April 30, the feast of St. Catherine of Siena. On the previous evening, Very Rev. Hugo-linus Storff, O. F. M., Provincial of the Santa Barbara Province on the Pacific Coast, arrived at Anegam in company with the two veteran Indian missionaries, FF. Novatus and Justin, both of St. John's, Arizona. The Right Rev. Henry Granjon, Bishop of Tucson, arrived early the next morning, having passed the night at our principal resi-

Mass. The church was crowded. Mass over, the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to ninety-five Indians; many of them, according to the Spanish custom which prevails here, being little children. Meantime, a typical Arizona sandstorm was blustering without, recalling the violent gust of wind that preceded the coming of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles.

The Bishop expressed himself highly pleased with the deportment and evident good will of the Indians. And the latter themselves



Santa Clara Mission, Arizona

dence in the desert, San Solano, twenty-seven miles distant. With him came also FF. Nicholas, Ambrose, and myself. Later also Fr. Bonaventure arrived with Bro. Melchior—the San Solano cook, sacristan, chauffeur, and man-of-all work. If it is a great day anywhere when a Bishop graces the occasion with his presence, imagine what it must have been for these Papagos to have their Bishop and nine priests among them.

Having performed the ceremony of dedication, His Lordship celebrated the solemn Pontifical High

were without doubt deeply impressed. Their earnestness was conspicuously evinced by their refusal to dance when the solemnities were over and they had partaken of the festive meal. One Indian, an outsider, unable to fathom such seriousness, requested them to begin to dance; but he received no answer. It is a way these Indians have, when they are asked to do something and they do not wish to offend by refusal, simply to say nothing. They had received the Holy Ghost in the morning, and they thought it improper

to give themselves up to worldly amusements.

In the afternoon, the Bishop continued on his Confirmation tour to Ajo, while Fr. Provincial returned to bless the new residence of San Solano. And the Indians—perhaps for the first time in the history of the village, where hitherto the feasts invariably continued throughout the night and were marked with drunkenness and quarreling—repaired to their homes, contented and happy, and determined to spend and end their lives as faithful children of the Catholic Church.

The new church is very pretty, having a slight resemblance to Mission Dolores, in San Francisco. The altar was presented by a benefactor of Quincy, Ill., and it is the finest of all the altars in our missions. On the right side, as you enter, built on to the church is a small chapel in which to adminis-

ter the Sacrament of Baptism. A benefactor has already promised to give us a baptismal font of Arizona copper from the Ajo mines.

Like the church, the schoolbuilding which stands apart is also very simple yet practical. Between the two buildings there is a large cross—the symbol which is dear to the Papagos and which has a conspicuous place in all their villages.

May, then, the new Santa Clara Mission radiate blessings on its children for many years to come; and may these blessings, too, return to bless its founders and benefactors. It stands there in the wilderness a monument to its generous benefactors: the Rev. Mother Catherine Drexel, another lady in the East, and the Very Rev. Provincial Samuel Macke, who in all cases that our missions voiced a need, has never been known to refuse his aid.

## My Prayer

*By Francis X. Doyle, S. J.*

"Give peace!" I prayed;  
And sneering at my word  
The scoffers rose and mocked—  
"This war is stayed  
By blood and women's tears  
And children's starving cries—unheard!"  
But undismayed  
I urge my plea with God  
And while the scoffers moan in mad despair,  
I know deliverance will come with prayer.

—*Extension Magazine*

## THE CARDINAL'S HAT

*By Mary J. Malloy*

TWO men toiled painfully up the steep hill. Beautiful indeed it was, robed in its freshness of spring and gloriously quickened with a thousand thrusts of wakening life. Wild flowers bloomed all about; the sap ran warm and free in the tangled greenery above their heads, making the branches of the trees toss and dance and bend to one another and to the ground beneath with a delight of motion that made all creation young again.

Further up the slope nestled a little gray convent where the friars of holy Francis toiled loyally in the service of their Lady Poverty, and with their lack made rich their fellow men. Poor it was and very humble; but the clear winds of heaven swept all around it and flung through its shadowy cloisters the sweetness of new-born flowers and the freshness of the waves of Arno, flowing down from Florence to where Migel dreamed its peaceful life away.

On the pair who climbed the hill the burden of the body weighed too heavily just now for a *Sursum corda* of the spirit. The foremost, though tall and thin and not overmuch burdened of flesh, had yet the air of one accustomed to the mounting of hills, and he who followed was plainly sad that ever he had been beguiled into the journey upward. At some distance behind came a peasant lad, leading a little mountain donkey upon whose back was strapped, very carefully and securely, a small coffer, across whose width sprawled an enormous

seal, speaking of something of great worth within. It was the donkey alone who enjoyed the long climb—well did he know the pathway up the hill, and the charity of the good mouthful at the top where opened the portal of the Frati Minori.

His master, too, knew the road and the hospitality of the small buttery that leaned against the low wall, apart from the convent itself, with a stone bench running just beneath its windows outside, where often some weary pilgrim would take his seat and allow the kindly frate within to refresh him from a scanty store, taking it as a matter of course that there be whereof to give.

But now the lad was uneasy and out of his usual spirit; for these that he accompanied he knew to be great lords, very great lords indeed, who had left their carriage below the hill because the road here was too narrow and steep. They had given orders that some one used to the climb should be found and made to carry for them a precious box that none must touch save themselves; nor would they have any of their attendants to follow them, but directed them to go to an inn near-by and there await their return. He, Celso, had been the unlucky victim—he and his dear donkey Zofrio. Victims he felt them to be, though he had the promise of a substantial reward; for much he feared the company of the great, and much, too, did he fear the contents of that

strange coffer that none but the high lords might touch, and much did he pray in his simple mind that the journey bear no evil consequence to himself and Zofrio. The tall, thin signor he feared not quite so much; but the short fat lord—why, when *he* spoke it was as if the feet of his attendants fairly twinkled, so fast they sped to do his bidding! And his voice! Ah, there was nothing to laugh, as when short, fat Antonio in the village gave order! *Maria Santissima!* if only he and Zofrio got safely down that hillside once more! Never, never again would he be at hand, gaping, and looking on, when the great descended upon Migel—he closed his eyes and swallowed hard and wished he and Zofrio were dead and out of their misery.

Who were the signori he knew not; only that the chief of the gorgeous band of retainers who accompanied them had said to him that they were of the highest, and lived in the palace of the Pope himself and talked with him every day, and that if he should have the impudence to look them in the face he should, perhaps, be blinded! So Celso kept as far behind as he could, and twitched at poor Zofrio's bridle through nervousness until Zofrio's ears threatened a permanent ascension to heaven.

"Now, were it not for His Holiness' commands and the honor of the great Bonaventure, I would turn and go down this hill and promise to my *padrone* that never again would I tempt his kindness by remounting it!" said the taller traveler, laughing.

"Heaven be praised, its stairs be easier to climb, if so a man wills,"

said the other. "Much would I do for the Holy Father and much for the great Bonaventure,—but that I walk this hill again for either or both I gravely misdoubt me. It had been better to have sent him word of our coming and ask him of his charity to come down to meet us."

"Yea, and perhaps go another way, as he did to Paris when he thought to escape the favors His Holiness would bestow upon him. In truth, he fieth from honors more fleetly than a man from the plague!"

"Thomas of Aquin hath said to me that he wept bitterly and took it penance for his sins when our lord Gregory sent him word to leave Paris instantly and come to Rome to receive the Cardinal's hat we bring him. He knows not even now that we are on the road to meet him, carrying it for fear he again slip away."

"No, no, Bonaventure will not disobey the express command of His Holiness but it might be the harder task to find him if he knew of our coming—therefore will we take him by surprise and he can have no word."

"The blessed Saints be praised! Here is the head of the hill and the house of the Frati. And here on this bench let us rest awhile, for indeed I have no longer breath even to praise the Lord," said the stout traveler, sinking down delighted upon the stone bench that ran beneath the windows of the little buttery.

Celso and Zofrio stood off apart, at a respectful distance, Zofrio cropping the long sweet-scented grass contentedly, Celso not daring to gaze at the masters, facing

them, nor to turn his back upon them either—a statue of solid unhappiness in the fair and peaceful landscape.

Inside the buttery, at a table drawn up to the window outside which sat the travelers, there stood a pleasant faced frate, busily engaged at the homely task of dish-washing and bestowing great care upon his labor. The two idly watched him, after exchanging a salutation and indicating their desire for a short rest before proceeding to tell their business. The busy friar cheerfully received their explanation and went on washing and scrubbing away with a wholesomeness of labor that involuntarily commanded their attention. He spoke no more to them, outside his window, but devoted all his energies to the work he was performing.

The tall stranger broke the silence.

"Tell me, frate mio," said he, "think you of naught else but of your dishes as you work? Can a man think of dishes only?"

"Your pardon, signor, yea, if a man's duty be to think of dishes only," answered the friar, with a wholehearted smile.

"But can it be a man's duty to think only of things so lowly?"

"Yea again, my lord, if obedience so order him."

"Ah, I see, frate mio, that you mingle philosophy with your dish-washing," said the stranger laughing.

"Verily, signor, philosophy and logic and religion even may go to the washing of a dish," said the friar. "Sith a man wash his dish for the love of God, is not that philosophy of the highest?"

"But, frate mio," persisted the other, "how can the washing of an unclean dish be to the honor of God?"

"Would you wish to trap a poor frate, my lord? Full well you know, as I, that the washing of a dish because the Rule says that dishes must be cleansed, is the keeping of the Rule; and the keeping of the Rule is the worship of God, and the worship of God—is it not the love of Him? Therefore, shall I, when I wash my dish through obedience, love and praise Him more—for in faith, it is a task which much misliketh a man—than that I offer Him a basilica or make Him a new heaven and earth for mine own pleasure."

"I see indeed, frate mio, that you have sat at the feet of your great Father General Bonaventure. You know of his triumphs in Rome and Paris, over every adversary that assails his doctrine, and of how the spirit of God speaks ever from his lips. He is now with you?"

"Yea, signor, he arrived but a few days since, on his way to Rome, whither our Holy Father hath called him in obedience."

"And you know the reason thereof?"

"They tell him he is to be made Bishop of Albano and Cardinal,—to which misfortune obedience only could make him consent."

"Ah, you know your General well! He is a holy man—"

"He is as other men, signor,—no more nor better."

At this the stout stranger spoke with sharpness and severity:

"Ah, frate mio, a little jealousy, I see!—'tis not the spirit of your founder—all men know the won-

derful holiness of Bonaventure and the marvels of his learning and eloquence. You should ask his pardon on your knees—shame that so poor and ungenerous a spirit should dwell within one of his brethren!"

The friar said nothing but went composedly on with his washing.

"Do you go," added his rebuker, with a sudden stateliness of manner, of which his appearance gave no warrant, "and say to your guardian that Pope Gregory hath sent his Nuncios to this place to meet the Father General Bonaventure, and that they carry with them the Cardinal's hat sent him by His Holiness, and that they would see him at once. Come hither," he called to Celso, who had profited by the conversation to hide himself from sight in the long grass, nearly forgetting his trouble in the delicious languor of the afternoon of sunny Italy.

"Bring with you the coffer," the Nuncio added, as Celso started into sudden animation.

With trembling hands Celso loosed the box from its fastenings and brought it, breathing hard.

The Nuncio broke open the great seal and drew from out the coffer the scarlet hat of the Cardinalate, enveloped in rich silken coverings.

"Now, frate," he said with so great dignity and gravity in his tone that Celso, forgetful of possible penalty, stared at him open-mouthed, amazed that so magnificent a lord could lose his breath going up hill like any common mortal. "Lead us within, that we may place this within Bonaventure's own hands and at once!"

"That can not be, my lord," said the friar, an irrepressible smile breaking forth and lighting up his whole countenance. "If indeed it be necessary that his own hands receive it from you, and at once, of your godness hang it on yonder bush near you until Bonaventure finishes this dish and washes clean his hands!"

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### AN HISTORICAL PAGEANT

An event of interest to all lovers of St. Francis and his sons occurred on June 13, the feast of St. Antony, at Minneapolis. On this day, the West Public High School of the city staged an open air pageant, which was to represent Minnesota's development. Realizing that the Franciscan pioneers, Fr. Hennepin and his companions, must hold a place of honor in such a pageant, if it were to be true to history, the principal of the school obtained four habits from the Franciscan Fathers, of St. Paul, for the occasion. In the pageant four Catholic young men, as had been stipulated, appeared attired in these habits, representing Fr. Hennepin and his friar companions. The Franciscan feature, as well as the whole pageant, proved to be very successful. It is to be hoped that, occurring as it did in the city clustering about the Falls of St. Antony in the Mississippi, this pageant will convince many a one of the historic importance of the great Franciscan explorer and missionary, Fr. Hennepin, who in days long past was the first white man and priest to stretch out his hand in benediction over these falls and to name them in honor of the great Franciscan wonderworker, St. Antony.—*Communicated.*

## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—The readers of the *Herald* will remember, that recently the famous church of St. Mary of the Angels, also called Porziuncola, in Assisi, was elevated to the rank of a Patriarchal Basilica and Papal Chapel, and was thus placed under the immediate and exclusive jurisdiction of the Holy Father. His Holiness Benedict XV has appointed His Eminence Cardinal Giustini, the Protector of the Order of Friars Minor, as his delegate with regard to the basilica, and has ordained that this delegation be henceforth permanently attached to the dignity of the respective Cardinal, Protector of the Order. On May 18, the vigil of Pentecost, Cardinal Giustini, accompanied by the Most Rev. Fr. General, left Rome for Assisi, and on the afternoon of the same day, the papal delegate solemnly took possession of the basilica. In festive procession he was escorted into the church. Arriving in the sanctuary the papal decree was read, whereupon the Very Rev. Provincial of the Seraphic Province delivered an address to His Eminence. The Cardinal responded in his usual hearty and impressive manner. On the following day, Fr. General officiated at the solemn High Mass, at which the Cardinal assisted on his throne. The entire Order rejoices not a little at this distinction conferred upon the church which is justly called the cradle of the Order of St. Francis.

On May 26, the feast of St. Philip Neri, we commemorated the nameday of our beloved Cardinal Protector, who has inherited much of the gentleness and amiability of his great patron. On the evening preceding the feast, Fr. General, accompanied by the members of the General Definitorium, proceeded to the palace of the Cardinal to offer the grateful compliments and congratulations of the entire Order to its distinguished patron. They were received by the Cardinal with his wonted cordiality and affability.

The following day, Fr. General, in company with his private secretary, departed on a tour of canonical inspection or visitation which will comprise a num-

ber of provinces in central Italy. His plan is an extensive one and promises to occupy him for several months.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Francis Monastery.**—Very Rev. Fr. Guido Knepper, O.F.M., jubilarian, who for the past five years edified the novitiate community at Teutopolis by his cheerful resignation to the heavy cross that God had placed on his shoulders by striking him with paralysis, quietly breathed his last on the morning of June 27. Fr. Guido was born in Beckum, Germany, on December 25, 1843. At the age of twenty, he entered the Order of Friars Minor and was ordained priest on August 12, 1871. Exiled from his native land by the "Iron Chancellor," he came to this country, and, in 1879, received his appointment as superior and rector of the Franciscan convent and parish at Jordan, Minn., where he remained until 1888, when he was transferred in a similar capacity to Mount St. Mary's, Wien, Mo. Chaska, Minnesota, was the next scene of his priestly labors, his rectorship lasting from 1895 to 1909. During this time he experienced the great sorrow of seeing his beautiful church destroyed by fire; but his indefatigable zeal soon rebuilt it. In 1909, he returned to Wien, Mo., and remained there until 1912, when he came to Teutopolis, here to spend the last years of his long and fruitful life in preparation for death. Fr. Guido was a man of great simplicity and goodness of heart, and although always laboring hard in the vineyard of the Lord, he shunned the limelight and was content to know that he had the love and confidence of his spiritual children and of his brethren in religion. The solemn obsequies were celebrated in the local church in the presence of the communities of both the monastery and the college and of the parish people of Teutopolis. After the *Liberation* the remains of the good Father were laid to rest among his brethren in the monastery vault. R. I. P.—

Owing to the fact that the Commissariat of the Holy Land, Washington, D.C., has no novitiate of its own, the Very

Rev. Commissary Fr. Godfrey Schilling, O.F.M., sends his novices to Teutopolis for their year of probation. The simple profession of the 1917-18 class was held on June 27, Very Rev. Fr. Godfrey himself officiating. The professed clerics are: Fr. Alphonse Hanlon, Fr. Godfrey Widmeyer, and Fr. Bonaventure Simon. The professed lay brothers are: Bro. Didacus Bernard and Bro. Casimir Pimko. Rel. Bro. Placidus, of Washington, D.C., and Rel. Bro. Benedict Simon, of New York City, were guests of the monastery on this solemn occasion.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.**—The most Reverend Archbishop Glennon, on Sunday, July 7, raised the following Franciscan clerics to the dignity of the holy priesthood: Fr. Louis Schoen, of San Jose, Cal., Fr. Bernardine Teppe, of St. Louis, Mo., Fr. Michael Ziegan, of Tacoma, Wash., Fr. Stephen Renier, of Sacramento, Cal., Fr. Symphorian Nothoff, of Chicago, Ill., Fr. Thomas Habig, of St. Louis, Mo., Fr. Cyprian Emanuel, of Wray, Col., Fr. Lawrence Mutter, of San Francisco, Cal., Fr. Cuthbert Malone, of Madison, Nebr., and Fr. Walter Magnien, of Chicago, Ill. In the course of the week, the newly ordained priests repaired to their respective homes where they celebrated their first holy Mass in the presence of their relatives and friends, on Sunday, July 14. *Franciscan Herald* wishes them God's best blessings and many years of fruitful labor in his vineyard.—

The second annual visitation of the two Tertiary fraternities of St. Antony's Church was held on May 26 and was most successful in every way. The Very Rev. Visitor Fr. Roger commended the Rev. Director and his Tertiaries for their splendid system of organization, which, while infusing into the members the true Franciscan spirit, does not tend to estrange them from their respective parishes. He proposes to recommend this same system to other fraternities in the larger cities on the occasion of his annual visitations.

**Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church.**—On the same day on which their Reverend classmates were raised to the priesthood in St. Louis, Sunday, July 7, the following Franciscan clerics received the holy Sacrament of Ordination at the hands of Right Rev. Joseph Chartrand,

Coadjutor Bishop of Indianapolis: Fr. Leo Ohleyer, Fr. Emeran Fox, and Fr. Humilis Zwiesler. FF. Leo and Emeran are sons of the parish and they solemnized their first holy Mass in the Sacred Heart Church on Sunday, July 14. Fr. Hümilis hails from Dayton, Ohio, where he had the happiness of offering to God the first fruits of the ministry on the same day. *Franciscan Herald* prays God to bless them bountifully that they may daily prove more worthy of their sublime calling.

**Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church.**—The regular monthly meeting of the local fraternity was held on Sunday evening, June 30. The large number of Tertiaries who attended proved beyond all doubt that they are zealously responding to their Rev. Director's efforts to spread the Third Order more and more in the parish. The feature of the meeting was the profession of thirty-eight novices. In memory of the event the newly professed members decided to furnish a banner for their flourishing fraternity.

On Wednesday, July 3, another event of great significance for our Tertiaries took place. It was the celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John Goswin Droege, of whom both are members of the Third Order. We may add, too, that Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Droege, the brother and sister-in-law of Mr. John Droege, who solemnized the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage four years ago, are likewise Franciscan Tertiaries. In fact, the Droege family may well be styled a Tertiary family, no less than nineteen of the nearest relatives being members of the Third Order. The *Herald* extends to the venerable jubilarians sincere and hearty felicitations.

**Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.**—A solemn Peace Pilgrimage, according to the intention of our Holy Father, was held Sunday, July 7, to the shrine of Our Lady at Holy Hill, Wis., by the Third Order conferences of Milwaukee. It was the largest gathering that ever attended a pilgrimage of our Tertiaries, 375 persons taking part in it. Many other private parties had preceded our pilgrims earlier in the morning, thus swelling the number to almost 600. The trip of thirty miles was made in automobiles, the time being profitably spent in

prayer and the singing of hymns. Rev. Fr. Sebastian, O. M. CAP., our Director, sang the solemn High Mass, assisted by Rev. FF. Edmund and Cajetan, O.M. Cap. After the Mass, Fr. Edmund delivered a German sermon in the upper chapel, while Fr. Sebastian addressed the pilgrims in English in the lower chapel. At 2.30 P. M., all assembled at the foot of the hill, to go the way of the Cross in the open. Rev. John Grasser, assistant of St. Ann's Church, one of our Reverend Tertiaries, officiated at this devotion. Arrived at the chapel, another English sermon was preached by Fr. Edmund. Five o'clock found the pilgrims gathered in the chapel to offer their final petitions to Mary, Help of Christians. Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament and the *Te Deum* closed the devotion. All returned home safe in the evening, refreshed in body and soul and conscious of the noble sacrifice made that day in the cause of suffering humanity.

Bro. William Powers, our faithful secretary, who was called to serve in the Medical Corps of the Army, is recommended to the prayers of the members. We regret very much to lose our able secretary and wish him Godspeed and a safe and hasty return.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College:**—A telegram announcing the sudden death of his aged father, Mr. Benjamin Strub, by apoplexy summoned Rev. Fr. Giles, of the *Herald* staff, to his home in Brunswick, Mo., on Sunday, July 7. The solemn funeral services were conducted on July 9, by Fr. Giles, assisted by Rev. Adolph A. Schaefer, of Carrollton, Mo., and Rev. F. W. Richardson, the local pastor. All the children with the exception of Rev. Fr. Celestine, O. F. M., who is now sojourning in California for his health, were present with their bereaved mother on the occasion, besides Rev. Fr. Thomas, of the college faculty, a grand-nephew of the deceased, and a large gathering of relatives and friends, both Catholic and Protestant.

Mr. Benjamin Strub, or "Uncle Ben," as he was usually and lovingly called, was born in Oberbergen, Baden, March 4, 1840. Coming to this country as a young man in the early sixties, he opened up in Brunswick a shoe business, in which he remained active to the end of his long life. On February 11, 1868, he

was joined in marriage to Miss Victoria Kelliker, of St. Louis. The union was blessed by Heaven with eight children, five boys and three girls, all but one of whom survive him. Catholic to the core, he strove might and main to put the struggling parish of St. Boniface on a sound footing, finding no sacrifice too great, no difficulty insurmountable, when there was question of serving God and his Church. When the Third Order was established in the parish, he and his good wife were among the first to enrol themselves, and he merited thus the grace of being buried in the large habit of the Order. With no earthly desire detaining him after joyfully celebrating in February last the golden anniversary of his wedding, he was ready to go when the Master called and the peaceful look on his countenance pale in death seemed to assure one that his soul was at rest.

*Franciscan Herald* and the college faculty extend to his bereaved widow and children their sincerest condolences and recommend his soul to the charitable prayers of the reader. R. I. P.

**Odanah, Wis., St. Mary's Church:**—Sunday, June 30, will go down in the annals of St. Mary's as one of those days that pass all too quickly but whose memory remains throughout the years. When Right Rev. J. M. Koudelka, Bishop of Superior, Wis., confirmed a class of eighty children and adults at Odanah on June 18 and was informed that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the profession of three of our Indian School Sisters was fast approaching, he at once decided to profit by this opportunity of manifesting his personal appreciation of the work of the Franciscan Sisters among the Indians of the Odanah reservation. Accordingly, on Sunday, June 30, he celebrated pontifical High Mass at St. Mary's in honor of the occasion and preached the festive sermon; touching on the nobility of a religious vocation, and on the difference between worldly philanthropy and Christian charity, he warmly thanked the Sisters for the many and heroic sacrifices they had made in their endeavors to christianize and civilize the aborigines of his diocese.

Sr. M. Chrysostom, one of the happy jubilarians, can now look back on twenty-five years of faithful service as baker of St. Mary's School. During this time, she

has not only baked hundreds of thousands of loaves of delicious bread, but she has also taught this most important culinary art to practically all the younger women of the reservation. Another jubilarian, Sr. M. Macaria, well known to the readers of the *Herald*, has spent twenty-three of her twenty-five years of professed religious life at St. Mary's as teacher of the higher grades, and it is mainly due to her untiring zeal that the younger generation of Indians on the reservation can now boast of having obtained as good an education as their white neighbors. The third of the fortunate band of jubilarians is Sr. M. Aquinata, who for some years past has been entrusted with the important and difficult office of caring for the boy-boarders of the school. To all the Venerable jubilarians *Franciscan Herald* extends its felicitations and begs God to continue to bless them and their self-sacrificing labors in behalf of the Indians of our Wisconsin missions.

**Marathon City, Wis.**—The corner stone of the new Capuchin monastery at Marathon was laid with most impressive ceremonies, on July 7, by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Messmer, of Milwaukee. Numerous members of the regular and secular clergy honored the Fathers with their presence and some 2500 of the faithful marched in the solemn procession.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Convent:**—At the recent Chapter of the Province of the Sacred Heart held at St. Louis, July 10, under the presidency of Very Rev. Leonard Nurre, o. f. m., of Cincinnati, O., our Very Rev. Provincial Samuel Macke was reelected, while the following Rev. Fathers were chosen members of his council: Custos: Fr. Martin Strub; Definitors: FF. Daniel Finkenhofer, Matthew Schmitz, Optatus Loeffler, and Theodosius Plassmeyer.

The various Fathers of the Province were assigned positions as follows:

**St. Louis, Mo.**—Very Rev. Samuel Macke, (Provincial); FF. Hilary Kieserling, (Guardian); Martin Strub; Daniel Finkenhofer; Bernardine Weis; Ambrose Janssen; Floribert Jaspers; Norbert Wilhelmi; Edmund Roediger; Bruno Torka; Maternus Puetz; Sabinus Molitor; Lambert Brinkmoeller; Josaphat Kraus; Vincent Schrempp, (Pastor); Ewald Soland; Didacus Gruenholtz; Honoratus Bonzelet; John Joseph Brogger;

Justinian Kugler; Constantine Bach.

**Teutopolis, Ill., Convent.**—FF. Linus Koenemund, (Guardian); Theodosius Plassmeyer, (Pastor); John Ilg, (Master of novices); Paulinus Tolksdorf; Paschal Foerster; Emmanuel Behrendt; Othmar Berthieaume.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.**—FF. Philip Marke (Guardian, Rector); Julian Duschinsky; Silas Barth; Ferdinand Gruen (Vice-Rector, Editor *Franciscan Herald*); Alphonse Rhode; Giles Strub; Francis B. Steck; Joseph C. Meyer; Peter N. Nolan; Thomas A. Rust; Ludger Wegemer; Herman Joseph Fister.

**Quincy, Ill., Convent.**—FF. Aurelius Bruegge (Guardian); Optatus Loeffler (Pastor); Albert Bruesermann; Berard Zehnle; Francis S. Werhand; Maurus Eberle.

**Quincy, Ill., Quincy College.**—FF. Gabriel Lucan (Guardian, Rector); Rupert Hauser; Berthold Hartung; Ernest Kaufhold; Alfred Tritz; Leopold Kitt; Edward Mueller (Vice-Rector); Frederick Beck; Conrad Reisch; Mark Schludecker; John B. Koebele; Antony Braun; Julius Schott.

**Cleveland, Ohio, St. Joseph's Church.**—FF. Roger Middendorf (Guardian); Polycarp Rhode (Pastor); Alardus Andrescheck; Sebastian Cebulla; Jerome Hellhake; Adalbert Schlueter; Lullus Seeboth; Hilarion Duerk; Paul Muschelowitz.

**Cleveland, Ohio, St. Stanislaus Church.**—FF. Rembert Stanowski (Superior, Pastor); Ladislaus Czech; Remigius Berendt; Methodius Kielar; Sigismund Masalski; Protase Kuberek.

**Indianapolis, Ind.**—FF. Marceline Kollmeyer (Guardian); Odo Richardt (Pastor); Fulgens Eich; Vitus Braun; Benice Aschenbach; Peter C. Bartko.

**Ashland, Wis.**—FF. Bede Carberry (Guardian, Pastor); Benign Schuetz; Maurice Baukholz; Odoric Derenthal; Wenceslaus Krzycki; Joseph C. Forst.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church.**—FF. Eusebius Helle (Guardian); Matthew Schmitz (Pastor); Francis Albers; Blase Krake; Clete Girszewski; Titus Hugger; Bartholomew Feldmann; Aemilian Zumkeller; Aloysius Fromm; Philip Neri Rittmeier; Vitalis Bartkowiak.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—FF. Fortunatus Hausser (Superior, Pastor); Christopher Guithues; Ulric Petri; James Meyer; Bonaventure Alerding.

**West Park, Ohio.**—FF. Gregory Knepper (Guardian); Leonard Neukirchen; Didymus Storff; George Wetenkamp; Conradin Wallbraun; Gerard Schmalz; Liberatus Presser.

**Memphis, Tenn.**—FF. Honorius Busch (Superior); Barnabas Schaefer; Basil Vogt (Pastor); Emeric Kocsis.

**Hermann, Mo.**—FF. Romuald Rheindorff (Superior, Pastor); Marcellus Buehlmann; Eugene Hagedorn; Benedict Pfeifer.

**Jordan, Minn.**—FF. Timothy Magnien (Superior, Pastor); Florence Kurzer; Patrick Degraa; Raymond Holte; Hildebrand Fuchs; John Forest Curry.

**Columbus, Nebr.**—FF. Gratian Gehrig (Superior, Pastor); Liborius Breitenstein; Dennis Czech; Flavius Kraus; Simon Freitag.

**Joliet, Ill.**—FF. Germain Heinrichs (Superior, Pastor); Pacific Kohnen; Anselm Mueller; Adolph Rockel; Alexius Bender; Leo Kalmer; Nicholas Christoffel; Theodore Worm.

**Bayfield, Wis.**—FF. Ives Beu (Superior, Pastor); Chrysostom Verwyst; John Berchmans Meyer.

**Chaska, Minn.**—FF. Eustace Vollmer (Superior); Rudolph Horstmann; Herbert Stotter; Bernard Wewer (Pastor); Alexander Dorenkemper.

**St. Bernard, Nebr.**—FF. Cyriac Stempel (Superior, Pastor); John Nep. Turek.

**Keshena, Wis.**—FF. Engelhardt Troesken (Superior, Pastor); Francis Regis Fochtmann; Francis de Paul Middendorf.

**Superior, Wis.**—FF. Fabian Rechtiene (Superior, Pastor); Xystus Lange; Maximus Poppy.

**Harbor Springs, Mich.**—FF. Faustine Hack (Superior, Pastor); Dorotheus Philipps; Luke Riederer; Rudolph Hanssens.

**Humphrey, Nebr.**—FF. Andrew Butzkuaben (Superior, Pastor); Lawrence Pauly; Joseph D. Erkens; Jasper Thoennessen; William Slischka; Canute Lobinski.

**Washington, Mo.**—FF. Donulus Evers

(Superior, Pastor); Anastasius Rhode; Ignatius Classen; Stanislaus Swierczynski.

**Omaha, Nebr.**—FF. Simon Schwarz (Superior, Pastor); Theobald Kalamaja; Raynerius Mieek; Meinrad Wesselmann.

**Petoskey, Mich.**—FF. Gaudence Worm (Superior, Pastor); Damian Koziolek; Innocent Schlueter; Cyril Mitera; Sigfried Rindermann; Benvenute Mueller; Vigil Walkowiak.

**Sioux City, Iowa.**—FF. Alphonse Berger (Superior, Pastor); Hyacinth Schroeder; Agatho Anklin; Thaddeus Woloszyk; Gilbert McCafferty.

**St. Paul, Minn.**—FF. Hubert Pfeil (Superior); Valerius Nelles (Pastor); Francis Solano Eckholt; Xavier Habig.

**Dubuque, Iowa.**—FF. Francis Haase (Superior); Servatius Rasche; Otho Janzen; Wolfgang Kraus (Pastor).

**Oak Forest, Ill.**—FF. Salvator Wegeimer (Superior, Pastor); Victorine Hoffmann; Agnellus Bleser.

**Nashville, Tenn.**—FF. Charles Schlüter (Superior, Pastor); Peter R. Pfeifer.

**Lindsay, Nebr.**—FF. Columban Valentin (Superior, Pastor); Stanislaus Riemann; Odilo Eichenseer.

**Waterloo, Iowa.**—FF. Henry Kuester (Superior, Pastor); Peter Baptist Volz; Joseph H. Toth.

**Absent From The Province**  
**Rome, Italy.**—Very Rev. Benedict Schmidt, Definitor General.

**Washington, D. C., Commissariat of the Holy Land.**—Fr. Joseph Rhode.

**Arizona.**—FF. Desiderius von Frentz; Ubald Otto; Benno Franzen; Augustine Schwarz; Antonine Willenbrink; Cornelius Galus.

**California.**—Fr. Celestine Strub.  
**Military Chaplains:**—FF. Isidore Fosseleman; Peter A. Crumbly; Cyrius Schneider; Juvenal Emanuel.

## OBITUARY

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**

*St. Francis Fraternity:*—Austin Minogue, Bro. Francis.

*St. Louis Fraternity:*—Johanna Cullinane, Sr. Teresa.

**Brunswick, Mo., St. Boniface Church:**—Benjamin Strub, Bro. Francis; Mary Lauhoff, Sr. Clare.

**Dubuque, Iowa, St. Francis Home:**—John G. Goedken, Bro. Francis.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:**—Mary Wales.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:**—A. Esser.

**St. Paul, Minn., Sacred Heart Church:**—Victoria Herdena, Sr. Elizabeth; Elizabeth Haebe, Sr. Mary.

**Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church:**—George Bartoszek, Bro. Ladislaus; Godfrey Kandlbinder, Bro. Leonard.

# Franciscan Herald

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## Editorial Comment

### "HAIL MARY, FULL OF GRACE. THE LORD IS WITH THEE"

The Hail Mary, known also as the angelical salutation or the Ave Maria, is the most popular of all the prayers said by Catholics in honor of our Blessed Lady. In its present form it consists of two parts; the first of which is a prayer of praise, and the second a prayer of petition. The first part is made up of the words used by the angel Gabriel when saluting the Blessed Virgin, "Hail (Mary) full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women." To these words quite naturally attaches itself the divinely inspired greeting of St. Elizabeth, "And blessed is the fruit of thy womb (Jesus)." The second part, consisting of the words "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen," was added by the Church herself, in response to a popular demand for a formula of petition. This is the prayer which Catholics almost invariably say in connection with the Our Father, and which gives so much offence to Protestants. We shall examine it word for word, as we have done in the case of the Lord's Prayer, to see how worthy it is of being repeated by us.

Already the opening words, or the salutation proper, "Hail Mary," are very significant. Never before had Almighty God thus addressed a mere creature. Even to the patriarchs and prophets, men who stood high in his favor, he revealed his councils and issued his commands without a word of salutation. If in Mary's case, our Lord makes an exception, it shows that a new era has set in in his dealings with men, the era of Redemption; it reveals his love for the destined Mother of God and his complacency at her virtue.

The name Mary, which custom has inserted after the first word, also has a deep and mysterious sense. It is commonly taken to mean Lady or Sovereign, and Star of the Sea. By her divine maternity, Mary was elevated to the most exalted rank a mere creature can possess. She was made Queen of Heaven and Earth, and she received all the power and dignity connected with that title. Was not hers the honor to give birth to the "King of kings and Lord of lords," to whom belong "magnificence and power and glory and victory," in whose hand is "greatness and empire of all things," and who, glorifying her in heaven, has given her a power of intercession with himself that has no parallel?—Star of the

Sea: Has she not given to the world him who is the "true light" of men, "the sun of justice"? Does she not shine with the brightness of the purest and most perfect virtues, with the splendor of a miraculous virginity, and with a glory before which that of the angels and saints is eclipsed? Is it not she whose admirable example, like a heavenly beacon, shines on the turbulent waves of this life and guides to the port of a happy eternity those who do not lose sight of her benevolent light? Is it not she who has received from God the power to calm at her pleasure, the rage of the tempests which beat on our frail little vessel, and which the pious invocation of her name appeases and reduces to silence?

After greeting her, the angel pronounces Mary "full of grace." This is no figure of speech, but merely what one would expect from an angel, the simple and literal truth. She was "full of grace" in a measure hitherto unknown to any creature, angel or man. Destined to be the Mother of God, she received as much grace as a mere creature is capable of receiving. So great was her measure of grace, that it exceeded that of all angels and men together. The learned theologian Suarez maintains that "Mary received, in the first moment of her existence, more graces and privileges than were accorded to all the souls of the saints and the choirs of the angels; for the reason that she was more loved of God." St. Bonaventure expresses the same thought in his own poetic way when he says, "As all the rivers empty and commingle in the sea, so in Mary, were united all the species of graces that we find in others singly." Thus, we may apply to Mary the words of the Psalmist, "Thou art beautiful above the sons of men: Grace is poured abroad in thy lips; therefore hath God blessed thee forever."

The Blessed Virgin was filled with grace because of the favor she had found with God and because of her intimate relation with him in the economy of Redemption. Hence the angel continues, "the Lord is with thee." St. Bernard comments on these words as follows: "The Lord is with thee, O Mary, as a father with his daughter, whom he jealously guards; as a bridegroom with his bride, whom alone he loves; as a king with his queen, whom he highly honors; as the sun with the moon, whom he illumines with his rays." In the words, "the Lord is with thee," is expressed also the intimate relationship of Mary with God, accomplished by the Incarnation. Not only through the fulness of his grace and love is God with her, but he is united to her in a manner unknown to the rest of his creatures. It is the union of a child with its mother.



### THE THIRD ORDER CONVENTION

Our suggestion as to a national Third Order convention (see *Franciscan Herald*, Vol. 6, No. 5) to be held in 1921 seems to have been well received. We are glad to be able to state that we have heard not a single voice of disapproval. We are not so rash as to assert, however, that on this account the Third Order convention is already an assured fact. As far as we are able to gage the situation, interest in the matter is by no means so deep and general as to warrant the prediction that anything at all will come of the plan. In fact, we set it down as our settled conviction that, unless the Third Order Directors bestir themselves and show

so many of the best-laid plans of men and mice. Of course, the year 1921 is still a long way off. But it must be remembered that preparations for a national convention can not be made over-night; and that, if it is to take place in the year designated, they can not be delayed much longer.

As one of these preparatory measures, we should like to suggest a number of sectional or provincial conferences to be held in all parts of the country not later than 1919. Such cities as San Francisco, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Boston, New York, Washington afford excellent facilities as places of convention for the Tertiaries of the respective territories. These meetings could be conducted on a humble scale, somewhat after the manner of the Tertiary conference held in this place last winter, or they could assume larger proportions, as the needs and desires of those interested might be. The primary aim of these conferences would be to "get together": to discuss the Tertiary matters pertaining to each district, to perfect the provincial organization, etc. To make remote preparations for the national convention might be made the secondary purpose. The delegates, after deliberating on the feasibility of the plan, could go on record as favoring or opposing it. A report of the proceedings bearing on the national convention might then be drawn up and presented at a meeting of representatives from each district in which conferences had been held; which meeting could take place at any convenient place and time—not later, however, than the summer of 1920. These delegates should be empowered by the conferences to act with full authority. Accordingly, it would be theirs to decide whether a national Third Order convention should be held, and if so, when and where; also, to form a board or committee to take charge of the more immediate preparations for the convention proper.

This is but a rough sketch of a plan we have been for some time considering for launching the national Third Order convention. We have made no attempt at completeness. Our purpose was merely to throw out a few hints as to how the ball might be set a-rolling. Many of our readers, no doubt, will be able to supplement our remarks by suggestions of their own, which hereby we again solicit most earnestly.

For the sake of emphasis, we repeat that the Third Order in this country needs nothing so much as leadership and publicity. It will receive both through a national convention. To say that this is not an opportune time for a meeting of this kind, is a gratuitous assertion. On the contrary, we think that no time was ever more seasonable. New social problems are arising every day; and many more will arise after the war. If the Third Order wishes to remain true to itself and to its Founder, it can not afford to evade these problems. It must take steps to cooperate with other agencies in their speedy solution. These problems are national, and they are too big to be approached by any but national organizations. Without wishing to overrate the importance of the Third Order in this country, we are yet of the opinion that, when the period of reconstruction begins, both the Church and the State will be sorely in need of such earnest-minded and self-sacrificing men and women as the Order harbors. All that they need is a definite and comprehensive program of social action to equip them for the reconstructive work that awaits them. It is only a national convention that can give them both a little more active interest, the proposal will meet with the same fate as

a national organization and a national program. If the Third Order misses this opportunity of marshaling its forces, it can no longer escape the charge of being out of touch with the people and out of sympathy with the times.



### AN EVENT IN AMERICAN CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

Our esteemed contemporary, *The Fortnightly Review*, is this year celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding. During the quarter-century of its existence, it has passed through many vicissitudes of fortune. Several times it has altered its name and quite often its make-up; but never has it changed its principles. This consistency—a rare jewel indeed in journalism—is accounted for by the fact that the *Review* has had but one editor; and he has always remained true to himself. Mr. Arthur Preuss, the present editor, is also the founder of this classic journal. He has stood over its cradle, and he has watched the growth of his tiny, if viable, infant to sturdy manhood. Without any patronage and with little encouragement, he has by the sheer and mere power of his pen made his review what it is today—perhaps the only magazine in the country that is read from cover to cover, including the advertisements.

When twenty-five years ago, he set out, like a true knight-errant, to battle single-handed against the enemies of religion and truth, he was derided by some and pitied by others as a second Don Quixote. Their scorn and pity were soon changed into admiration, however, when they discovered his firmness of conviction, his devotion to ideals, his singleness of purpose, his clearness of vision, his directness of aim, his love of justice, his hatred of sham, his adroitness in attack, and his intrepidity in defence. True, his cut-and-thrust methods have not met with universal approval. His opponents have even accused him of violating the rules of approved warfare, of being unnecessarily provoking and ruthless, more zealous than judicious. When the worst has been said of him, he will be still regarded by his large following of loyal friends as a knight without fear and without reproach. Whether friend or foe, however, none will dispute his right to a place in the front rank of American Catholic journalists. There may he long remain to battle for the interests of Church and Country. In these critical times, both have need of men as tried and true as the battle-scarred editor of *The Fortnightly Review*. More power to his pen.



### THE SHAME OF IT

Ever since the founding of the Church, the Papacy has been a shining mark for hostile attacks. Being at once the center of the Church's unity and the source of her strength, it could not fail to attract the notice and to excite the rage of her enemies. It is not surprising, therefore, that the history of the Catholic Church should be, to a great extent, nothing more than an account of the Papacy's struggles against every

sort of violence and persecution. Through long centuries, the Popes, one after the other, have experienced the truth of the Savior's saying that the disciple is not greater than the Master, and that, as he had to suffer before entering into his glory, so his followers, notably in the ministry, should have to pass through many tribulations into the Kingdom of Heaven.

What is surprising, however, is that at a time when nations as well as individuals are supposed to be directing their undivided attention and devoting their unstinted energy to the successful prosecution of a world war, some should still find means and leisure to conduct a warfare of their own against the Pope—not guerilla warfare, but a regularly conducted campaign of vilification. What is further surprising is the circumstance that this campaign should be launched against the Pope at a time when, by his untiring and unselfish endeavors for the material and spiritual betterment of an afflicted world, he has once again vindicated his right to the title Father of Christendom.

How great is the Holy Father's grief and indignation at this unwarranted and untimely manifestation of hostility, may be inferred from the fact that he found it necessary to raise his voice in solemn protest against "this diffusion of calumnies and hatred" and to denounce it "before the conscience not only of the faithful but of all honest men wherever honest men may be found." Witness this brief sentence from his reply to an address of Cardinal Ferrari and the Bishops of Lombardy. "Over and above the unutterable horrors of this war which is without precedent and threatens to drag poor Europe down into the abyss, much grief is caused us by the insidious and crafty campaign of calumny and hatred against our person and our work, while we could conscientiously say to the human race bathed in its blood, in the words of Sacred Scripture, 'What is there that I ought to do more to my vineyard, that I have not done to it?'" What the Holy Father has done to bring about a cessation, or at least a mitigation of the horrors of the present war, is a matter of common knowledge, and we have no doubt that right-minded men the world over will applaud his manly and forceful expression of righteous indignation at "the crazy and absurd calumnies, which, under many and varied forms, publicly and secretly, by word of mouth and in writing, are being spread everywhere." What greatly augments his grief is the circumstance that this campaign of hatred is not confined to himself but is directed also against highly deserving priests and illustrious bishops whom the enemies of religion are seeking by the lowest devices of persecutors and informers to defame and bring into the courts on the charge of disloyalty.

The shame of it is that these evil-minded persons are conducting their insidious warfare, under the guise of patriotism. If these loud-mouthed bigots would love their country half as much as they hate the Pope, they would not be found creating dissension at a time when in every country there is so much need of peace and concord among all citizens. Incidentally, this letter of the Holy Father may serve to disabuse those who had fondly hoped that this war would do away with religious animosities. It would seem that visions of the lion and the sheep abiding together after the war have little value now beyond transplanting the seer into a fool's paradise. The Catholic Church, specifically the Papacy, will continue to be the best hated and the most beloved institution in the world.

## BL. ISABEL OF FRANCE

*By Fr. Silas, O. F. M.*

**B**L. Isabel was the daughter of Louis VIII, King of France, and of Blanche of Castile, and the sister of St. Louis IX. Her pious mother, who sought above all to bring up her children in the fear of the Lord, early instilled into her heart those sentiments of a lively faith and of a burning charity which were to be the guiding principles of her whole future life, and accustomed her to the practice of piety and of every Christian virtue. The young princess cooperated so well with grace that, though living amid the comforts and distractions of the court, she at an early age became remarkable for her spirit of recollection and prayer, her charity, humility, and self-denial.

To preserve a becoming recollection, Isabel avoided frivolous amusements and carefully guarded her senses. She devoted many hours of the day, and even part of the night, to prayer and the contemplation of the divine mysteries. Dreading the slightest imperfection, she daily examined her conscience most carefully, reproached herself for the smallest faults, and confessed them with many tears. To mortify her flesh, she fasted on three days of the week, and ordinarily took barely enough food to maintain her strength. Her charity toward the poor and the suffering grew with her years. She not only sent food and clothing to the needy, but she also visited them in their homes, ministered to their wants, and alleviated their sufferings by her tender sympathy. In

all this she was guided by a lively faith; for she saw in the poor and the sick our Divine Savior, who looks upon every work of mercy as if done to himself. One day, as she was engaged in making a cap, King Louis, her brother, asked her to present it to him. "No," she replied, "I have determined to give it to our Lord, as it is the first one I have made." When the cap was finished, she sent it to a poor sick woman, whom she was wont to supply every day with food from her own table. Her great devotion toward our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament caused her generosity to extend also to the churches. She was expert with the needle and could weave silk and cloth of silver and gold, and she frequently employed her skill in making sacred vestments and ornaments for the altar.

God, in his mercy, tried the virtue of his servant by a severe and dangerous illness, which defied the skill of the physicians and the most tender care of her mother and attendants. Many prayers were offered up for her recovery, and at length a holy woman of Nanterre declared that Isabel would recover her health, but that she would no longer belong to the world. This prediction was verified. With returning health and strength, Isabel devoted herself with renewed zeal to the practices of piety, charity, and mortification. She displayed even greater contempt for the vanities of the world, and entertained serious thoughts of embracing the

religious life. But now another trial came upon her. The German Emperor Frederic II asked her hand in marriage for Conrad, his eldest son and heir apparent, and Pope Innocent IV even urged her to accept so honorable and so advantageous a proposal. Isabel, who had vowed her virginity to God and who looked upon the honors of the world as naught, was greatly distressed and called upon God to come to her assistance in her hour of need. She firmly rejected the Emperor's proposal, and informed the Pope of her vow, declaring that she would consider herself more fortunate as the last among the virgins consecrated

to God, than as the first among the queens of this world. The Pope, admiring her heroic virtue, congratulated her and encouraged her to persevere in her resolve to belong to God alone.

After the death of her saintly mother, Isabel, with the assistance of St. Louis, built a convent for the

Poor Clares, at Longchamps, on the outskirts of Paris, and named it the Monastery of the Humility of the Blessed Virgin. A number of nuns were brought from the convent of the Poor Clares at Rheims, to train the new community, which consisted

for the most part of ladies of high birth, in the practices of the religious life. At the request of Isabel, the strict Rule of St. Clare was modified in regard to poverty and some outward observances, and this Rule with its modifications was approved by Pope Urban IV, whence the Sisters observing it were called "Urbanist Clares."

Isabel herself did not take the religious habit, but lived ac-

cording to the Rule in her home near by. She exercised herself with great fervor in the practice of every religious virtue and reached a high degree of perfection, so that one of the Sisters wrote of her: "She was a true mirror of innocence, a wonderful model of mortification, a rose of patience



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Bl. Isabel of France

and self-denial, a shining lily of chastity, a copious fountain of mercy, and a perfect type of every virtue."

After thus living the life of a religious for about nine years, Isabel died the death of the just on February 23, 1270. She had reached the age of forty-five. At the moment of her death, some of the Sisters heard the songs of angels and a voice saying, "Her home has been

founded in peace." Her body was entombed in the convent church. Soon miracles began to bear witness to her sanctity, and Pope Leo X, in 1521, sanctioned the devotion paid to her and permitted the celebration of her feast. During the French Revolution, the convent at Longchamps was destroyed, but some of the relics of Bl. Isabel are still preserved in the parish Church of St. Louis in Paris.

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### Nun's Song

Like her of Galilee whose sinless breast,  
The tabernacle of a God became.  
Sing, O my soul, "The Lord hath favored me,  
And holy is His Name."

Not all the wiles of earth, loud clamoring,  
That Voice could still. "I've called thee—thou art Mine!"  
Could creature-love the heart of mine allure,  
When spoke the Spouse divine?

He set me in His holy courts to dwell,  
And wooed me from life's garish ways apart;  
My footsteps press the paths of peace—my rest  
Is on His wounded Heart.

What though the cross my weary shoulders press,  
When dark the reaches of life's sojourning.—  
His Eucharistic kiss my soul sustains.—  
I wear His bridal ring.

A little while His nail-torn hand I cling,  
A little while—then burst of splendored dawn;  
His face, His smile, His arms glad welcoming,  
And lo! the night is gone!

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

## THE FINAL BLOW

*By Fr. Francis Borgia, O. F. M.  
(Concluded)*

**Venerable Godfrey Buckley, O. F. M.**

**A**MONG those who left England on the first indication of Queen Elizabeth's hostile attitude toward the Church, was Father John Buckley, a secular priest. He went abroad with William Allen, but returned soon after and devoted himself to the cause of the English missions. Already advanced in years, he joined the Franciscan Order, labored once more as missionary in his native land, and finally closed his long and active career by dying for the faith.<sup>1</sup>

John Buckley was born about the year 1530 of a prominent and wealthy family in Carnarvonshire. Like the majority of the people in Wales, his parents had remained staunch and fervent Catholics. Hence they did not object to their son's embracing the sacerdotal state. The place and time of his ordination, however, is a matter of mere conjecture. Since in later life he was commonly regarded an "old" priest, it seems probable that he received Holy Orders during the reign of Queen Mary. No doubt, he foresaw what hardships his sacred profession would involve, when, in 1559, Elizabeth ascended the throne. Perhaps to prepare himself for the coming conflict, he, in 1561, departed for Belgium in company of his friend William Allen who subsequently became a priest and cardinal. That he returned with Allen a year later, seems quite

probable. His name is not found on the records of the English College at Douai, from which we may conclude that he was active in England before 1568, the year in which Allen founded the famous missionary college.

Unfortunately, we are left in complete darkness regarding the future martyr's priestly career previous to 1582. We can imagine, however, what his lot must have been, if we consider the perils and trials which at the time beset the life of the English missionaries. He wandered about in disguise and under the *aliases* John or Griffith Jones, Robert or Herbert Buckley. Neither is it known how long he succeeded in escaping the clutches of the priest-catchers. Certain is only that he lay confined in Marshalsea, a London prison, before June, 1582, and that he was again at large in October, 1586, under which date his name appears on the list of "priests that have been prisoners and were out upon bond." Father John, as we heard, was of a prominent and wealthy family, and hence it is not unlikely that some friend of his at court had him released. A year later, however, we find him again a prisoner, this time in Wisbeach Castle, which fact, according to Hope, "proves that he possessed an independent fortune; for Elizabeth was economical in her cruel tyranny, and only those who could maintain themselves

<sup>1</sup>. Sources of information on the life and martyrdom of Ven. Godfrey Buckley are: a letter of Father Henry Garnet, S. J., to the Father General of the Society, in the Oliver *Collections*; a manuscript in the library of the University of Louvain, in which the friar's trial and execution are described, apparently by an eye-witness (*Rambler*, new series, Vol. XIV); Mason: *Certamen Seraphicum* (Quaracchi, 1885), pp. 16 sqq.; Challoner: *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, Vol. I; Parkinson: *Antiquities of the English Franciscans* (London, 1726), pp. 258 sqq.; Morris: *Life of Fr. John Gerard, S.J.*—See Hope: *Franciscan Martyrs in England* (London, 1872), pp. 49—98; and Stone: *Faithful Unto Death* (London, 1892), pp. 107—113.

were sent to Wisbeach, while poorer prisoners were either banished or hanged." It was probably here that Father John, leading with his fellow captives a sort of community life, conceived a liking for the religious state and resolved, on regaining his liberty, to join the Order of St. Francis, once so widespread, popular, and active in England.<sup>2</sup>

Whether the zealous priest was at last banished, or whether he succeeded in escaping from prison, has not been recorded. All we know is that, in 1590, he left Wisbeach Castle and forthwith proceeded to Pontoise in France, where he applied at the Conventual friary for admission into the Franciscan Order. His request was granted and henceforth he was known as Fr. Godfrey. Soon after, however, he departed for Rome, where he joined the Observants, and spent three years in their friary of Ara Coeli.<sup>3</sup> "To one," says Hope, "who had already borne the cross and practiced the hardships of poverty, the further sacrifice of his worldly goods would have cost little. But it needed more than ordinary humility to enter religion at nearly sixty years of age, and by placing himself among the novices, to submit himself to religious superiors, who were probably his inferiors in years, suffering and spiritual experience." Many a time during these three years of retirement, Fr. Godfrey must have thought of and prayed for his persecuted countrymen, whose condition had by this time become well-nigh unbearable. He longed to live and labor once more in their midst, and perhaps even

hoped to gain in the end, like so many of his brethren, the crown of martyrdom. After completing his religious training, he asked his superiors to send him to the English missions. Filled with holy joy on learning that his request had been granted, he visited Pope Clement VIII to beg his apostolic blessing. When informed of the friar's intention, the Holy Father embraced him tenderly, blessed him, and said, "Go, for I believe you are a true son of St. Francis. Pray to God for me and his Holy Church."

That same year, 1593, Fr. Godfrey arrived in London. Father Gerard informs us that the aged friar was the first to be received into the house which he had secured as a hiding-place for priests.<sup>4</sup> He stayed in London a few months and then repaired to the country districts, where, it seems, he was henceforth known as Godfrey Maurice.<sup>5</sup> Hampered by the usual difficulties and hardships, he labored here "about three years," as Father Garnet writes, "in tilling the vineyard of Christ with no small profit." Then of a sudden his activity was cut short. He was captured and thrown into prison, where, we learn from Father Garnet's letter, he remained "about two years, during the latter part of which time he was treated with less rigor and had a certain amount of liberty. The quantity of good he did was incredible, through the great concourse of Catholics that came to him."<sup>6</sup> The zeal and sanctity of this worthy son of St. Francis had by this time attracted the attention of his brethren. They chose him minister provincial of

2. Stone, l. c., p. 108, thinks that "possibly, at Wisbeach, he encountered some holy Franciscan, in prison for the same cause as himself", whose example inflamed him with a desire for the religious life." — 3. That he was at first a Conventual and shortly after joined the Observants, we learn from Parkinson, l. c., p. 259 whose main authority was the *Franciscan Martyrology* by Arturus a Monasterio. See also Stone, l. c., p. 108. — 4. Stone, l. c., p. 108, quoting from Morris. — 5. Garnet calls him Godfredus Mauricius. The missionaries were compelled to go under assumed names. This often makes it very difficult at the present day to determine their real name. — 6. According to Mason, l. c., p. 17, he was apprehended soon after his landing in England and cast into prison, where he remained for some years. See also *Annales Minorum*, Vol. XIX, p. 294; Parkinson, l. c., p. 260.

the English Franciscans and entrusted to him the official seal of the province. Shortly before his martyrdom, Fr. Godfrey delivered this seal into the hands of Fr. William Stanney, thereby appointing him to succeed in the office.

The liberties which the imprisoned friar enjoyed and the zeal with which he discharged his priestly duties, at last roused the envy and indignation of Topcliffe. Determined to trump up some charge that would bring him to the scaffold, the notorious priestcatcher began to make inquiries regarding his previous history. His efforts were not in vain. In the spring of 1598, one of his spies reported that Fr. Godfrey before his arrest had been hiding for two days in the house of Mrs. Jane Wiseman, had said Mass there, and had received alms from her as also from Mr. Robert Barnes.<sup>7</sup> The accusation was serious and Topcliffe hastened to profit by it. Accordingly, Fr. Godfrey was indicted and summoned to appear, on July 13, before the King's Bench in Westminster. When challenged with going abroad to be ordained priest by authority of Rome and then returning to England in defiance of the laws, the man of God fearlessly confessed:

"If this be a crime I must own myself guilty; for I am a priest, and I came over to England to gain as many souls as I could to Christ. But I deny that I have ever intermeddled directly or indirectly in any manner of treason."

"You are not charged with any matter of treason," the Lord Chief Justice explained, "neither is there any matter of treason to be objected against you, except that you are a priest and have come into England; nor is there anything

further needed. For by your own confession you are within the compass of the law."

Disgust and dissatisfaction with Elizabeth's bloody measures against Catholics had of late become noticeable among the lower classes. The judges were therefore evidently anxious to shake off the responsibility of another public execution and hence they urged the prisoner to demand a trial by jury.

"I will not have my blood required of men ignorant in the law," objected the disinterested and zealous priest; "I place myself and my cause before God and the Bench. You have made the laws, and therefore you must know best what is the meaning of them."

Upon this the judges were constrained to pass sentence and condemned Fr. Godfrey to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. But, to prevent all unnecessary commotion among the people, it was decided that the execution should take place at seven o'clock in the morning. When the sentence of death was read, the venerable priest knelt down and returned thanks to God for the singular privilege of dying in defence of his faith and sacred profession.

On the morning of July 22, 1598, the executioners took the gentle friar from his dungeon, fastened him to a hurdle, and dragged him through the streets of London. Arriving at St. Thomas' Waterings, where everything was in readiness for the grawsome tragedy, they released him from his painful position and led him to the gallows. After saying a short prayer, the man of God rose to his feet, and fearlessly facing his enemies, he solemnly called Heaven to witness that neither from Mr. Barnes nor

7. Both, Mr. Barnes and Mrs. Wiseman, were tried and condemned to death. Their sentence, however, was later commuted to imprisonment.

from Mrs. Wiseman had he ever received one penny in silver.

"But gold they did give you," snapped Topcliffe.

"Nor yet gold," was the speedy but calm reply. Anxious, lest his friends be made to suffer unjustly on his account, he further declared that he had not said Mass in their presence.

"No," fell in Topcliffe sarcastically, "for they were public prayers, there being no superaltar."

"There are no such things, Master Topcliffe," boldly retorted the friar; "neither did I say any public prayers at all in their hearing."

At a loss for a suitable answer, the Queen's servile creature accused his victim of having said private prayers. This was a charge that involved the martyr alone, and without reserve he gave vent to his feelings.

"I confess," he avowed earnestly, "with thanks to Almighty God for that grace, that I said such short and secret prayers as I have ever used since I was newly risen. And so I will do as long as I live, do you, Mr. Topcliffe, what you will."

Then he fell on his knees and prayed, while Topcliffe turning to the spectators, read a paper, the contents of which, he trusted, would establish the friar's disloyalty to the Queen, and thus create public sentiment against him. We shall see how poorly he succeeded.

Having prayed about a quarter of an hour, Fr. Godfrey arose and with Topcliffe's assistance climbed into the cart that was standing under the gallows. Then first was it noticed that the hangman had forgotten to bring a rope and immediately a horseman was sent into the city to fetch one.

In the meantime, the martyr turning toward the people again proclaimed his allegiance to the Queen and the realm. He further

averred that, according to the declaration of the Lord Chief Justice, he had come here to die not because he was a traitor, but because he was a priest and a Franciscan. This statement the under-marshall confirmed, whereupon one of the spectators protested that an innocent man was about to be executed.

"Patience awhile, sir," broke in Topcliffe quite alarmed at the menacing attitude of the people; "you shall soon see what manner of innocent he is. Tell me," he cried, turning to the friar, "if the Pope excommunicated the Queen, or tried to turn her out of her kingdom in order to encourage Papistry, what would you do, or what you would you advise others to do?"

When Fr. Godfrey, ignoring this question, once more asserted that he prayed every day for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Queen, Topcliffe interposed saying that he as well as all other priests and Catholics were disloyal subjects of her majesty and would kill her if they could.

This base insinuation wounded the martyr's sense of truth and justice.

"I am certain," he challenged his lying accuser, "that I myself, and all other priests and Catholics, are ready to suffer much more for the good of the Queen than you are, Master Topcliffe, though your cruelty alone has been sufficient to make her odious to all the priests in Christendom."

An hour had now elapsed, when suddenly, "A reprieve! a reprieve!" resounded on every side. Soon the horsemen drew up to the place of execution. "Ay, ay, here it is!" he exclaimed, showing a rope to the excited multitude.

Without delay, Topcliffe issues orders. The rope is fastened to the gallows; one of the hangmen

leaps into the cart, places the noose around the friar's neck, and seizing the reins, is about to whip off the horses, when lo! three stalwart fellows rush forward from the crowd, hold back the terrified animals and boldly demand that the man of God be permitted to finish speaking.

Topcliffe trembles with fear; all eyes are turned to the fearless friar, who looking to heaven prays aloud, "Sweet Jesus, have mercy on my soul."

With a sneer, the under-marshall remarks that our Blessed Lady had been forgotten. Whereupon the servant of God adds quickly, "Blessed Queen of heaven, be my advocate and pray for me now and ever."

Then, for a moment, all is quiet. Again exclaiming, "Sweet Jesus, have mercy on my soul," Fr. Godfrey gives a priest in the crowd the usual sign and pauses for absolution,<sup>8</sup> whereupon he asks all Catholics present to say one *Credo* and to pray for him. Impatient over the long delay, Topcliffe begins to rebuke and ridicule the martyr, who in reply calmly begs not to be disturbed in his last prayers, since he had come to die for the faith. Once more he recommends his soul to God, then with a sudden jolt, the cart is drawn from under him, a few moments of untold agony follow, and the lifeless form of the holy man is seen dangling from the gallows, while his beautiful soul ascends to the throne of God to receive the martyr's crown in the land of never-ending bliss and peace.

Not daring to set aside the demand of the disaffected multitude, Topcliffe allowed the martyr to hang until life was extinct. Then

only was the corpse taken down and subjected to the inhuman butchery. The head was exposed on a pole in Southwark. The cheerful and smiling countenance it wore attracted such wide attention that after two days officials arrived and disfigured the face most shamefully. The limbs of the martyr were hung on four trees that skirted the roads leading to Newington and Lambeth. Two prominent young gentlemen, Challoner relates, were thrown into prison for attempting to remove them. According to the same historian, one of the martyr's arms was preserved for many years in the Franciscan friary at Pontoise. "Such," writes Father Garnet, "was the most happy end of this saint. May God make us all partakers of his merits." Fr. Arturus a Monasterio, who wrote his *Franciscan Martyrology* in 1638, commemorates Fr. Godfrey as a martyr of the Order. Although modern writers append the title of Venerable to his name, the cause of his beatification seems never to have been taken up. His name does not appear on the *Catalogus Hagiographicus Seraphicae Familiae*,<sup>9</sup> the latest official and approved list of all the Saints, Blessed, and Venerable of the three Orders of St. Francis.

Venerable Godfrey Buckley closes the long line of Franciscan Observants who, since the year 1534, suffered and died for the faith. The fact that he is the only Franciscan known to have suffered public martyrdom during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, shows clearly the deplorable state of the province at the end of the sixteenth century. With a heavy heart, no doubt, Fr. William Stanney took over the official seal, little surmising that

8. Very likely, Father Garnet was present at the execution. Three days later, we know, he penned his valuable letter. See Hope, I.c.p. 93, footnote, on the authority of Challoner.—9. *Acta Minorum*, An. XXVIII, pp. 203-243.

at that very moment God was fashioning the heart and mind of a young convert in the English Col-

lege at Douai, who was destined one day to breathe new life and vigor into the declining province.

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## THE IMPRINT OF A SANDAL

*By L. M. Wallace*

### I.

#### The Little Bungalow on the Desert's Rim.

**H**E leaned across the table and caught her wrists with joyous mastery. "Moyne, you know we are only playing house, and you are coming outside with me right now, dishes or no dishes."

"You rascally old tyrant! Well, have your own way then!—but let's go out on the back steps."

"Why?"

"Two whys: number one, Mrs. Baird sits over the way, and she will be—"

"Minding our business. I don't give that much for her thinks or her don't thinks!"

"Second why: there is no house between us and the blue range across the desert, and we can watch the long rays glide from cloud to crag out there in the eternal silence, and forget that any one exists save just us two."

"That why is more to my notion. Come on, the sunset will be all gone."

Moyne laughed up at him, snatched her hand away and danced gaily out.

"Now, will you run away again?" Burt teased as he caught her in the doorway. Then they both laughed as he made her forfeit a kiss and drew her down on the step beside

him,—laughed as they alone can, whose hearts are at the bursting point for very joy.

Already the king of the sky had marshalled his pageant. Above them the riven rocks of the mesa side stood in golden vesture; and beyond, each several peak strode forth in his especial glory upon the gleaming pathway of the sand.

With his cheek against her cheek they dreamed till all the pageant had faded, and only Vulture Peak glowed still, a jewel on the falling curtain of the night.

The wind rustled through the palo verde by the corner, the mesquite answered from the mesa side and, as if born of the desert voices, a figure came up the trail from the depths of the arroyo; a figure bent and lean, with dusty garb and sandals feet.

"What is it?" whispered Moyne.

"Little old Padre Santangel, burned by the sun, and blown by the wind; and the desert wouldn't be the desert without little old Padre Santangel. Who is he?—a timid old friar who stood on the wharf at Palos and blessed Señor Colombo when he put out to sea.—Stop laughing at me, Moyne! I mean it. That is: you see old hu-

manity has its back water spots, just like the ocean, and in places such as this the flotsam and jetsam of ages are thrown up. That Padre Santangel is a fine old fossil of the medieval friar, and worth study. Yes, I know there are monks to-day, a houseful of Franciscans down at Phoenix; Padre lives there; but they are just ordinary Catholic priests, except that they wear the brown habit. They are twentieth century men; scholars, social workers, institution builders. Now Padre Santangel is your real old medieval monk. He thinks the spirits of the dead beg for prayers; believes in angels clad in gleaming white, and in devils tricking people into sin, and all that."

"I thought every priest believed those things."

"Why, I don't suppose they do, do they? Really, that hadn't occurred to me. I never truly knew one, except Santangel; but the moment I saw that odd old fossil, I determined to read the very heart of him. It was not a hard matter. He is the simplest soul in the world. I just took a little interest in his work and gave him a peso or two for his poor. Gratitude! Gratitude so deep it hurt! I have done all I could for him ever since and the old man opened his heart to me. A father couldn't love a son more. Once he gave me this charm or medal or what ever it's called. Now, if you are going to laugh, Moyne, I won't tell you another word! Yes, I know you could buy them a dime a hundred, but he thinks it of great value. He is poor, Moyne. I was not going to insult his little present, that is why I wear it on my watch chain. Then

he told me to repeat *Dios te salve María* three times every day, and I said 'Sure,' and he nodded his head and went out, saying as he always does, 'Adios, and now pray, Señor, pray and pray much!'"

Moyne's eyes were still out in the mystic west. "I'm so glad you treated him kindly, Burt. You wouldn't say a sarcastic word for the world, that is why I love you."

Her voice died. The silence stole up from the desert and trembled in every pulse of their souls.

"Dreaming, Moyne?" he whispered.

"Dreaming," she breathed, "dreaming of the days to be in the little bungalow on the desert's rim."

## II

### The Dry Arroyo

Burt flung *The Examiner* on the rack as he jerked down his cap. The door slammed behind him and Moyne stood listening to the thug-chug-chugging of his motor-cycle as it toiled up the road to the roasts.

No, it was not the first quarrel that had marred the peace of the bungalow during these five years of married life; but Moyne leaned her head on the tiny breakfast table and sobbed wearily.

Suddenly she sprang up and dried her eyes. "That's Mrs. Baird! Now, if she's coming here! She is! Over the next cup of tea it will be: Moyne and Burt will be divorced. Oh, I know what brings her over! If only I hadn't cried—I can powder the circles under my eyes,—no, that will make matters worse. She'll see it and know why."

Moyne was standing in the back doorway now. There was a sharp

important tapping of heels on the front walk. In a moment, Mrs. Baird would be knocking. It seemed a cowardly thing to do, but Moyne turned; swiftly, noiselessly, she shut and locked the back door of the bungalow. A dozen flying steps, and she slid down the steep bank of the arroyo.

For a moment she breathed more easily, but any one passing along the road might see her, so she hurried on up the old water course. The cliffs grew higher and the rocks more wild. The very dryness of the arroyo bed seemed to enter her spirit. What was her whole life but a parched water-way through which no water flowed. Burt had seemed the one of all humanity, her soul's magnet, noble above all other men, a superman; and she had found him cross if the day proved hot, short-tempered if the steak was scorched; and the little heaven of a bungalow just six lonely rooms in which to cook and clean, and clean and cook.

More deeply sunk in her thoughts than she realized, Moyne hurried on. The arroyo gave place to the cañon. The cañon climbed the mesa side. The thud-thud of the ore crushers died. When at last Moyne dropped down on a flat boulder there was nothing left of all the familiar scenes save only the dun and gray of endless mesas; and the plains that stretched and rolled and twisted among them, out to where Vulture Peak slept with his dim brethren.

Through the long hours Moyne brooded, counting her disappointments till the venom of her thoughts had eaten into her very soul. In that unconscious consciousness that comes in times like these,

she realized that she was not alone. Down near the foot of the cliff was a home: adobe walls, one tiny room, a patch of corn, red flowers, no peppers hanging from the roof; children—how many?—ragged, merry; and a bent little woman that drudged and drudged and drudged.

They were gathering flowers now, those brown babies; the largest tot deftly fastening cactus blossoms upon mesquite thorns. Suddenly came a joyous shout and they tumbled down to the trail waving their flowers.

Then around the turn of the path he came, dear old Padre Santangel, lean and bent and dusty, with sandaled feet treading the stones. Only the incoherent jargon of the children's voices reached Moyne. They were showing him their flowers.

The woman came offering refreshments and they dined—coffee, boiled in the black can upon the fire; tortillas, seasoned with ashes; and frijoles, yes, frijoles, just plain red beans.

The face of the little brown woman was turned toward Moyne as she knelt to receive the old Padre's parting blessing. It was a happy face.

### III

#### The Waters of Life

Down in the bungalow as the day wore late, Moyne busied herself and even hummed a snatch of song. Never had she cooked with greater care, never had the tea table been more dainty-sweet.

The telephone jangled. "Hello, Burt?"

"Hello, extra office work—won't be home for supper," and the snapping click of the receiver fell like a lash on the woman's soul. Nor did

it soothe her spirit to notice Mrs. Baird coming through the side gate, "I can't talk to her now and I won't!" moaned Moyne; and swiftly slipping on her jacket, she hurried out the back door.

Busy with the thought of escaping, Moyne had gone a dozen rods before she noticed in what direction her steps were turned. "Now, why didn't I think? If only I had started the other way I might have been hurrying to the store for something, but now what errand could take me down to Mexican town. If Mrs. Baird guesses that I am avoiding her—Oh I know! I'll hunt up old Madelina to have some work done." With business-like speed she hurried on.

A little way ahead was a group strangely familiar—oh, yes, the brown woman with her many tots. The eldest still held her cactus blossoming mesquite branch, the youngest a wilted columbine.

Other groups were going the same way. Moyne followed down the straggling street to the old adobe church, slipped into a nook in the shadow and watched, half laughing, half in deepening interest, these children of the desert in this church of their own fashioning—odd, bright-hued pictures on the old mud walls—quaint betiseled statues—candles burning helter-skelter on the shrines—Padre Santangel in his faded vestments—a procession of little brown children singing, untrained voices wildly sweet like the desert flowers they laid on the Virgin's altar—and as finale the deep sonorous chant of the *Dios te salve Maria*.

The church, at last, was empty save that Moyne still crouched in the shadow breathing in the faint

wild perfume. From the sacristy came the clacking of old Padre's weary sandals pattering about putting all to rights, blowing out the candles.

His work finished, the old friar knelt on the altar step. Through the tiny window the dying light fell full upon his face—noble, cast in the fine Castilian mold—crossed by a thousand wrinkles graven there by pain and poverty, by joy and pity, by love for God and man.

"The little brown woman would have told old Padre her sorrow if she had been like me," Moyne whispered to the shadow. "But in payment for my more civilized rearing I must keep the barb in my heart."

Perhaps the low whisper reached him, perhaps his intuition was the cause, but the old Franciscan suddenly rose and turned toward Moyne. His deep eyes seemed reading her very soul, though on the instant they sought his sandal shoon, and he spoke in his quaint, laborious English, "The señora has a sorrow?"

Oh, to have dared to speak as the little brown woman would have done!—But Moyne turned blindly toward the door.

"My daughter, if Padre can be of service, much would it give him joy. The little bungalow is not so happy, eh, my daughter?—but it may be some fault lies on your side. Now, have I pained the señora?—but so kind is the physician if he cut to the root of the malady, and the better do we mend the ways of others when first we mend our own."

Moyne found a laugh struggling with her tears; he was so odd and so gentle, this wizened sermoner.

"Ah, my daughter, around the

beautiful bungalow no little children play. Pray the good God to leave you no longer childless; wife and husband often drift apart for want of the bond of baby fingers. Ah, señora, many times I have seen it so."

Moyne slipped through the doorway, not in anger, but to hide her tears. She longed to kneel at the old priest's feet, as the little brown woman would have done, that she might receive his blessing; but his voice followed her. "And have I by over-bluntness hurt more my poor daughter? It is the voice from the heart of your Padre; and now may joy swiftly follow your sorrow; but pray, señora, pray and pray much."

It was fairly dark when Moyne reached the bungalow and sank on the low back step. The long controlled sobs burst forth. Slowly the tempest wore itself low.

"'Around the bungalow no little children play,'" she murmured.

"You are not taking blame to yourself?"

"Burt!"

"Oh, I've been sitting here all the while. I merely was not man enough to speak. I don't know what to say now. Old Padre Santangel was in the office when I clicked that receiver on you. Moyne, I wouldn't take from any other man living the things he said to me. Oh, for about ten minutes I was a small boy, a most exceedingly small boy under his father's rod. He was right, but he cut, though! I mean to spend my life making amends."

"No, Burt, no! Let us forget the mistakes. Both of us made them and neither of us meant to; and instead of a dream playhouse, we'll make a home of this bungalow."

## A Summer Walk

Acacia trees fling down their gold  
To pave a path for my feet to-day;  
Through a fence a laughing rose peeps out,  
And plucks my sleeve in a friendly way.

A sudden flash through the crystal air,—  
New wonders born with each golden hour,  
The shimmering wings of a butterfly.—  
Or was it the soul of some sweet, dead flower?

The road lures on where orchards dream  
Submerged in white and roseal foam.  
Where blossoms drift like scented snow,—  
Through clouds of fragrant bloom I roam.

Ahead a gleaming, poppied plain,  
Where cups of gold their sunshine spill;  
A friendly mocker calls, "Good day!"  
I haste to meet a beck'ning hill.

— Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

# THE CANTICLE OF MOUNT ALVERNA

*By Mary K. F. O'Melia. Tertiary*

*(Continued)*

## IV

### WHAT ST. FRANCIS SAW ON THE MOUNT

NOW, while St. Francis heavenly favors gained  
Through holy penance, also was bestowed  
The strength for conflicts fierce to be sustained  
When powers of hell assailed the man of God.

Dread were these conflicts, yet with comfort sweet  
Visions angelic soothed him worn and faint;  
Even the wild birds haunting that retreat,  
Disposed by God, brought solace to the Saint.

Nightly, about the hour to rise and pray,  
With flapping wings a wakeful falcon cried  
Close to his cell, and oftentimes in the day  
Stayed with unwonted tameness at his side.

And he who loved the birds and creatures wild,—  
As those who love our heavenly Father should  
Hold dear the beings he cherishes—was filled  
With pleasure at the bird's solicitude.

As passed the days, and weaker still became  
The Saint with fast and conflict with the foe.  
As consolation for the mortal frame,  
He mused upon the joys the blessed know.

Lo, as he prayed for grace, of that delight  
To have some foretaste sent by God's command,  
In dazzling splendor there appeared in sight  
An angel with a viol in his hand.

And, as he upward drew the bow, there swelled  
A dulcet sound so heavenly from the strings,  
That every corporal sense, suspended held  
By so much sweetness, slept to outward things.

Perchance, as has been heard in dreams, there spread  
A circle of sound in one all-perfect tone  
Full with and more than all tones, as is shed  
Forth morning folding all starlights in its own.

So that the entire air-world under heaven  
Was filled to fullness, yet the tone was one,  
And neither high nor low, but smooth and even,  
And with one throb of power begun and done.

And had the angel downward drawn the bow  
The added sweetness would have so o'ergone  
All human sufferance as to sever through  
The bond which held the soul and frame in one.

Thus persevered the Saint, and as he sought  
More rigor ever, still the more he shared  
Celestial sweetness, and the Savior brought  
Him nearer to the glorious goal prepared.



PPROACHED the feast on which we celebrate  
The Cross which Him, our Life and Savior, bore,  
Who made it glorious with his triumph great  
When death defeated death forevermore.

Now nightly Leo trod those lonely ways  
And to the Saint's retreat his visit made;  
Then, "*Domine, labia mea aperies,*"  
He cried across the gulf and listening stayed.

Then, as he waited through the stillness dead,  
The Saint's responding voice the friar discerned,  
He crossed the bridge and, after Matins said  
In company of the holy man, returned.

One night, when shed the moon her tender rays,  
The friar as usual to the gulf drew nigh;  
Then, "*Domine, labia mea aperies,*"  
Calling, he waited for the Saint's reply.

Yet nothing but a murmuring echo reached  
The brother's ear, an undistinguished moan,  
As if the shadowy chasm itself beseeched  
The voice of prayer to make its sorrow known.

Then, though in such a case he had received  
Instruction to return, he deemed it well,  
And that 'twas pleasing unto God believed  
That he should pass the bridge to Francis' cell.

So, having crossed and entered softly there,  
Finding it void, he argued in his mind,  
The Saint had gone another place of prayer  
Deep in the shadows of the wood to find.

And thus he passed among the whispering trees—  
Was it the sound of angels' prayers and wings?—  
So reverently he walked as one who sees  
The veil half lifted from celestial things.

Then by the moonlight passing softly through  
The winding woodland path, fell on his ear  
The holy accents of the voice he knew,  
And, filled with reverent awe, he ventured near.

He saw the Saint who kneeling prayed aloud  
With hands upraised and rapt uplifted face:—  
“Ah, tell me who art Thou, my sweetest God,  
And who am I, a worm, thy servant base?”

Then, opening heaven there comes a fiery flame  
Above his head, most lovely to behold,  
And from the flame a voice as that which came  
Out of the bush to Moses, Seer of old.

“Three offerings thy God requires.”—“Ah, where  
The oblations to be given Him?”—“Only place  
Thy hand within thy bosom; they are there,  
Ready provided by His holy grace.

“Three beauteous balls of gold—thy holy vows  
Inviolate kept—renew thy gift of these,  
O soul elect, thy God and heavenly Spouse  
Seeks only this his Sacred Heart to please.

“Here is thy tribute owed His Majesty,  
Here is the holocaust thy God desires—  
Thy body, soul, and all thou hast by thee  
Offered to him in love’s consuming fires.”

Happy the soul that thus for Christ preserves  
This richly store of grace with all its will,  
And in return seeks naught from him it serves  
Save only love and grace to serve him still!

Treasures and pleasures earthly are as leaves,  
Soon by the blast of dissolution strown,  
But, when a soul perfection’s call receives  
Life is an opening spring, such loss unknown.

Three times the Saint into the glory bright  
Holds forth the golden sacrifice required;  
Then kneeling thanks the God whose strength and light  
Love’s holocaust maintained and first inspired.

And, lo, at once the flame to heaven returned,  
And all had Leo seen, but far withdrawn;  
So that, although the vision he discerned,  
Of what he heard the meaning was unknown.

For, seeing first the heavenly light descend,  
Deeming himself unworthy thus to stay  
So near that vision blest, to wait the end  
Among the shadowy trees, he drew away.

And now he moved to go, but strown and sere,  
The rustling autumn leaves his steps betrayed  
And, ordered by the Saint to await him there,  
Though filled with pious fears, the friar obeyed.

“O Brother, Lamb of Jesus Christ, ’tis thou!  
Why hast thou come? And did I not command

Thee not to seek me thus? But tell me now  
If thou didst aught perceive or understand?"

Then Leo told him all that he had learned  
And on his knees, the Saint's forgiveness sought,  
Who, seeing what the friar had discerned,  
At his request the entire meaning taught.

For 'twas by grace he on so much had gazed,  
And how should he retain the rest concealed,  
When Christ himself the Eternal Father praised  
For heavenly truths to little ones revealed?

Then also to the friar the Saint foretold  
That soon upon the Mount would things be done  
So marvelous and new as from of old  
Had ne'er been wrought on man beneath the sun.

Friar Leo at the Saint's inspired command  
The volume of the holy Gospels brought,  
That in thrice opening this by Leo's hand  
It might be shown what would on him be wrought.

Now, when the Saint had prayed and, as proposed,  
Thrice Leo opened in the Triune Name,  
Always, since God himself had so disposed,  
Before their eyes the blessed Passion came.

And thus he knew that, as his steps had traced  
The Savior's during life, so ere its close,  
He should be granted of his Death to taste  
Through the communion of its love and woes.

And from this time to Francis more and more  
Was heavenly bliss of prayer and vision given,  
As one from ocean sees upon the shore  
Its beauties come in view beyond the haven.

*(To be concluded)*



# THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

## CHAPTER IV

**A Fugitive from Cibola and His Story—Acus or Acoma—Veracity of the Indians in Arizona and Sonora—Fr. Marcos Sets up Crosses and Takes Possession—In the Desert—Estevan's Treachery, Greed and Audacity—He and his Company Massacred by the Cibolans—Lamentations of Fr. Marcos's Followers—In Danger**

### Report of Fr. Marcos de Niza (*Continued*)

“**H**ERE I met a man, a native of Cibola, who had escaped from the person whom the lord had appointed as his lieutenant in Cibola; for the lord of these Seven Cities lives and has his seat in the one called Ahacus; but in the other cities he has a person who rules in his name. This native of Cibola is a man of good disposition, somewhat aged, and of much more intelligence than the natives of this valley and those I left behind. He told me that he wanted to go with me that I might obtain pardon for him. He informed me in detail about the place, saying that Cibola is a grand city in which there are many people and streets and squares; and that in some parts of the city there are some very large houses which have ten stories, and that in these the chief men assemble on certain days of the year. He said the houses are of stone and mortar, as those natives I left behind had related; and that the porches and doorways of the principal houses are of turquoises. He told me that there are seven other cities built in the same style, some of

which are larger, and that the principal one is Ahacus. He says that toward the southeast there is another region which is called Marata, which usually is very populous, and that all the cities have similar houses of stone with various stories; that they had and have war with the lord of these Seven Cities, so that on account of these wars Marata has very much decreased; although it lies apart by itself alone, it wages war against these three. He also told me that toward the southeast is the dominion called Totonteac. He says it is a vast country, the greatest in the world, having more people and riches; that the people dress in garments of cloth of the same kind as my habit and even of finer quality; that they get the material from the animals which the natives I met had described; and that they are people of much culture, and different from the people I had seen.

“Moreover, he said that there is another province and very large district, called Acus, because there is an Ahacus. Ahacus with the aspirate,<sup>1</sup> is one of the Seven

1. “con aspiracion.”—“Acus is Acoma. The Zuñis call that pueblo Haku, or Hakukue; the Navajos call it Hakus; the Acomas themselves name their village Ako; the tribe, Acoma.—Marata is Malyata, or Makytia, now in ruins southeast of Zuñi on the trail to Acoma. Totonteac, according to Cushing, is a name given to a cluster of ancient pueblos formerly belonging to the Moquis, but already abandoned in the first half of the sixteenth century. There were twelve of them, exactly the number given to Fr. Marcos by his informant.” (Bandelier, *Contributions*, 173-175.)

Cities, the principal one; but without the aspirate, Acus, is a dominion and a province of its own. He told me that the dress which they wear in Cibola is of the kind already described to me. He said that all in that city sleep in beds raised from the floor, with robes and spreads which cover the beds. He told me that he would go with me as far as Cibola, and that he would precede me if I should want to take him along.

"The same story other persons in this pueblo told me, although not with such details. Through this valley I traveled for three days, the natives preparing for me all the feasting and pleasure they could. Here in this valley I saw more than two thousand cow hides, extremely well dressed. I saw a much greater quantity of turquoises and collars made of them in this valley than in all through which I had passed; and all, they say, come from the city of Cibola, of which they had as much information as I had already gained. Likewise, they know much about the dominion of Marata, and of Acus, and of Toton-teac. Here in this valley they brought me a hide half as big again as the hide of a large cow, and they told me that it is from an animal which has only one horn on the forehead, and that this horn is bent toward the breast, and that from there a straight point protrudes which, they say, has such power that nothing, no matter how strong it may be, will fail to break if hit by that point; and they say that there are many animals of this kind in that country, and that the color of the hide is like that of the goat, and the hair as long as a finger.<sup>2</sup>

2. "el pelo tan largo como el dedo." Whipple (107) has "the hair was a finger thick"!! Doubtless buffaloes were meant.

3. These Indians in the southwest, as well as elsewhere, must have changed since their contact with the whites; for they have proved anything but always truthful and reliable.

"Here I received messengers from Estévan who told me in his name that he was then already at the end of the wilderness, and in good spirits because he was assured of the grandeur of the country; and he sent word that, since he had parted from me, he had never caught the Indians in a lie; that till then he had found all as had been related to him; and that he expected to find the rest similarly true. I, too, hold for certain that it is true what, from the first day that I received news about Cibola, the Indians had told me all I have seen till now. They always told me about the rancherías or towns which I should meet along along the road and about the men in them; and in the localities where there were no settlements they would point out to me where I should have to eat and sleep; and they did this without erring in any particular, although I have traveled one hundred and twelve leagues since the first day I had notice of the country until now, which does not seem to be small praise to give to the great veracity of this people.<sup>3</sup>

"Here in this valley, as in the other rancherías passed, I set up crosses and drew up the corresponding record in conformity with the Instruction. The natives of this settlement begged me to rest here for three or four days because the wilderness was four leagues from here, and it takes fifteen full days to travel through it to Cibola. So they wanted to prepare the food and whatever was necessary for the tour. They told me that with the negro, Estévan, more than three hundred men had gone to accompany him and to carry provi-

sions. Many also wanted to accompany and serve me, because they thought they would return rich. I thanked them and told them to prepare quickly; for every day appeared to me a year because of my desire to see Cibola. So I delayed three days without proceeding, during which time I always sought information about Cíbola and about everything else, and I did nothing but take Indians aside and ask them, each one privately; and all agreed in their statements; and they would tell me about the multitude of the people, about the streets, the grandeur of the houses, and the style of the doorways, just as those had told me whom we left behind.

"When the three days had passed, many people flocked together to go with me. Of these I took as many as thirty prominent ones, very well dressed and with collars of turquoise, of which some had five and six sets. Besides these I also took the necessary men to carry provisions for them and myself. Then I started out, and entered the wilderness for my journey on May 9. On the first day, we went over a wide and much used road. We stopped to eat at a watering place which the Indians had selected for me, and we slept near another, where I found a hut which they had just finished for me; another hut was still standing where Estévan, the negro, had slept, and also some old shelters, and the remains of fires made by people who traveled on this road to Cibola. Thus I journeyed for twelve days, always well supplied with provisions: deer, hares, and partridges

(quails?) of the same color and taste as those in Spain, though not so large, but a little smaller.

"Hereupon an Indian arrived, the son of one of the chief men who had come with me. He had gone in the company of the negro Estévan; he was worn out in body and mind, covered with perspiration and manifested intense grief. He told me that one day's journey from Cibola, Estévan had sent his gourd with messengers, as he was always accustomed to send it ahead, so that they might know that he was coming.<sup>4</sup> The gourd had some strings of rattles and two feathers, one white and the other colored. When the messengers arrived at Cibola in the presence of the man whom the lord of the Cities has there as lieutenant, they gave him the gourd. As soon as he took it into his hands and saw the rattles, he threw it on the ground in great anger and passion, and said to the messengers that they should leave at once; that they should tell them not to enter the city or they would all be killed.

"The messengers returning told Estévan what had happened; but he said that this was nothing; that those who showed themselves angry would receive them better. So he continued his journey until they reached the city of Cibola where he found that the people would not consent to admit him. They put him in a large house, which was outside the city, and at once took from him all he carried in the shape of gifts of turquoises and other things which he had received on the road from the Indians;<sup>5</sup> and he stayed there that night, and noth-

4. The audacity of the negro is amazing. Nothing but a servant of Fr. Marcos, and threatened by Mendoza with severe punishment if he disobeyed the vice-royal ambassador, Estévan conducts himself as though he were independent and the real ambassador. With the superstitious Indians he probably represented himself as a great medicine man, which fact explains how so many men, besides the women, could have been induced to join him.

5. The fact that Estévan accepted turquoises and other valuables, whilst Fr.

ing was given him to eat or to drink, nor to those who had come with him. The next day in the morning, this Indian<sup>6</sup> being thirsty went out of the house to drink at a river which was near by. From there after a little while he saw Estévan fleeing, and the people of the city, running after him and killing some of those who had accompanied him. When he saw this, this Indian fled up the river unobserved, and afterwards crossed over to come out on the road of the wilderness.

"At this news some of the Indians who came with me began to lament, and I feared that the frightful story would undo me. I did not fear so much to lose my life as not to be able to return and report what I had learned about the grandeur of the country, where God our Lord can be served so much, and his holy Faith exalted, and the royal possessions of his Majesty increased. Nevertheless, I consoled them as well as I could, and told them that they ought not to give entire credit to this Indian; but they amid many tears said to me that the Indian would not speak thus if he had not seen it. I therefore left the Indians to recommend myself to our Lord, and to supplicate him to direct this matter in the way that would best serve Him and lighten my heart. Having done this, I returned to the Indians, and with a knife I cut the cords of the packs which contained the robes and the gifts of which

until then none had been shown or given to any one. Having distributed what I had through all those chief men, I told them not to fear, but to go with me; and they did so. Proceeding on our way to within a day's journey of Cibola, we encountered two other Indians of those who had gone with Estévan, and who were bleeding from many wounds. When they approached, they and those who came with me set up such a lamentation that out of compassion and fear I also began to weep. There were so many speaking that they did not allow me to ask about Estévan, nor about what had happened to them. So I begged them to be still in order that we might learn what had really happened; but they asked how they could be silent, when they knew that their fathers, sons, and brothers were dead, more than three hundred<sup>7</sup> men of those who had gone with Estévan. And they declared that they would never dare to go to Cibola, as they had been wont to do. I endeavored to quiet them and to remove their fears, although I myself stood in need of some one to strengthen me. I asked the Indians, who were wounded, about Estévan and what had occurred. For a while they said not a word but continued to lament with those of their villages. Finally, they told me that when Estévan had come within a day's journey of the city of Cibola, he sent messengers with his gourd to the chief at Cibola, to inform him that

Marcos would take nothing, would seem to show that greed had much to do with his independent actions. "It may not be out of place here to state that the birthplace of the negro Estévan was Azamor, the Asimur of to-day, on the coast of Morocco. It lies at the mouth of the River Morbeya."—Bandelier, *Contributions*, 156; Coues, *On the Trail* vol. ii, 480.

6. who brought the bad news to Fr. Marcos.

7. Doubtless a great exaggeration on the part of the Indians; perhaps thirty or forty would be nearer the truth. The pueblo of Cibola could scarcely have had more than three hundred warriors, who could not have wiped out an equal number without suffering great loss themselves. "The pueblo of Hawikuh, the one which the Friar doubtless saw, contained about two hundred houses, or between seven hundred and one thousand inhabitants." (*14th Annual Report*, p. 359.)

he came to conclude a peace and to cure them.<sup>8</sup> When the messengers gave him the gourd and he saw the rattles, he very angrily threw the gourd to the ground and said, 'I know this people, for those rattles are not of our make. Tell them that they should go back at once; if they do not, not a man of them will be left,' and he continued to be very angry. The messengers returned sad and dared not tell Estévan what they had been told, though finally they did tell him; but he said that they should not fear; that he would go nevertheless, because, although they had responded ill, they would still receive him well.

'So he went and reached the city of Cibola, as the sun was about to set, with all the people he had brought with him, about three hundred (?) men, not counting the many women. However they would not let him enter the city, but only a great house, which was very spacious, and which was outside the city. They immediately took from Estévan all he had, and said that this was the command of their chief; and during that whole night they gave them nothing to eat nor to drink.' The following day, the sun having just risen to the height of a lance,<sup>9</sup> my informant continued, 'Estevan left the house, and some of the chiefs with him. Soon a great multitude from the city approached, and when he saw them he took to flight and we likewise. Immediately they shot arrows at us and we were wounded and fell, and upon us fell others who were

dead. We remained in that condition until night not daring to move. We heard great shouting in the city, and we saw on the flat roofs many men and women who looked on, but we did not see Estévan any more. We believe that they killed him with arrows as they killed the rest who went with him, as no more escaped than we.' Observing what the Indians said, and the poor equipment for prosecuting my journey as I desired, I felt their loss as well as mine, and God is my witness how much I longed for some one whose counsel and opinion I could ask, because I confess that I was at the end of my wits. I told them that our Lord would punish the city of Cibola, and that when the Emperor learnt what had happened he would send many Christians who would chastize them. The Indians would not believe me, for they said that no one could do anything against the power of Cibola. I begged them to be consoled and not to weep, and I comforted them with the best words I could, which it would be too tedious to put down here. Then I left them and withdrew about one or two stones' throw, to recommend myself to God, which I did for an hour and a half. When I returned to them, I found Marcos, the Indian I had brought from Mexico, in tears. He said to me, 'Father, these Indians have agreed to kill you, because they say that on account of you and of Estévan their relatives have been killed, and that of them all not a man or a woman remains alive.' I went

8. "como venia á hacer paces y á curallos." It is clear that the negro actually represented himself as the real ambassador and as a great medicine man. But what of Fr. Marcos when he appeared? Greed and ambition seem to have led Estévan to form some dark plan which was frustrated by the very means he had employed to impress the natives of Cibola, and that he fell into the trap of his own making. It is a pity that so many trusting Indians likewise suffered, and that Fr. Marcos's errand was spoiled. Furthermore, the story given out by the Zufians of a later date to account for the murder of Estévan by their ancestors is disproved by the report which the Indians made to Fr. Marcos.

back to divide among the Indians what remained of my robes and gifts in order to appease them. Then I told them that they should bear in mind that if they killed me they would do me no harm whatever, for I should die a Christian and go to heaven; but that those who did the killing would suffer

for it, because the Christians would come in search of me, and that even against my will would kill them all. These and many other things which I said placated them somewhat, although they still felt deeply for those who had been killed."

(*To be continued*)

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## COMMENT BY THE WAY

*By Anna C. Minogue*

**S**TREET cars are a great institution. Originally intended to facilitate travel and still fulfilling that intention as far as traffic officers, automobiles, and unions will permit, they, at the same time, afford opportunity for improving one's mind and enlarging one's acquaintances; leisure to the devout to say their prayers, and to the sleepy to take a needed nap.

If you want to know what the various classes of society are thinking about, you have only to ride on the street cars at various hours of the day. Start early and touch elbows with the men who work in the machine shops and foundries, who clean streets and dig ditches, and when you catch ever and anon that rumble of discontent, and you watch the brooding of their thin faces, you know, however and by whatever it may be postponed, the day of the under-man will come. It is written in the justice of the universe; and you think how short-sighted is the system that creates the menace of the discontented masses.

Go out a little later, and you find

yourself among the factory people —a pale, thin-voiced, feeble-looking crowd of young men and women; of boys and girls who ought still to be in bed. Parts of the machines they operate, they still have the settled conviction: life never was intended to be the hopeless struggle they are finding it;—and it is not difficult to understand why the man who passes through the car distributing socialistic and anarchistic literature finds willing hands outstretched toward him. Even if it be but a dream, the hope portrayed, still will they feed their hungry souls on that idle dream.

Then come the clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers; the young business men and women. The atmosphere is different as the general appearance of the riders is different. Opportunity has opened a door for them into a world of better things, and beyond are other worlds to be conquered. You hear laughter among these people as they ride and talk. And so the stream moves on, until early afternoon brings the shoppers, the matinee-goers, the bridge-players—the sheltered wom-

en of the house, who labor not on the treadmill, nor spin out their souls that they and others may live; and who, when they stop long enough in their pleasant course to consider the condition of the workers, oppose the efforts for their amelioration. The working woman knows that the greatest obstacle in her way to the betterment of her condition is not the man she works for so much as the woman for whom the man works, the woman of the unawakened conscience, who can see no further than the walls of her home, and who would crucify the rest of humanity to contribute to the welfare of those she loves. Hate is scarcely less merciless than selfish love.—

Again, oftentimes as you ride, you will suddenly find a looking-glass before you—or, to be more exact, behind you, since sound carries better when the speakers are behind one—and as you gaze you see how those outside your circle, social, political, religious, regard you. You see yourself as others see you, which faculty Scotland's poet prayed for.

Some days ago, such a mirror was held up to me, and I saw how we Catholics can make our holy and beautiful religion distasteful by misdirected piety. A business man and a young business woman, were talking, when I heard the latter remark: "Things would go sailingly with me, if it weren't for Miss S—. She is a Catholic and all she seems to think of is getting ready for the next world. Now, I think if we try to keep fit for this world, we shall find ourselves ready for the next when the time comes to go. I can't possibly see that it does a bit of good to arise early and to go to

Mass, if one is sleepy all day and cross with other people in consequence. She is always making mistakes, and you know how that holds up others in their work. It surely doesn't incline any of us to love Miss S—when we have to stay five or ten minutes after quitting time simply because she has to do her work over. And then, she holds such a holier-than-thou attitude, and is so glum for days at a time. If Catholics have to take such a hard, stand-thou-out-of-my-way attitude to save their souls, I'm glad I'm not one of them. The world is full of beauty, and there are so many nice, good people, I think the Lord meant us to enjoy our journey through life as we make it. I'm sure poor Miss S—makes it as hard and disagreeable for herself as possible; but—" with a deep sigh, "I do wish she would not try to make it the same for others."

The man, perhaps knowing the mirror was being looked into, made a non-committal reply and deftly changed the subject, while I continued to study Miss S—. We have known her sort; many Catholic homes are afflicted by them, many parishes are burdened by them, many good works are retarded by them. They have a standard and they want the rest of the world to live according to it. When this is not done, and it seldom is, the atmosphere around that person is decidedly unpleasant. We have seen her withdraw into herself, until her own family became like strangers to her, as she lives her cold, unlovely, religious life. Neglect of personal appearance often follows; and the young, unthinking person, seeing in her an example of piety,

and perchance like this girl with Miss S—, suffering from her, is not going to be drawn closer to the life of the spirit.

"Why are pious people always dowdy?" you will hear it asked. Now, the best examples we have of religious people are priests and nuns, and yet it is rarely you will see any of them careless in matters of dress. Their garb does not change, you may say. Neither does the nurse's or the soldier's; but they always look trim. The habit, the uniform is the outward resemblance of the life of the religious, the nurse, and soldier; why should not the attire of the pious person in the world be expressive of her high life of the spirit? If example is mightier than precept, belive me, you are going to do more to lead others to the practice of religion if we see you trig and clean, instead of presenting a down-and-out appearance.

But to come back to the street car and its mirrors. A couple of weeks after the above incident, again two people behind me, both women this time, began to discuss a co-religionist:

"I was brought up to look suspiciously on Catholics," one said, "and probably I would not have taken Miss D— in the board if I had known in advance she was a Catholic. But she showed me how I had been misjudging her Church. She never said a word about religion but she lived it. No matter what the weather, she would go to Mass on Sundays, and yet she never made the rest of us feel we were less good, because less heroic in facing the elements. Ami-

able and fun-loving, always ready to meet you halfway in having things pleasant in the house, and tender and sympathetic when you were in trouble, she was loved by all of us. And through her we met other Catholics; and now some of my dearest friends are members of that Church. If I weren't a dyed-in-the-wool Methodist, I'd be a Catholic myself. When Miss D— went back to her home, we felt as if there had been almost a death in the family."

It is not necessary to make any comment upon that picture. Miss D—was living the life of a good Catholic. Her faith was not a light in a narrow, foolishly darkened heart; but one in a heart with its windows opened wide, so that all passing might see and be cheered by its friendly glow. Perhaps none of His followers outside the circle of His personally chosen companions, more nearly resembled the Master than Francis of Assisi, and who, in the annals of sanctity, was happier than he! If men foolishly turned away and would not listen to his preaching, well, his little brothers and sisters among the birds and the fishes were at hand; and so long he had some hearers among God's creatures to talk to of his love, Francis was content. In God's own time his human brethren would be roused to a sense of their folly, and he went his way rejoicing.

The poet who prayed that good St. Francis might come to earth again, to teach men simplicity and joyousness and humanity, finds many to utter it after him.

## ST. MARY'S INDIAN SCHOOL, ODANAH, WIS.

*By Sr. M. Macaria, O. S. F.*

A part of St. Mary's of to-day is a very old building; for nearly two years before the first shrieking shell at Fort Sumter announced to the world the beginning of our great Civil War, a school had been opened for the Indian children by the Presbyterians, at Odanah. How this old building became St. Mary's Indian School is the burden of this sketch. The Presbyterian minister had never wielded much influence over the Chippewas, as a people; indeed, some of them complained that he had secured a large share of their most valuable land, that on which the school was located, and it seems without financially compensating them for it. Hence, the bell which announced the opening of St. Mary's log cabin school tolled the death knell of the Presbyterian Mission School. The Catholic children attending the latter forsook it in favor of St. Mary's and their example was followed by so many of the pagan children that the Protestant clergyman in charge saw that if he would not have a white elephant on his hands he must dispose of the Presbyterian School property. He seems, however, to have been choice about his purchasers; Catholics, for obvious reasons, were not on the list of eligibles. Indeed, it had been said that the Catholics would never get it, but this statement only furnished another exemplification of the well known proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes," and Providence had ordained that this Protestant mission

should become a radiating center of Catholic worship.

After passing into the hands of two or three parties, the Presbyterian Mission School was finally used as a supply depot for logging camps; and at times part of it furnished accommodations for the loggers themselves.

In 1888, the three Misses Drexel, one of whom is now the Venerable Mother M. Katherine, so well known in connection with Indian and Negro mission work, in company with Monsignor Stephan, who was at that time Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, visited St. Mary's. Seeing the over-crowded condition of the school, they assisted the Sisters in various ways, and, the following year, purchased for them the Presbyterian Mission School property for \$8,000. This included one hundred and sixty acres of land, the greater part of which was under cultivation, in addition to the school building mentioned. St. Mary's two new classrooms were now moved to the same location; the Presbyterian Mission School became "St. Mary's Indian Industrial School," the "Old St. Mary's," of 1883,—the log school,—was converted into a laundry, and the Sisters thought they were permanently settled. As a matter of fact, as far as location went, they were, but as in the days of ancient Rome the land question was the eternal question, so at St. Mary's the question of "elbow-room" has continually asserted itself. Three

years after the Sisters took charge of the Protestant Mission School, which contained fifteen or twenty good-sized rooms, the dormitories were over-crowded and Mother Katherine again proved herself the friend of the Indians by contributing \$5,000 for an addition which practically doubled the school's capacity. This addition included a chapel which the Sisters allowed to be used for the benefit of the Catholic Indians of the Reservation, the Catholic population having long since out-grown the old church, erected in 1865. Of this chapel, the sacristan might relate many a tale. Here at seasonable and unseasonable hours, sacred rites were administered, prayers offered. On Christmas Eve, her dreams were interrupted long before midnight by the sound of many voices in the chapel. Fearing she had overslept, she hastened anxiously thither, but her fears were soon allayed. The good Chippewas were merely satisfying their devotion by singing hymns for nearly an hour before the Mass began. As a rule, the chapel was not locked until eight o'clock in the evening. Not accustomed to look for worshippers at any hour, one night the Sister sacristan was greatly frightened by unexpectedly coming upon a

good Chippewa who was devoutly going the Stations. She went back to the community room complaining that he had not given notice of his presence. "He might at least have opened his mouth!" she exclaimed, after relating her experience. "Since it was pitch dark in there," rejoined a Sister, "what good would it have done you had he opened his mouth? You couldn't have seen it." Hereupon, all had a merry laugh at the sacristan's expense.

Will it shock our readers' sensibilities to learn that vermin and fleas were a portion of the Indian's property in those days? "Elbow room" in the chapel, therefore, was a serious proposition; and, of all places, the school,—and the chapel on Sundays, when the entire congregation was present,—afforded the least. The Sisters who had to mingle with the



St. Mary's Parish Church

crowd, looking after the children, were especially exposed to unpleasant experiences on this account. That this was not one of their least trials, the writer can testify. The memory of this unpleasant discovery and the feelings it occasioned, are still fresh in her mind, yet side by side in memory's store-house is the remembrance of her superior's truly apostolic spirit. When the afflicted Sister went to her for sym-

pathy, this good religious gave her disheartened subject a Catholic paper containing an account of the departure and farewell of a number of Sisters of Charity who had offered themselves for life service on one of the leper islands. The Sister needed no more to make her satisfied with her lot. That to-day, the majority of the Indian homes of Odanah compare favorably with the well-kept homes of the white race and the person and dress of the Indian child is as cleanly as that of his white brother, is only one of many proofs that the Indian is not the last to recognize a good thing—a point, too, in favor of the mission school's influence upon these people.

To Father Odoric, O.F.M., is due the credit for relieving the congested condition of the school chapel. The majority of the Indians at this date, 1899, had funds to their credit, held in trust, however, by the Government, which permitted, upon application of the individual Indians, the use for the erection of a new church, also for the enlargement and improvement of the school. Of these funds, the Indians gave generously, and it is largely due to this fact that Odanah, to-day, can boast of a handsome church, and St. Mary's gradually developed into the building described in my last article. For years, all sorts of expediencies had to be resorted to, for classroom space; even the old log building, which had been fitted up for laundry purposes, had to be called into service again in this capacity. This service was unsatisfactory, however, since, on laundry days, the pupils had to pack up their books and seek admission elsewhere.

Hence they became known as the "moving" school. Now they were located in a wing of the old Presbyterian Mission which served as a dwelling place for the hired help connected with the school farm; again, when the new church was completed, a part of the old school chapel afforded them accommodation; even the little sacristy of the old chapel was not disdained when there was question of finding room for the ever increasing number of pupils. Finally, the old attic above the first two classrooms, in which the boys made so many trips to dreamland, was transformed into two large, handsome school rooms.

Sister M. Catherine was the Cheops of St. Mary's, but unlike the famous Egyptian whose works are to-day monuments of stability as well as antiquity, we can hardly say she "builded better than she knew." She did, however, the best with the amount of money at her disposal, and our seven beautiful classrooms in particular have often been the subject of complimentary remarks. Stone can not be procured at Odanah and cement foundations were out of the question at that date; hence, the entire building to-day, with the exception of the gymnasium and the last two classrooms erected, rests upon cedar-posts and is badly in need of a solid foundation, besides many other necessary repairs.

At one time in the school's history, forty stoves were required for heating the building and about the same number of lamps were needed for light; while the question of supplying the various departments with water was another source of anxiety.

Sister Catherine who succeeded

Sister Cunegunda as superior of the mission, had the responsibility of overseeing the school under these conditions. When the question of "elbow room" was no longer a pressing one, she planned and secured one by one those conveniences which to-day are termed "necessities"; viz., water works, a heating system, and a light plant. These installed, a large and com-

ing which at first rested on cedar posts, the church walls were marred by numerous cracks. Then too, at first, it was heated by stoves which were not only unsatisfactory as far as heat was concerned but they also disfigured the walls by smoke. Fr. Optatus, O.F.M., our pastor, who but recently has been transferred to Quincy, Ill., succeeded not only in having the church



Interior of St. Mary's Parish Church, Odanah, Wisconsin

pletely up-to-date barn and a good-sized laundry erected, her labors seemed light and short in the joy she experienced at the growth of the school, to which she had given nineteen years of efficient and loyal service.

In regard to a solid foundation, St. Mary's Church has fared better than St. Mary's School. Owing to the rising and falling of the build-

placed on a cement foundation and in installing a heating system, but, by the beauty of its decorations, he has made St. Mary's a veritable little gem. From its lofty steeples three chiming bells ring out the call for divine service, and city people might justly be proud of such a church; but, on an Indian Reservation, it stands a forcible rebuke to paganism, the eulogium of the

Chippewas, who glory in the accomplishment of an object that for years seemed impossible, and who,

in the words of the Psalmist, "love the beauty of God's house and the place where his glory dwelleth."

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### A MARTYR OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Late one evening, as the friars of the Franciscan convent in Bayonne, France, were about to retire to their poor beds, a band of Huguenots broke unexpectedly into their humble home and shouting, "Death to the papists!" attacked the defenceless religious and cruelly put them to the sword or tortured them to death by fire. When all were supposed to be dead, the furious rabble noticed that the Fr. Guardian was not among the slain, and they at once began a search for him. They found the saintly friar just on the point of leaving the altar with the ciborium clasped tightly to his breast. With loud shouts they rushed on him endeavoring to tear the holy vessel from his hands to profane the sacred Hosts. But in spite of the exertions of the heretics, the aged Franciscan, endowed with the strength from above, clung tightly to his sacred treasure. Seeing that their efforts were vain, one of the Calvinists struck the priest savagely on the head with his sword and he sank unconscious to the ground, the others completing the dastardly work with their daggers. But in death as in life, the faithful custodian of his Eucharistic Lord kept his loving grasp on the ciborium nor could the united strength of his murderers take it from him. Finally, they dragged the lifeless body to the river Gave, which flows, swift and deep, by the town. The body sank at first, but immediately rose to the surface in the middle of the stream and peacefully lying as on a couch, the hands still tightly clasping his God on his breast, the holy martyr floated down the river. Terrified beyond all measure, his assassins remained on the bank, watching the wondrous sight; others came up, and soon an enormous crowd followed the corpse and its holy burden down the stream, but no one ventured to stay its progress.

At Bayonne was another Franciscan friary built alongside the river. When the body of the martyr arrived there, it slowly changed its course and floated under the convent walls, where it remained stationery. The bishop having been informed of the strange occurrence, formed a procession from the cathedral, and amidst the ringing of bells, the burning of incense, and the joyful waving of banners, he wended his way to the river bank. When he arrived there, the body of the holy priest was gently taken from its watery couch, and the bishop had not the least difficulty in removing the ciborium with its precious contents from the folded hands that had so successfully resisted the brutal efforts of the heretics to drag it from their grasp. The sacred Hosts were then borne in solemn procession to the cathedral, while the body of the martyr was laid to rest among his brethren in the Franciscan church, and numerous miracles are said to have taken place at his tomb.—*Annals of the Order.*

## IL SANTO

**J**UST now the film, "Frate Sole" (Brother Sun), of which St. Francis is the leading figure, is drawing vast crowds in Rome. Last week it was exhibited before cardinals and many other high ecclesiastical dignitaries in the Cancelleria Apostolica. In commenting on it one of the Roman dailies says: "I am not saying anything new when I call attention to the singular fortune which in our time has been reserved to St. Francis. He is the saint who to-day enjoys the largest and widest popularity. Perhaps the word 'popularity' is not the proper one to indicate a favor, a sympathy which is not restricted to the simple, the devout, and the humble, but extends also to the proud, and to the worst category of the proud: the intellectuals. On the other hand, it would neither be exact to use the word 'vogue,' which would signify a fashionable predilection. Oh, no! the bending of the minds and hearts toward St. Francis can not be defined as a fashionable caprice, even though some fall in with the movement from a corresponding sentiment." (Corriere d'Italia, June 29.)

In the same daily paper (June 27), appeared the following: "Statistics compiled according to information received by the Secretaria Generale of the Order in Rome from 36 provinces of the Friars Minor show the contribution the Franciscan Order has given and continues to give to the countries in arms. It will suffice to rest the eyes on this list which is so significant of the part the religious orders take in maintaining the spiritual resistance which Italy asks of its citizens in this the decisive hour of its history. Priests, 1076: scho-

lastics and lay-brothers, 939; making a total of 2015 religious whom the Order has given to the country. Of these 86 are chaplains in the army and in various hospitals; 24 are assistant chaplains; the others are rendering service to the sick and the wounded or are actual combatants; 49 have been reported dead; 66 wounded; and 69 have been made prisoners. While the statistics in other works regarding the war are not complete, it is known that 13 convents are being used for military purposes (barracks, laboratories, etc.), and 96—most of them spontaneously offered to the government—as hospitals, asylums for the refugees, etc.

"A magnificent example this of the manner in which the religious orders serve their country. All the orders have felt the duty, but this duty had to be felt in an especially fervid and devout manner by the sons of that saint who wished his country to remain religious and faithful to its mission of being the vanguard of Catholicism in the world, which he loved with a seraphic love unto the last hour of his life. May Italy, which admires the Saint of Assisi as one of its greatest glories, as the apostle of universal charity and the inspirer of artists, poets, and saints for a long course of centuries, to-morrow—when the victorious war will have crowned its sacrifices—remember, that the sons of St. Francis have not been unworthy of their Seraphic Patriarch. Humble as their Father, they divide with the humble joys and pains, laboring silently and modestly for the civil and religious welfare of the common country."—Communicated.

## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy, St. Antony's College.**—On the feast of the Sacred Heart, in the absence of the Most Rev. Fr. General, the Very Rev. Procurator celebrated the solemn High Mass and renewed the public consecration of the entire Order to the Sacred Heart.

This year the novena preparatory to the feast of St. Antony, the patron of our church and convent, was preached by Fr. Antony, of the province of St. Antony in Venice. As usual the novena was attended by a vast multitude of the votaries of the great Wonderworker. On the eve of the feast, Fr. General surprised us very agreeably by unexpectedly returning for the day. Cardinal Giustini, Protector of the Order, was our guest of honor at dinner and he also officiated at the Benediction with the Most Blessed Sacrament in the evening. The number of Holy Communions was between 2000-3000. The crowd of people at the solemn Mass and the blessing of lilies which followed and, especially at the close of the novena in the evening, was simply countless. At the latter celebration, the church was literally crowded as I have never seen a church crowded before for so long a time—so much so that very many people, despairing of gaining admittance, returned to their homes disappointed. The devotion of the Romans for St. Antony is marvelous. It must be borne in mind that ours is only one of the many Franciscan and other churches in Rome where the memory of the saint is honored and his power implored by immense multitudes. Six hundred lilies, which were blessed in our church, were soon carried away in warm competition.

Some time ago, an order of the Marine Authorities ordered the mayor of Florence to cut all the available trees of the historic forest of La Verna for the purpose of building ships. This order at once aroused a wave of national consternation and indignation, not only among the friends of St. Francis and his Order, but among all those who have at heart the preservation of the historic monuments of the land. The Government was

at once deluged with protests of the most emphatic kind from every quarter, expected and unexpected. The mayor of Florence (the forest is the property of the city of Florence) came to Rome in person to lend weight to his protest. The Very Rev. Provincial of the province of La Verna (the readers will remember that it was there that St. Francis received the sacred stigmata) also came to Rome to enlist the influence of the dowager-queen Marguerite, the protectress of the sacred mount, toward the preservation of the forest. The result was the peremptory annulment of the strange order of the Marine authorities. The affair at least had the merit of once more showing the deep-rooted love and veneration of entire Italy for one of its greatest sons.

On June 28, Fr. Giacinto Tonizza, O. F. M., of the province of St. Clare of Assisi, had an audience with the Holy Father. He has just returned from Constantinople, where he was the superior of the missions. He traveled through Austria, being obliged to pass a political quarantine (41 days) in Vienna. Whilst there he was given the liberty to leave the convent for a walk, etc. It is said, that Austria had requested the Holy See to appoint a Father of one of the neutral nations as superior of the missions in Turkey for the time of the war.—

Both our tailor and our shoemaker, being subjects of an enemy nation, have been ordered to leave Rome. They are allowed to stay in the convent of St. Elia, not far from Rome.

In accordance with the wish of the Holy Father, the college repaired to St. Peter's, on June 29, to join in the prayers for a just, honorable, and lasting peace. The spectacle of devotion at St. Peter's was beyond description.

After finishing the visitation and presiding at the triennial chapters of the two provinces of the Marches, our Most Rev. Fr. General returned to Rome on July 10, to be present at the oral examinations of the theologians of the college, which were held on July 11, 12, and 13,

An hour was employed in examining each student in the various branches of theology, Fr. General not only presiding in person but also taking a lively part in propounding questions and difficulties to the candidates. On the eve of St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor and especial patron of the Franciscan schools of philosophy and theology, Fr. General was our guest in the college refectory. After the respective notes of the examinations were read by one of the Rev. Lectors, Fr. General tendered his hearty congratulations to the professors as well as to the students on the good work accomplished during the year to which the examinations bore a flattering testimony, and he admonished the students in a fatherly manner to be spurred on to further diligence and seraphic ambition by their success.

On July 16, the theologians, accompanied by one of the Rev. Lectors and by Fr. Rocco, the procurator of the convent, proceeded to the summer villa of the college in St. Elia, near Rome, with much gladness and lightness of heart. They will spend a month in that delightful place; thereupon they will return to Rome to be replaced in St. Elia by the philosophers. As these began the school term a month later than the theologians, owing to peculiar conditions existing last fall, their examinations were postponed until July 30, 31, and August 1. These, too, are being conducted by Fr. General in person.

On July 20, Cardinal Giustini, the Protector of the Order, kindly accepted the invitation of Fr. General and together they paid a visit to our convent in St. Elia to be present at the celebration of the feast of the great prophet, the patron of the little burg. Besides a visit from the friendly and gentle Cardinal never fails to delight the friars, because of the joy he makes no secret of experiencing in their company.

Fr. General will remain in Rome for the celebration of the feast of St. Dominic, on which day he hopes to have the pleasure of greeting the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Dominican Order after his return from his trip around the world, on which he set out over a year ago and in the course of which he visited practically all the establishments of his Order.

After the feast of St. Dominic, our Fr. General will resume his visitation of the Italian provinces of the Order. Sad as the times are and much as his heart must bleed at the sight of the havoc and desolation wrought in the ranks of the religious by the war, he feels that it is his duty to bring the consolation of his presence and fatherly interest, advice and encouragement to his stricken flock.

Although the subject is not a spiritual one, the readers will nevertheless be interested in the fact, that a number of American soldiers stationed in Italy came to Rome to stage a game of baseball on the afternoon of Pentecost Sunday. It was played in the principal park of Rome. In spite of the threatening weather a large crowd of young and old gathered to witness the play. Our boys were given a most enthusiastic reception and many a warm ovation in the course of the game, which was played with considerable cleverness. Two bands of music played the various national airs of the United States and the Allied Nations and thus helped to keep both players and spectators in continual good cheer. The students of the American College and other American ecclesiastics in Rome were not only present, but they were also privileged to enter the playing field and mingle with the soldier boys. It was a very enjoyable afternoon all round and the "Sammies" can well be satisfied with the effect they produced and the memory they left behind them in Rome. May they soon come again!

It is even more cheering for us to learn from a well-known priest of the United States, who is at present staying in Rome, that he visited one of the American aviation stations in Italy during the Easter period and that every Catholic soldier, save one, complied with his Easter duty. The example of so many of his companions, let us hope and pray, will also induce the remaining one to make his peace with God before he flies to his death for his country.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—The Rev. Director of the St. Francis and the St. Louis Tertiary Fraternities, Fr. Ulric Petri, o.F.M., commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on July 2 by a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving. He was assisted at the altar by his Reverend brother,

Henry C. Petri, of Charleston, Mo., as deacon, and by Rev. Fr. Bernard, O.F.M., of Joliet, Ill., a fellow student, as sub-deacon. Another brother of the jubilarion, Rel. Brother David Petri, O.F.M., who for the past thirty-two years has been active among the Indians in Keshena, Wis., was present at the happy celebration, which was of a strictly private character. Rev. Fr. Ulric is one of the best friends and staunchest supporters, of *Franciscan Herald*, and we take great pleasure in extending to him our heartiest congratulations and in wishing him still many years of blessed activity in the service of the Master, especially in his endeavors to foster and spread the Third Order among the faithful.—

The feast of Porziuncola was solemnized with more than usual pomp this year and greater crowds than ever gathered at St. Peter's to gain the famous Franciscan indulgence. The solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Linus, Guardian of the novitiate monastery at Teutopolis, Ill., assisted by Rev. Fr. Herman Joseph, of St. Joseph's College, and Rev. Fr. Bonaventure, who after a brief absence at Sioux City, Iowa, is again located at St. Peter's.

**St. Paul, Minn., Sacred Heart Church.**—Both branches of our Tertiary fraternity are progressing rapidly. Since January last, twenty new members have been added to the roster, while fifty-five Tertiaries, who for a long time had not been in touch with the Order, have again become active members. The attendance at the monthly meetings is steadily increasing, so that since the beginning of June we are able to hold our meetings independently of the regular parish services and can now close them with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It was decided at the last meeting to hold a retreat for the Tertiaries in autumn. The enthusiasm manifested by all present points to a decided success of this our first Third Order retreat.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.**—At our regular monthly meeting held July 7, seven postulants were received into the Third Order, and sixteen novices were admitted to their profession, while on August 4, twenty new members received the Tertiary cord and scapular and thirteen pronounced their profession. Our Rev. Director has now

come forward with a splendid plan for the reorganization of our fraternity. He proposes to divide up the 1400 Tertiaries, who now form our fraternity, into groups of ten members each, to be chosen from the immediate neighborhood in which the Tertiaries live. Each group of ten will be called a "Chapter," which will be in charge of a "Captain." Five Chapters thus formed will be united into a "Conference," which will be placed under the special protection of some patron Saint and will be in charge of a prefect. In this way it is hoped that greater efficiency will be established in Tertiary activity; the Director will be enabled more easily to keep in close personal touch with the individual members; the Tertiaries themselves will become better known with one another; the sick and needy Tertiaries will not be overlooked; the deceased members will not be deprived of the special benefit of our prayers. Our Rev. Director has called for quick action on the part of the members to bring this plan to a happy and speedy realization, so that it will be in full working order within the next two months.

The members were most agreeably surprised to learn that a summer resort, El Pajaro Springs, has been purchased and will be ready for occupancy next season. It has been renamed St. Francis Springs. Whereas at other resorts, our Director explained, it is said that the main occupation of the resorters is to keep out of the way of people whom one does not know, at this Tertiary resort the chief occupation will be to meet our fellow Tertiaries, our brothers and sisters in St. Francis, and thus foster the friendships already formed and become acquainted with those still unknown to us. We Tertiaries of St. Boniface certainly owe a debt of gratitude to our Rev. Director, who, notwithstanding his manifold duties as pastor of a large congregation, always finds time to devote to our spiritual and even temporal betterment. We beg God to reward him!

**New Orleans, La., St. Clare Monastery.**—The great feast of St. Clare of Assisi was ushered in this year at the local monastery of the Poor Clares by a most impressive service on the eve of the day, August 11, at 6 o'clock. Rev. James Malone, O.P., preached on this occasion.

While congratulating the Sisters on the grace of their vocation, he took occasion to induce those of his hearers among the laity that crowded the chapel to its capacity, who are prevented by circumstances from following in the footsteps of St. Clare, to join the ranks of the Franciscan Tertiaries and thus like her become a child of the Seraphic Father St. Francis. Solemn Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament and veneration of the relic of St. Clare closed the ceremony.

The feast day itself was solemnized at 9 A. M., with a High Mass sung by Rev. Oscar Wocet, S.J., while Rev. J. J. O'Brien, S.J., chaplain of the monastery, Rev. Leander Roth, Director of the Third Order, and Rev. Aniceto Cardenas occupied seats in the sanctuary. Although no sermon had been scheduled for the occasion, Rev. Father Roth, seeing the chapel crowded beyond all measure by the devotees of St. Clare, and recalling the words of the Savior, "I have compassion on the multitude," delivered an impromptu address on the Saint in the course of which he gave vent to his great enthusiasm for the three grand Orders of St. Francis and exhorted all those who can not join either the First or the Second Order, to enter the ranks of the Tertiaries. After Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, Rev. J. J. O'Brien, distributed to the faithful the small pieces of blessed bread in memory of the miraculous bread obtained so often from Heaven by St. Clare for her spiritual daughters.

**Joliet, Ill., St. Francis Academy.**—*Veni, sponsa Christ!*—“Come, spouse of Christ!” was the jubilant salutation that

greeted twenty young women as they entered the convent chapel in solemn procession on the feast of St. Clare, resolved to consecrate themselves to God in the religious life. They were accompanied by nineteen novices, who were to take their temporary vows, and by ten Sisters, who were to pronounce their perpetual vows. The solemn Mass was celebrated by Right Rev. Monsignor F. A. Rempe, V.G., of Chicago, who also presided at the ceremonies of reception and profession. Rev. Fr. Linus, O.F.M., Guardian of the novitiate monastery at Teutopolis, Ill., preached the preparatory retreat and took the renewal of profession of fifty-two other Sisters earlier in the day. A large number of the reverend clergy, both secular and regular, honored the Sisters with their presence on this happy occasion.

**Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Monastery.**—With most impressive ceremonies, on July 15, four young men, graduates of St. Antony's Seraphic College, Santa Barbara, Cal., were admitted to the novitiate of the First Order of St. Francis, by Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus Storff, O.F.M., Provincial of the Franciscans on the Pacific Coast. They were: Theodore Bucher, Fr. Mark; David McCarthy, Fr. Patrick; Michael Ruiz, Fr. Paschal; Earl Powleson, Fr. Luke. After the ceremony of investment, the six clerics who had completed their year of probation were admitted to their simple vows. They will remain at the monastery to continue their studies under the direction of Rev. Fr. Pamphilus, O.F.M. To these neo-professed as well as to the happy novices *Franciscan Herald* extends heartiest congratulations.

## OBITUARY

### Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

*St. Francis Fraternity*:—Nellie Morrison, Sr. Frances; Bridget Donovan, Sr. Elizabeth.

*St. Louis Fraternity*:—Catherine Bowers, a novice.

*St. Elizabeth Fraternity*:—Catherine Kasper, Sr. Margaret; Catherine Fortmann, Sr. Elizabeth; Barbara Weber, Sr. Rose; Amalia Abel, Sr. Francisca.

**Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church**:—Marie Collins.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church**:—Mathilda Cameron; Mrs. A. Kerr; Anna Papen; Honorah Conlon; Anne Coghlan; Ellen Doran; Mrs. Phillips; Mary E. Kilcommon.

**Spokane, Wash.**:—Louise Goodwin, Sr. Colette.

**Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church**:—William Fahrendorf, Bro. Joseph.

# Franciscan Herald

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## Editorial Comment

### "BLESSED ART THOU AMONGST WOMEN"

These words form the conclusion of the angel's greeting to Mary and the beginning of Elizabeth's. "In the same terms," says St. Bede, "Mary was praised by Gabriel and by Elizabeth, so that she might appear honorable and blessed both with the angels and with men; because she has brought blessings to both." Mary is called blessed, that is, hallowed, consecrated, holy, worthy of praise, highly favored with blessings herself, and overflowing with blessings for others. She is blessed, in the first place, because of her divine maternity. In virtue of this mysterious prerogative, she was at once Virgin and Mother. Neither before, nor during, nor after the birth of her divine Infant was she required to sacrifice the charm of her maidenhood, so that she was in truth a virginal mother. More than that, by this same privilege she became the Mother of God, and this is a favor and an honor greater than which God himself could not bestow on a mere creature. "The holy Virgin is indeed blessed," writes St. Peter Chrysologus, "for by the power of the Holy Ghost she deserved to be with child and yet to retain the crown of virginity. She is blessed, for is she is greater than the heavens, immenser than the earth, more capacious than all things created; because she bore Him who bears the universe, and nursed Him who nourishes all things living."

It goes without saying that this singular privilege of the Blessed Virgin gives her a prestige and a place of honor in the divine economy of salvation that none of her sex can ever aspire to. For what woman, no matter how virtuous and honorable, can hope, on becoming a mother, not to be deprived of her virginity? What woman, either before or after the coming of our Savior, has ever deemed herself worthy of being his mother? Justly is she called blessed, therefore, among all women; because in her the whole female sex has been honored and the entire human race has been blessed.

For not only because of the blessings with which God has favored her do we call her blessed, but also on account of the blessings which she has brought us. Among all the women of ancient and modern times there is none that has such a claim to our gratitude as the ever blessed

Virgin Mary. Sarai was blessed, because through her the people of God was propagated. Esther and Judith were blessed, because the one by her prudence and the other by her courage saved the chosen people from destruction. Mary is blessed, because she bore, not the progenitor of a single race and figure of our Savior, but the Creator and Redeemer himself. Mary is blessed, because she saved, not one nation from the wrath of an earthly monarch, as did Esther, but the entire human race from the anger of an offended God. Mary is blessed, because she overcame, not the leader of a hostile army, as did Judith, but the archenemy of mankind; for it was she that crushed the serpent's head. How much more truly then do the words addressed to Judith after her signal victory, apply to Mary: "Blessed art thou, O daughter, by the Lord, the most high God, above all women upon the earth. Blessed be the Lord, who made heaven and earth, who hath directed thee to the cutting off the head of the prince of our enemies. Because he hath so magnified thy name this day, that thy praise shall not depart out of the mouth of men who shall be mindful of the power of the Lord for ever."

"Blessed is the fruit of thy womb." These words form the second half of Elizabeth's salutation, and through them the Mother as well as the Son is honored. Mary is praised as the excellent tree that bore the most exquisite of fruits in the person of Jesus, who is true God of the true God, light of the light, splendor of the Father, the almighty Creator of heaven and earth, the King of kings, the expectation of nations, the Prince of peace. In these words, we praise the divine Savior for the inexpressible grace of his Incarnation, by which from objects of wrath we have become children of God and heirs of heaven, yes, even partakers of the divine nature itself. It is well for us, therefore, gratefully to recall this mystery and frequently to reflect on what St. Bernard says: "O Mary," he exclaims, "thou wonderful tree in the new paradise! O Jesus, thou precious fruit on this tree of life! How potent, how refreshing, how wholesome is this heavenly fruit. Through it the just receive grace and the sinner forgiveness."

To the salutation of Elizabeth Pope Urban IV added the holy Name of Jesus. This is a most worthy and fitting conclusion to the prayer of praise in honor of Mary. For it is to Jesus, her divine Son, that she is indebted for all her graces and prerogatives. Hence, in mentioning the name of Jesus along with that of Mary, Catholics give expression to their belief that by venerating the Mother they honor also and above all the Son, and that Mary is blessed among women, because she bore Jesus in her heart as well as on her arms.



#### SAUVE QUI PEUT

In one of his recent speeches, Mr. Winston Churchill made the declaration that this war is a race with revolution. We wonder whether on this occasion, to borrow the phrase of another British official, he was not needlessly frank. Was it necessary for a minister of the British Government to inform the world that the rumors which the belligerents had been so sedulously spreading about impending revolutions in the hostile camps were actually founded on truth? Was it wise at this stage of the conflict to call attention to the fact that the danger of a

universal upheaval is still present if not imminent? Perhaps. What we know of Mr. Churchill is not sufficient to inspire us with overmuch confidence in his wisdom. Even in the present case, we are inclined to credit him not so much with foresight as with the courage of his convictions. Possibly the immunity of his office has lent him the hardihood to give public expression to the fears which many have entertained in private. At all events, there can be no harm in commenting on his statement whether wisely or unwisely made.

If a storm of revolution is actually brewing, where must we look for it to arise? Which are the forces now at work preparing the momentous changes that are thought to be threatening the world? Further, assuming that the revolution is inevitable, will it be violent and bloody or a revolution by due course of law? Will it come during the war or after it? Will it be political or social or both? These are the questions that suggest themselves to the anxious observer of present-day conditions.

There can be no doubt that the war instead of weakening, as some had thought and others had hoped, has in reality strengthened the hands of the Governments still engaged in the conflict. Even in the neutral countries, there is no sign of an imminent collapse of the reigning houses and powers. In spite of occasional waving of red flags, the Governments of the various countries apparently have no fears of being forced out of business in the near future. Never before has the world witnessed such a spectacle of well-nigh universal State omnipotence—and this world has seen many strange sights. Everywhere the constitutional rights of the people have been suspended *for the period of the war*, and emergency measures introduced which to liberty-loving peoples are as odious as they are novel. Even in our own dear United States, the home of democracy, the land of the free, time-honored doctrines regarding man's inalienable rights have undergone such a change that our Government is in reality, what the framers of the Constitution intended it to be in time of war, an autocracy. In so far as the transformation was made imperative by the desire to win the war, nobody will find fault with it. But in so far as it carries within itself the germ of possible revolution, it is viewed by many with no little alarm.

State absolutism, or the desire of the State to make itself supreme in all things and to supplant society and the family has more than once been its own undoing. Society is as jealous of its duties as it is of its privileges, and it resents as much interference with the one as curtailment of the other. This statement is borne out by the history of revolutions ancient and modern.

Hence, sooner or later there must come a reaction against the autocracy of the States, a reversal to ante-bellum conditions. Whether the swing of the pendulum will be sudden and violent or gradual and measured, depends on the willingness or the unwillingness of the Governments to surrender the powers with which the people, under the pressure of military necessity and not without grave misgivings, have parted. Governments as a rule are not anxious or willing to make concessions to their subjects. Generally speaking, the former are as insistent on their authority as the latter on their liberty. Herein precisely lies the danger of revolution; and this danger is just as great in liberty-loving countries

as in autocratically ruled States. Whether a despot like Louis XIV exploits society in the interests of the State, which in his opinion is himself, or whether a party of socialists and anarchists seize on the existing social needs and evils and the resultant disaffection of the masses as a welcome means to further their own principles and interests, is quite immaterial. An absolutistic democracy is no more proof against revolution than an independent and irresponsible monarchy or oligarchy. State absolutism is just as odious in the one case as in the other.

The true cause of revolution, according to a liberal-minded monarch who perhaps for his own edification undertook to write a book on the real mission of sovereigns, is the revolution from above, through which the entire social structure with all its members, its resources and activities, its churches, its estates, its legislature, its economics, its charitable institutions, its religious communities and exercises should be hampered and oppressed and degraded to the level of mere instruments of an irresponsible officialdom or of a military despotism. So long therefore as the attempts of the State to usurp the offices of society continue, so long the State should be held accountable for revolutions. State socialists, of course, think they are rendering the State a service when they preach State supremacy in all things, even social, and that from the State all help must come. The citizens of the middle class cheerfully applaud this doctrine in the hope that the State, out of gratitude, will the more readily send out its armies to protect their moneybags, especially, if the revolutionaries should lust after them. All the while both the State socialists and the smug bourgeoisie are in blissful ignorance of the fact that they are preaching and preparing revolution.



### BOOK REVIEW

*Christ's Life in Pictures* is an altogether unique collection of art pictures on the life of Christ. We know of nothing quite like it on the market in content, make-up, and in price. Rev. George A. Keith, S. J., has done well to collect these scenes from our Savior's life and to furnish them with appropriate scriptural texts, and the Extension Press deserves to be congratulated on getting out so attractive a volume at so reasonable a price. No more appropriate gift book could be thought of than the one in question, and we have no doubt that before long it will be found in very many Catholic families. It is a picture book for young and old, and it can not but edify as well as delight all those who take it in hand. In future editions, we should like to see the name of the artist inscribed below each picture. This, we think, will materially increase the educational value of this already valuable work. Our readers may place their orders either with us or with the Extension Press.

*Christ's Life in Pictures*, Extension Press, Brooks Building, Chicago. Price \$1.50.



### A CORRECTION

A most unfortunate accident to the forms, after the proofs had been read, led to a confusing disarrangement of the text in the editorial, "The Third Order Convention," in our last issue. The last line at the bottom of page 333 should be transferred to the top of the page.

## BL. ROBERT MALATESTA

*By Fr. Silas, O. F. M.*

**T**HIS saintly Tertiary was born at Brescia, in Italy, of which city his father Pandolph Malatesta, Prince of Rimini, was governor. Already in childhood he showed marked evidences of piety and virtue. He found so great a delight in prayer that he devoted to it many hours of the day, and even in his sleep he was seen lying with outstretched arms or folded hands, his lips moving as if in prayer. As he grew in age, the love of God and of heavenly things more and more took possession of his soul, and to satisfy his fervent desire to serve God more perfectly, he joined to prayer the practice of self-denial and mortification. He frequently slept on the bare floor and chastised his body by fasts, disciplines, and the wearing of hair-cloth. How detached the pious child was from the things of the world, and to what a degree he was endowed with heavenly wisdom, was made clear by his answer to a question of his uncle regarding his future career: "I have but one desire, and that is, to be poor as Jesus was."

On the death of his father, Robert was received into the palace of his uncle Charles Malatesta, who carefully watched over his education and made him heir of all his possessions. In his new home, the holy youth continued his pious practices of prayer and mortification, and by the example of his virtuous life exercised a most wholesome influence on all who observed him. The honors and pleasures of

the court, far from captivating his heart, were most irksome to him, and he would gladly have abandoned all to serve God in a hidden life of poverty and penance. But persuaded that this was not the will of God, he submitted to the wishes of his uncle and married Margaret d'Este, the daughter of the Marquis of Ferrara. He was then eighteen years of age.

In the following year, Robert, at the death of his uncle, entered into the possession of his lands as Prince of Rimini, Cesena and Fano. He was now able to devote himself with greater freedom to works of piety and charity. He was a father to his subjects, especially to the poor. He not only bestowed on these abundant alms, not only visited them in their homes to relieve their needs, but also lodged them in his palace and waited on them himself, honoring in them the person of our Divine Savior. He daily assisted at Mass, frequently received Holy Communion with tears of devotion, and besides spending hours of the day and night in pious reading and contemplation, he every day recited the divine office with a devotion that aroused the admiration of all. He treated his body with such severity that he had to be obliged to mitigate his austerities. The love of recollection and prayer shown by the servant of God, his austerities and his contempt for the things of the world, caused his relatives and the nobles to fear that he would retire from the government of his lands

to embrace the life of a hermit; and he would perhaps have done so if he had not been restrained by his confessor.

God was pleased to reward the heroic virtues of his servant by visions and by the gift of miracles. On one occasion, he cured a possessed person by making the sign of the cross over his dwelling with a thorn from the crown of our Lord. In consequence of a vision of St. Francis, to whom he had a great devotion and who revealed to him that he would one day be his son, he joined the Third Order of Penance. The Saint, after some time, appeared to him again, showed him the sacred stigmata, and filled him with so great

a spiritual joy and consolation that he remained rapt in ecstasy for over an hour, and experienced in his own body the pain of the five wounds.

So pure and devout a soul was soon ripe for heaven. Bl. Robert had reached his twenty-second

year, when it was revealed to him that God would in a short time call him to himself. He received this news with great joy and began with renewed zeal and fervor to prepare for his passage to the next life. He daily approached the tribunal of Penance and the Holy Table and continually raised his heart to God in prayer and in the singing of psalms. His heroic patience amid the pains of his last illness edified all. After overcoming a last violent assault of the evil spirit, Bl. Robert with joyful countenance whispered, "I see heaven open," and peacefully delivered his soul to God. His happy death took place on October 10, 1432. He was buried, according to his

Bl. Robert of Malatesta



desire, clad in the Franciscan habit, in the cemetery of the Friars Minor, at Rimini. Many miracles attesting his power with God, were wrought at his tomb, and numerous were the favors obtained through his intercession by the faithful.

## St. Francis of Assisi

Saint Francis, none more loved than thee  
 Our earth hath trod;  
 Come back and roam our ways again,  
 Gay knight of God.

Ah! rare would be thy welcoming.—  
 In happy glee,  
 The birds thy magic name would lilt,  
 From tree to tree;

The waiting stars on high would flash  
 A glance of love,  
 And blithely haste thy Brother Wind,  
 Thy Sister Dove;

The flowers would kiss thy garments hem,  
 Where thou wouldest pass,  
 And eager bend thy feet to lave,  
 The whispering grass;

And men more meek and Christ-like grow,  
 With thee for guide,  
 Illumined by thy counsels true,  
 Cast sin aside.

O happy troubadour of God,  
 Teach us thy way;  
 May Virtue charm us more and more,  
 From day to day.

As once thy blessing wasted from  
 Alverna's height,  
 So bless us still, we humbly pray,  
 Assisi's Knight.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

## THE SECOND ENGLISH PROVINCE

*By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.*

### Its Founder

**T**HE banishment of the Franciscan Observants on June 12, 1559, and the subsequent seizure of the friaries was a blow from which the province never recovered. Although, as we have seen, a number of friars defied the Queen and remained in England, the adverse conditions under which they labored<sup>1</sup> as also the long reign of Elizabeth and the relentless severity of her measures against Catholics, necessarily effected the gradual extinction of the province. It is touching to read how for almost half a century, these persecuted friars surrounded by dangers and hardships of every description sought to uphold at least the essentials of their holy Rule. The official seal of the province was handed on from one martyr or confessor to another, who thus maintained to some extent the regular succession of superiors and the obedience of the few scattered friars.<sup>2</sup> Not less indicative of their zeal is the fact that even at this time when to be a friar and a priest meant exile or imprisonment English youths applied for admission into the Order, and after completing their novitiate and studies joined the brethren in the missions.<sup>3</sup> Such recruits, however, were few and far between, while the older friars who had survived the first storm of persecution passed one by one to a better life. Hence, as years wore on without any abatement in the Government's hostile attitude toward

Catholics, the number of friars grew smaller and smaller. In his *Annales Minorum* under the year 1587, Luke Wadding commemorates the English province as having perished "by the fury of the heretics." Finally, in the statistics of the Order drawn up at the General Chapter, in 1623, the name of the English province is marked with a cross to indicate that canonically speaking it no longer existed.<sup>4</sup>

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there lived in Lichfield, Staffordshire, a Protestant family by the name of Gennings.<sup>5</sup> They had two sons, Edmund and John. The elder of these, Edmund, at an early age, chanced to come under Catholic influence, which soon resulted in his return to the old faith. Not long after his conversion, he left England and came to Douai, where he studied for some years at the English College. On March 18, 1590, at Soissons, he was ordained priest. Although physically unfit for the arduous life of a missionary, he was anxious to labor for the maintenance of the faith among his countrymen, and immediately after his ordination he received permission to set out for England.

At the time of Edmund's conversion, his brother John was a mere child. Reared and educated in Protestantism, nothing was farther from his mind than to follow in the footsteps of his brother. In fact, the news that Edmund had

1. See *Franciscan Herald*, August, 1918.—2. Mason: *Certamen Scaphicum* (Quaracchi, 1885), p. 19.—

3. Parkinson: *Antiquities of the English Franciscans* (London, 1726), p. 261.—4. Stone: *Faithful Unto Death* (London, 1862), p. 124.—5. The subsequent narrative is based on *The Life and Death of Mr. Edmund Gennings, Priest*. This interesting and edifying narrative was written by the martyr's brother, John, and published at St. Omer, in 1614.

become a Catholic and, what was worse, a priest served only to steal the heart of John against everything that might influence his creed and mode of life. After the death of his parents, he proceeded to London, where he soon fell a victim to the godless spirit of the times. Many a time, no doubt, the young man thought of his brother, never for a moment surmising what a great change he himself would shortly undergo. Much less did he suspect that the man whom one morning in the summer of 1590 he saw walking ahead of him by St. Paul's Church and anxiously looking round to see who followed, was none other than his own brother. A few days later, while walking along Ludgate Hill, he encountered the same person. This time, his curiosity was roused. From the anxious look and bearing of the man, John concluded that something must be weighing on his mind. He was, therefore, not surprised, when the former approached and courteously greeted him.

"What countryman are you?" queried the stranger.

"I am a Staffordshireman," replied John.

"And your name?" civilly demanded the other.

"My name is John Gennings," the youth answered, becoming interested.

At these words, the troubled look on the countenance of the stranger vanished. He raised his eyes to heaven in an attitude of prayer. Then, smiling affectionately on the young man before him, he said calmly:

"I am your kinsman; my name is Ironmonger and I am very glad to see you well. What has become of your brother Edmund?"

The mention of this name touched John to the quick. That man, he mused, knows more about

Edmund than his question implies. But he shrewdly repressed his feelings.

"I heard," he answered with apparent coldness, "that my brother went to Rome to the Pope and became a notable Papist and a traitor to both God and his country. If he returns, he will infallibly be hanged."

"I have heard," sweetly retorted the other, "that your brother is a very honest man and loves both the Queen and his country but God above all. But tell me, good cousin John, do you not know him if you see him?"

At this, the young man became alarmed. What, he reflected, if this man were his brother.

"No," he rejoined with evident uneasiness, "I can not tell where he is. I greatly fear, however, that I have a brother a Papist priest, and that you are the man. If this is so, you will discredit me and all my friends. In this I can never follow you, although in other matters I can respect you."

When the good priest heard this spirited profession of heresy from the lips of his erring brother, he could restrain his feelings no longer.

"Indeed," he confessed, deeply touched, "I am your brother; for your love have I taken great pains to seek you. I beg of you to keep secret the knowledge of my arrival."

"Not for a world," John assured him, "will I disclose your return: But," he hastily added, "I desire you to come no more unto me, for I fear greatly the danger of the law and the penalty of the new-made statue in concealing you."

The two brothers had by this time entered a tavern, where of course it was impossible for Edmund to discuss that which above all had induced him to search for

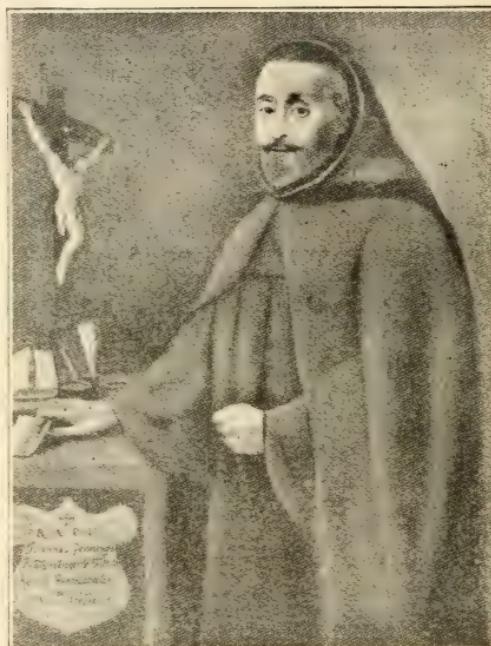
his brother. But, to his deep regret, he soon learned that John was a staunch and thoroughgoing Protestant, whom for the present there was little chance of bringing back to the fold of Christ. He told him, therefore, of his intended departure out of town, at the same time assuring him that within a month he would return and confer with him at length on some very important affair. How earnestly would Edmund then and there have sought to win his brother for Christ, if on parting he had foreseen that he would never see him again in this life.

"And thus," wrote John in later years, "the two brothers parted, the one to his function of converting souls, the other to meditate how to corrupt his own; the one to spend his time in studying how to persuade, the other how to withstand; the one purposed to make haste back again, hoping to save a soul, brotherly love thereunto provoking; the other wishing his brother never to return, through fear of being converted, licentious liberty perverting in him brotherly love."

Eager for service in the vineyard of the Lord, Edmund left London and went to the country districts. Many a time during the

ensuing year, his thoughts reverted to his unhappy brother whom he knew to be treading dangerous paths. He had promised to see him again within a month; but for some reason or other he was prevented from going to London, much, we may readily suppose, to the satisfaction of John. Finally, in the fall of 1591, he could fulfill his promise. He came to London, trusting that this time he would find his brother better disposed. But God had decreed that something more than mere argument and persuasion was to bring about the conversion of John. On November 8, while Edmund was saying Mass in the house of Mr. Swithin Wells in Gray's Inn Fields, Topcliffe suddenly forced his way in and led the assembled Catholics off to Newgate prison. On December 4, they were brought to trial, pronounced guilty of high treason and condemned to death. Six days later, Edmund together with his host, Mr. Wells, was hanged, drawn, and quartered before the very house where he had celebrated his last Mass.

Hardened in heresy and sin, John Gennings was determined that Edmund's martyrdom for the faith, the news of which he re-



Fr. John Gennings, O. F. M.

ceived with cold indifference, should not in any way influence his own line of conduct. He was a Protestant and a Protestant he would remain. Wonderful, however, and irresistible are the eternal decrees of the Most High. How in the end the grace of God triumphed over the obstinacy of this young man, we shall let him relate in his own words.

"This much loved brother," he wrote, referring to himself in the third person, "this John Gennings, being in London at the very time of his (Edmund's) execution, hearing of the same, rather rejoiced than any way bewailed the untimely and bloody end of his nearest kinsman, hoping thereby to be rid of all persuasions which he suspected he should receive from him touching the Catholic Religion. But about ten days after his execution, towards night, having spent all that day in sport and jollity, being weary with play, he returned home, where to repose himself he went into a secret chamber. He was no sooner there set down, but forthwith his heart began to be heavy and his head melancholy, and he began to weigh how idly he had spent that day. Amidst these thoughts, there was presently represented to his mind a strange imagination and apprehension of the death of his brother; and amongst other things, how he had, not long before, forsaken all earthly pleasures, and, for his religion only, endured intolerable torments. Then within himself he made long discourses concerning his religion and his brother's, comparing the Catholic manner of living with his and finding the one to embrace pain and mortification, and the other to seek pleasure; the one to live strictly, and the other licentiously; the one to fear sin, and the other to run into all kinds of sin; he was

struck with exceeding terror and remorse. He wept bitterly, desiring God, after his fashion, to illuminate his understanding, that he might see and perceive the truth.

"Oh, what great joy and consolation did he feel at that instant! What reverence on the sudden did he begin to bear to the Blessed Virgin, and to the Saints of God, which before he had never scarcely so much as heard of! What strange emotions, as it were inspirations, with exceeding readiness of will to change his religion, took possession of his soul! And what heavenly conception had he now of his brother's felicity! He imagined he saw him; he thought he heard him. In this ecstasy of mind, he made a vow upon the spot, as he lay prostrate on the ground, to forsake kindred and country, to find out the true knowledge of his brother's faith; which vow he soon after performed, and departed from England without giving notice to any of his friends, and went beyond the seas to execute his promise."

The conversion of John Gennings to the faith of his forefathers was as sincere as it was miraculous. The image of his sainted brother, whose cruel martyrdom had at first left him so strangely indifferent, was now constantly before his mind. What only a few years since he had so greatly abhorred, Edmund's priestly profession, this same he now had a mind to embrace. He entered the English College at Douai, where he spent several years enriching his soul with that learning and virtue which so eminently qualified him for his later career. Finally, in 1607, he was ordained priest and the next year was permitted to depart for the missions in England. It was apparently about two years after his arrival that he met Fr. William Stanney, Commissary of

the English Observants. Very likely, he told the saintly friar the wonderful story of his conversion, and made known to him how ever since he felt himself drawn to the religious life and to the Order of St. Francis. Fr. William soon detected the excellent qualities of the zealous priest and his sincere and deep devotion to the Order he wished to join. Accordingly, the commissary made the necessary preparations for his reception and sent him abroad to the Franciscan friary at Ypres, there to be trained in the Franciscan mode of life and to study the rule and the constitutions of the Order.<sup>6</sup>

Fr. John Gennings, as he was henceforth known, proved a true and worthy follower of St. Francis. The love he bore the Order to which he now belonged engendered in his heart a lively interest for everything that pertained to its glory and welfare. Hearing how the Franciscan Observants, ever since the first outbreak of the religious persecution in his native land, had suffered and died for the faith, and how in consequence the province was well-nigh extinct, Fr.

John conceived an ardent longing to restore the province to its one-time prestige and prosperity. A voice within seemed to tell him that Divine Providence had decreed its restoration and had chosen him as the instrument to accomplish it. The remarkable desire was not merely a transient notion that would fade and die with the first religious fervor. Evidently, it was the working of divine grace, growing stronger and more urgent as years went on. Such, at least, must have been the conviction of Fr. William. As commissary, he knew only too well into what a state of collapse the province had by this time fallen. Hence he was interested in Fr. John's ceaseless reference to its possible restoration. He laid the matter before the higher superiors of the Order and with their consent delivered into his hands the official seal of the English Observants, well aware that he could leave it in no better hands.<sup>7</sup> Thereby, Fr. John was empowered to act as commissary; and he could work to his heart's content for the revival and spread of the Order in England.

<sup>6</sup> Historians do not agree as to the year in which he was received into the Franciscan Order. Some say in 1610, others in 1614. See Thaddeus: *The Franciscans in England* (London, 1898), p. 27. — <sup>7</sup> Mason, I.c., p. 19; Thaddeus, I.c., p. 28.

(To be concluded)

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#### THANKSGIVING TO ST. ANTONY

One of our faithful co-laborers on the *Herald*, Mrs. Mary Craven McLorg, now of Prince Albert, Canada, has requested us to publish the following favor she received from St. Antony after promising publication in our columns

She sent a trunk full of precious family souvenirs and priceless heirlooms by freight from Prairie du Chien, Wis., to her daughter in Bisbee, Arizona. Months passed but the trunk failed to make its appearance at Bisbee. Enquiries at the freight offices regarding its possible whereabouts, brought absolutely no information. The clerks shook their heads and declared that owing to the extraordinary disorganization of traffic the trunk had probably gone astray and would never be found. The good woman had recourse to St. Antony and, strange to say, after eight months, the missing trunk arrived in good condition at its destination.

## ROSARIA OF MISSION SAN CARLOS

*By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary*

"PADRE Ramon, this creature will drive me out of my senses. What am I to do with her?"

Señora Hernandez was the personification of righteous wrath, as with blazing eyes, she stood, clutching firmly by the arm a young Indian girl of about fifteen years, who was weeping copiously. Padre Ramon regarded the pair with half amused eyes. The girl was one of a band of Indians recently converted to the faith. She had been given into the custody of Señora Hernandez, who with her husband and children had recently emigrated from the lovely garden country of Andalusia to the no less lovely land beside the western sea. The señora needed a servant to assist her with her numerous household duties and she gladly availed herself of the good Padre's offer, the more so because Rosaria, the Indian orphan girl, seemed to be exceptionally apt and intelligent. Then, too, she felt that it was a great act of charity to give shelter to the homeless girl and to train her in the ways of Christianity and civilization. Rosaria was the name the Padre had given the child at her Baptism, on which memorable occasion he had also presented her with a beautiful jet rosary. With her dark eyes sparkling like black diamonds and speaking the gratitude her lips were incapable of framing, Rosaria at once placed the beads about her neck and cherished them ever after as her most precious treasure.

The Indians at Mission San Carlos dearly loved the gentle old Padre Ramon; and when sometimes his brethren chided him for his too great leniency in dealing with the red men, he would smilingly remind them of the inexpressible kindness and sweetness that characterized their holy Father St. Francis and their own saintly Presidente, Padre Junipero Serra, whose great heart had embraced all the children of the forest with paternal tenderness and whose memory was held by them all in loving benediction. And it was to Padre Ramon that Rosaria would run for sympathy when her imperious spirit rebelled against the señora's scoldings. For, Señora Hernandez, worthy Christian matron though she was, in nowise understood the Indian temperament, and she quarreled with her protégé when a little tact on her part would have brought about the desired result without further ado. She had her first serious brush with Rosaria when the girl stoutly refused to sleep in the neat little room on the spotless bed, saying that she preferred by far to sleep in the open air with but a sheepskin for her bedding; and only when Padre Ramon, at the señora's earnest pleading, coaxed and reasoned with the wilful child, did Rosaria finally consent to do the señora's bidding, and sleep as becomes a civilized Christian. On this bright, sunny afternoon, as the aged missionary saw from afar the worthy señora and her Indian ward approaching the

mission, he at once surmised some new escapade; and to the despairing query of the matron, "What am I to do with her?" he replied in his gentlest tones:

"Well, señora, what has happened?"

"This wild and uncivilized Indian, Padre,"—the good woman's eyes still blazed indignantly as she administered a shake to the arm she was clutching in her firm grasp,—"she will never amount to anything; she will never be anything but a savage. I leave her in the kitchen to cook the dinner—haven't I taught her how to do things? Yes, and she can do them, too, if she wants to—well, I leave her to cook the dinner while I go into the garden to look at my roses—those beautiful roses, padre, that I brought with me from my own dear Spain. Presently, I return to the kitchen. Everywhere smoke, smoke—and this Rosaria nowhere to be seen. The dinner is all burnt up—black as a coal! I call and call, but there is no answer. Then outside behind the house I hear something, and going out I find this savage creature—where do you think, padre mio?—I find her sitting far up in a pepper tree whistling and whistling to a bird that answers her back. When she sees me she laughs and whistles more loudly than before, just as if she were crazy. Oh, what am I to do with such an ungovernable savage?" she concluded with a gesture of despair.

The padre's eyes twinkled, although his voice was grave. "It is too bad, is it not, my child, that you give so much trouble to the good and kind señora?"

"Yes, and this wicked Indian

would not say her prayers this morning, *padre mio*," broke in the matron with a new accusation, thinking in her heart that this grave misdemeanor of her charge would certainly call forth a well merited rebuke. But the padre's tones were perhaps more gentle than usual. "My child, you did not speak to the good God—did not thank him this morning for watching over you during the past night? Ah, you made him feel sad, and he loves you so much, Rosaria; he even died for you on the cross, he—"

But the child wrested herself from the señora's firm grasp and running forward fell at the priest's feet.

"Oh, *padre mio*, I am sorry I did not speak to the good God! I—I—" her voice broke in a sob.

"And are you sorry, too, that you ran away from the kitchen and neglected your work, Rosaria?"

"The birds called and I had to go," she explained, looking up at him through her tears.

The señora gave another gesture of impatience. "Listen, padre, what silly, senseless talk!"

But he placed his hand on the dark bowed head before him and glancing at the woman, replied:

"Well, who knows, señora, who knows but that this child hears voices that we can not hear."

"Then why don't she hear my voice, padre, and do what I tell her?" retorted the woman sharply.

In his heart the priest wondered not that the child of nature listened far more readily to the alluring calls of the birds than to the shrill tones of her imperious guardian. Yet, he did not betray his thoughts, but said extenuatingly,

"Rosaria is sorry for failing in obedience and diligence, and she will now surely mend her ways, I know." Saying this the good priest blessed the kneeling child and bade her rise.

"Oh, yes, padre, she will be very good until the next time she gets a chance to get into some mischief again, and then all her resolutions will be forgotten." With this parting thrust, Señora Hernandez took herself off, and Rosaria followed meekly after.

For several days, the child faithfully kept her promise. She was so docile and obedient that the señora began to entertain hopes that at last she might succeed in civilizing her ward. This favorable opinion regarding Rosaria was confirmed about this time by a remarkable occurrence. The girl had requested one glorious day to take the children for a stroll over the hills to gather wild flowers and to enjoy the refreshing breath of the forest. Consent was readily given, for it was a rare thing, indeed, to have Rosaria ask for permission to do anything she wished to do.

The children were ardently attached to Rosaria, greatly admiring her daring feats and listening with wide-mouthed wonder to the stories she told them of what the birds and the squirrels and the trees and the flowers said to her. Gaily they roamed with her over the grassy slopes, gathering in large bouquets the wild flowers that grew in rich abundance on all sides. Then they ran down the winding trail into the sandy, arid arroyo. Inez, a dark, curly-headed girl of five, spying a large moss-covered boulder, hastened to seat herself on her throne, as she laugh-

ingly said. Smiling graciously at her companions, the little queen was just about to seat herself, when Rosaria, with a cry of terror, rushed toward her and taking her in her strong arms, placed her on the ground. The children did not realize what had happened until they saw a large rattlesnake dangling from Rosaria's arm, its venomous fangs buried deep in the quivering flesh. It had been lying coiled up in the deep cool moss on the top of the rock and it was only Rosaria's quick eye and heroic act that had saved the child from its deadly bite.

Great consternation reigned in the Hernandez household when the children returned with their terrifying story. Powerful and well known Indian remedies for extracting the poison were resorted to at once and with marked success; but the poor child hovered for several days between life and death. She did not even recognize good Padre Ramon as he leaned over her bed and whispered words of comfort and blessing in her ear. But, her robust constitution and the careful nursing of Señora Hernandez, who had quite forgotten her dislike in her undisguised admiration of the girl's heroism, soon restored Rosaria to her former health. During the days of convalescence, she was the pet of the family. Both Señor Hernandez and his worthy consort as well as the children did their utmost to show their gratitude. Rosaria heard naught but terms of endearment now, and she began to entertain sentiments of real love toward her mistress, such as she had never dreamed would be possible. With returning vigor, however,

effervescent spirits and love of mischief and adventure reasserted themselves, and again the strident tones of the indignant señora might be heard as she vigorously upbraided the child of the forest for her wicked, savage ways; and again guardian and ward wended their way to Mission San Carlos, there to lay the burden of their griefs at the feet of gentle Padre Ramon and to receive from him comfort and strength for future conflicts.

In spite of these frequent turbulent scenes with her guardian, Rosaria was very happy. Every morning and evening, the pealing of the mission bell summoned the faithful to the little church, and the Indian girl's religious nature found deep enjoyment in the faith to which the holy missionaries had won her savage tribe. Then, too, there were the fiestas—days hailed with delight by all. But none entered with keener zest into the festivities than did Rosaria. Nor was there a more striking beauty in the gay throng of charming señoritas than this swarthy daughter of nature in her picturesque costume and her dark braids intertwined with scarlet blossoms and sparkling beads.

Everything seemed to be progressing favorably at the Hernandez ranch. For weeks no complaint had reached the ears of the kindly old friar; when one day he was quite unexpectedly called to the reception room at the mission to find himself confronted by the familiar figure of Señora Hernandez in a most belligerent mood. Standing near, though somewhat in the rear, was a brown-robed form with bowed head half hidden in the folds

of a generous cowl—a Franciscan friar to all appearances—and not until the wondering padre had come closer to scrutinize the face did he recognize Rosaria, the incorrigible. His look of wondering enquiry changed at once to an amused smile, which quickly broke into a hearty peal of laughter. This was too much for Señora Hernandez.

"Padre Ramon! Is it possible you can laugh at such wickedness?" she exclaimed. Then, trembling with righteous indignation over this latest escapade of her charge, the worthy matron told her story. Just as she was enjoying her after-dinner siesta, she was aroused by the sound of loud, laughing voices. Going into the courtyard, to learn the cause of the unusual uproar, she almost fell dead with amazement at the sight that met her eyes. There stood Rosaria, garbed like a holy friar, while with elaborate gestures and deep ringing tones she mimicked good Padre Ramon in the act of delivering a sermon. The congregation, consisting of the Hernandez children and some of the servants, were seated on the grass at her feet, in evident enjoyment of the novel performance.

"Oh, madre!" they called out gleefully, as their mother appeared on the veranda, "listen to Rosaria preach like Padre Ramon."

"And she can scold just like you, too, madre," supplemented curly-headed little Iñez.

Roughly seizing the little "preacher" by the arm, the señora marched her off at once to the mission. Padre Ramon must hear of this and without delay! Surely, this misdemeanor even he could not leave unpunished. But if the

señora had been amazed on entering the courtyard and seeing Rosaria masquerading as a friar, she was now fairly stunned on hearing the venerable priest laugh so heartily over the affair as if it were but a joke.

"And look here, padre," she continued, as he brushed aside the tears of merriment that coursed down his cheeks, "see this precious cloth that I brought with me from my beloved Spain and this savage has cut it to pieces and ruined it entirely, just to make the children laugh and to make jest of the good friars and of our holy faith!"

"No, no, señora, you do the child wrong by speaking thus. Indeed, she meant no harm nor disrespect for holy things. On the contrary, she proves thus her love for the Church and for the great Order of our holy Father Francis. Indeed, Rosaria, had I met you on the highway, I would have mistaken you for one of our brothers. To be sure, it was wrong for you to steal the good señora's beautiful brown cloth to make yourself a habit. For this sin you must be sorry and beg señora's pardon and promise never to steal again."

At this, Rosaria fell humbly on her knees, averring that she did not consider it stealing to take the cloth from the closet, and promising most faithfully to be good for the future.

"So, now all is well," replied the old priest kindly, as he raised his hand in blessing over the prostrate girl.

But Señora Hernandez did not think that all was well. "If Padre Ramon is not going to punish the girl as she so richly deserves, I'll do so myself," she said to herself;

and with this resolution, she took Rosaria rudely by the arm and left the room. That night, the child received no supper but a crust of bread and a glass of water, and then she was imprisoned in her room until she had learnt to behave herself as becomes a Christian maiden. Señor Hernandez, who realized that Rosaria had acted not out of malice but with childis' thoughtlessness, pleaded for the child, but in vain. The señora's word was law. On the following morning, as she went to Rosaria's room to learn what effect the punishment had had on the wilful girl, she found the room empty. The bed was undisturbed, the window open, the bird had flown away. Immediately, a most diligent search was made about the premises, but no clew to her whereabouts was discovered.

Off they ran to the mission, thinking that the child had taken refuge with Padre Ramon. He knew nothing about her and was deeply grieved to learn that the señora's undue severity had driven the child to such a step. But the señora consoled herself with the thought that Rosaria would eventually return. It was not the first time she had gone off without permission and remained away for several days in the woods. But the days lengthened into weeks, and Rosaria failed to appear. Now at last, the señora began to rue her harshness and felt that the girl's proud nature had been wounded too deeply. Ah, why had she not borne more patiently with the child's pranks, as Padre Ramon had so often admonished her to do! What more could one expect from a child born of a savage and only

recently converted to Christianity? But the evil had been done, and the señora could do naught but bewail her fault.

Padre Ramon, however, was not content to remain idly at home, while the lost lamb of his flock was in peril of losing its spiritual life among the pagan Indians of the mountain fastnesses. Taking an Indian guide with him, he set out. For days they journeyed over steep mountain trails, fording rapid torrents, exploring dense forests and yawning cañons, and sleeping at night beneath the starry cover of the heavens. Although greatly fatigued by the hardships of the journey and urged by his guide to desist from the quest, the old padre would not consent to return to the mission, but plodded wearily on, interiorly convinced that he would yet find his lost lamb.

At last, as he was descending the gentle slope of a hill, he caught sight of Rosaria wading with a number of pagan Indian children in the glassy, cool waters of a mountain brooklet in the valley below. With a throbbing heart he called her by name. She turned toward him, her eyes ablaze with astonishment that he had discovered her whereabouts, and her lips melted into a sweet smile as she exclaimed, "Padre mio!"

"Come back, my child, come back to beautiful Mission San Carlos; come back to good Señora Hernandez. She cries for you the whole day and begs you to return."

At the mention of the señora's name, the child's face hardened, and a defiant look replaced the smile in her eyes.

"I hate her!" she exclaimed,

clenching her little fist. "I hate her, and I won't go back." Then throwing out her arms toward the verdure clad hills and lifting her beautiful head proudly: "They call to me, my trees, my mountains, my flowers, my birds—but when I hear her call, I hate,—hate—"

Tears dimmed the eyes of the gentle friar as he heard these words, and raising his crucifix he reminded her of the dear Christ, who died for her soul's salvation, who so often had come to her in Holy Communion, and who forbade her to hate anyone. Would she not for love of him return to the mission and forgive the señora's cruelty, since she had given her word never to be harsh again? Would she not return to deck again with brightest flowers dear Padre Junipero's grave? Ah, how long it was since she had knelt beside it and begged him to make her a good child!

As Padre Ramon continued to speak, the hard look slowly faded from the girl's features. Her dark eyes filled with tears. She stepped forward to accompany the priest home, when the crunching of twigs and underbrush caused her to turn about. As she gazed, a large, fierce looking Indian chief emerged from the brushwood. With menacing countenance he stood rigidly regarding the friar, who addressed him in friendly tones and stated why he had come. This, far from placating the newcomer, only made him more aggressive.

"Why don't the pale faces leave the Indians in peace?" he asked angrily. "My people have no desire to accept the customs and the religion of the white man." Then, with a peremptory order to Rosa-

ria and her companions, he strode off. For an instant, the girl hesitated and looked wistfully at her brown-robed friend, dear old Padre Ramon. Then quickly gathering the group of children, she hurriedly followed the Indian chief through the shrubbery. The group came into view once as they ascended a neighboring hill and Padre Ramon saw Rosaria pause and look back. A sharp reprimand from the chief, however, recalled her to herself and she continued on her way up the trail. The aged friar watched her until she disappeared behind a clump of evergreens. Then he sadly turned his footsteps homeward, wearied in body and harassed in soul. To all the eager questions put to him on his return to the mission, he had but one answer:

"Yes, I have seen Rosaria, but she would not—dared not return with me. But in God's own good time she will return! She still has her rosary about her neck, and our Blessed Mother will keep her from harm."

\* \* \*

It was a soft, still night some weeks later. Like golden daisies in a cool, dusk meadow, the glowing stars dotted the sky, against which arose in silhouette the beautiful outlines of Mission San Carlos. The air was delicious with the scent of orange blossoms, and from the trees looking like sentinels in the velvet darkness, was borne the melody of wakeful birds—first somber, haunting, and melancholy, then a sudden lilt of exquisite joyousness, a veritable shower of sparkling notes filtering through the listening air. Over the landscape rested a calmer, sweet peace as

if the spirit of the gentle Serra hovered above the mission he loved so well.

Suddenly, the quiet was rent by piercing yells and blood curdling shrieks as if a host of fiends were swarming through the infernal gates. The next moment the mission and the presidio were astir. The pagan Indians had descended on the mission to avenge some fancied wrong, and a fierce encounter ensued. Groans of the wounded and dying together with the frightful yells of the attacking Indians and the piteous cries of helpless women and children filled the air. Padre Ramon had just finished dressing the gaping wounds of a poor soldier who had been felled to the ground by a blow from a war club, when a powerful brave brandishing a heavy tomahawk rushed toward the defenceless old priest. The blow was about to fall, when suddenly from the dark shadow darted a graceful figure with long streaming hair and flashing eyes, who threw herself between the padre and his murderous assailant. Her arms went out in a gesture of protection as she stood like a statue beside the white haired priest, both aglow with the glare of the burning buildings. For an instant, the savage paused, apparently nonplussed by the unexpected apparition. Then there was a quick flash through the air, a suppressed moan, and Rosaria lay in a crimson pool at the feet of the priest.

An hour later, after the murderous band of pagan Indians had been victoriously driven off by the Spanish soldiers, Rosaria opened her eyes to find herself on a bed and Padre Ramon and Señora Hernández beside her. Tenderly and

carefully the deep wound in her shoulder had been dressed, but it was evident that life was nevertheless quickly ebbing. Now, that consciousness was restored, the aged priest administered the holy Sacraments to the dying girl, who received them with every mark of devotion. Then she told in broken sentences the story of her life among the pagans. On escaping from her prison in the Hernandez home, she was determined never to return to the mission again. This resolve, however, melted at the sight of her beloved Padre Ramon like snow at the smile of the spring sun. No sooner did the pagan chief notice that she longed to return to the mission, than he consigned her to a prison—a rude log hut on the border of the mountain village, where she was kept far more securely than she had been by Señora Hernandez. It was here that she overheard the guard discuss with another Indian the attack on Mission San Carlos and she determined at once to frustrate their plans or at least to warn Padre Ramon if she could do so. As all the braves were needed for the raid, a squaw was given charge of the prisoner. At dusk, Rosaria engaged her new guard in conversation and on the pretence of showing her how to weave an especially intricate basket pattern, induced her to unbind her hands. All unsuspecting, the squaw watched Rosaria's nimble fingers as they wove the colored grasses into leaves and flowers, when suddenly, before she had even scented danger, she was lying gagged and bound inside the log hut. It was then an easy matter for Rosaria to cut the buckskin

thong that bound her to a stake in the middle of the hut. Making sure that her prisoner could not give the alarm, and stealing to the corral, Rosaria found that all the horses had been taken, with the exception of several broncho colts that had not yet been thoroughly broken. Singling out one that she deemed most docile, she succeeded by gentle coaxing in putting on the bridle. Then, with the agility of a squirrel, she sprang on the horse's back and with a bound cleared the corral and was off at break-neck speed for the mission. Here she arrived barely in time to give warning of the approach of the raiders.

"And is it not well that I came, padre mio? For who would have protected you if I had not been here?" she added naively.

"Yes, Rosaria, you were a very good child to come so far to save me and—"

"But I was wicked to steal the señora's cloth and to wear the holy habit," she interrupted, and her dark eyes filled with tears; "but, padre mio, I love the habit and I wanted to be like you."

"And you shall be like me, dear child, and you shall wear the holy habit of St. Francis."

Saying this, he left the room only to return soon bearing a large Tertiary habit and cord.

"See, querida, here is your holy habit and cord. You will soon go to heaven and our holy Father St. Francis and blessed Padre Juniperro will rejoice to see you come dressed as one of their beloved children."

As he placed the habit over her prostrate form and, with the assistance of the good señora, girded her with the cord, while he pro-

nounced the formula of reception into the Third Order of St. Francis a bright light seemed to diffuse the dying child's face.

"They call—" she whispered, with a sweet smile, "they call—my hills—and birds—and—Padre Ju-

npero—but, padre mio, I was—bad—and wicked—but now I love the—señora and all—men."

There was a deep sigh—the dark, glassy eyes closed wearily—and the child of the forest sped homeward to God's eternal hills.

### EDIFYING CONVERSION OF NEGRO CONVICT

The following edifying account of the conversion of a negro convict was sent us by the Rev. Fr. Leo Kalmer, the Franciscan chaplain of the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill.

John Cloures was born in Jackson, Miss., some thirty years ago, of Baptist parents. As a child he was sent to the kindergarten of the Catholic Sisters for two sessions, but he never practiced any religion and he was never baptized. His early association with the Sisters, however, left a lasting impression on him, and he was determined that if he ever joined any church, it would be the Catholic Church. At the age of 19, he left home to seek work elsewhere and to see and taste all that the world had to offer him. At twenty-six, he was sent to Waupun Prison, Wisconsin, for larceny. With this prison record to his credit, it was not surprising that, soon after his release, he found himself behind the bars at Joliet, Ill., for murder. While fighting here one day with one of his fellow prisoners in a workshop, he crushed the skull of his antagonist with a club and he was then sentenced to hang.

Fr. Leo visited Cloures while he was detained in the county jail, at Joliet, and soon the murderer began to show a real spirit of repentance. His fervor in prayer was remarkable. "The more I pray," he said, "the more I want to pray." A week before his execution, which took place on August 16, he was baptized, and on the following day he received his First Holy Communion. From that day to his death, he was a daily communicant. The jailer was greatly impressed with the prisoner's evident seriousness in preparing to meet his Judge, and noted how he avoided the company of the other prisoners. The day before his execution, he requested to see two of his fellow prisoners, colored boys, non-Catholics. "He spoke to them with such earnestness," the jailer said, "that I had to turn aside to hide my tears."

Fr. Leo had asked various communities of nuns and orphans to pray for his penitent and the effects of their prayers were evident. John often remarked, "I feel that God is helping me." Although he could hardly read the simplest words, he showed an extraordinary understanding of the truths of our holy religion. He was often seen kneeling on the stone floor of his death cell, his eyes fixed on the crucifix in his hand, while he prayed audibly and communed in the most touching manner with his crucified Savior.

After receiving the Viaticum, he prayed and conversed with the chaplain on the passion of our Lord. When the moment came for him to begin the death march to the scaffold, he rose and said, "Now, I have no fear. I am stronger than ever. I feel happy. It is all very little that I am to suffer in comparison with the suffering of my Jesus." This truly Christian resignation he kept up until the end. When asked by the sheriff whether he had anything to say before he died, he replied in the affirmative. "I want to say to all you people," he began in a firm voice, audible even to those in the extreme part of the courtyard, "that I am dying in the Catholic religion. I am willing to die. I bear no hard feelings against any one and resign myself to my God. I ask all of you to pray for me. I feel that God is with me, and that I am going to my Father." His death was very rapid, and the rope muffled the last words of prayer upon his lips, "Oh, God, have mercy on me!"



# THE CANTICLE OF MOUNT ALVERNA

*By Mary K. F. O'Melia, Tertiary*

(Concluded)

## IV

### WHAT ST. FRANCIS SAW ON THE MOUNT (Concluded)

THE day before the festival of the Cross  
 To Francis, as he prayed, an angel came,  
 As heavenly forerunner speeding forth  
 From Him to come in Seraph form and flame;  
 Who having announced that vision drawing near,  
 And to St. Francis holy comfort given,  
 Exhorted him that he should humbly bear  
 With patience what should please the will of Heaven.

Replied the Saint, who knew the bliss of pain,  
 That mystic bliss of will divine fulfilled,  
 "I am prepared with patience to sustain  
 Whate'er my Lord to do in me hath willed.

"For, what the Lord will do I am prepared."—  
 Oh, blessed words, the maxim of the Saints,  
 Who in submission unto grace hath dared  
 Sufferings at which a lesser spirit faints!

Our Patriarch's heart was as the heart of Christ  
 Which ardent longed the Passion to fulfill,  
 Love, well of strength, for every pain sufficed.  
 "I am prepared—I come to do thy Will."

For, as one holds a treasure in his breast,  
 Christ in his inmost heart he held concealed,  
 Whose hidden life and spirit thus possest  
 His outward acts, at length his flesh revealed.

Thus show the Saints with spirit of Christ replete,  
 His hidden life in theirs, and ever still,  
 Yet being in His members incomplete,  
 The perfect suffering of the Head fulfill.



IT WAS on the feast day of the Holy Cross,  
 Before the glories of the morn had made  
 The eastern heavens glow, the Saint came forth  
 Before the entrance of his cell and prayed.

Prayed facing eastward, as in earthly days  
 The Savior towards his Passion's chosen place,  
 Jerusalem, at times was seen to gaze,  
 Consumed with longing to redeem our race.

Thus prayed the Saint: "Ere death I now entreat  
Two graces: first, as far as I have power,  
To feel those pains and sorrows, Jesu sweet,  
Which Thou didst suffer in thy Passion's hour.

"And as a second grace, I Thee implore,  
So far as I have power, that love impart,  
Which, Son of God, to bear for sinners poor  
So great a Passion moved thy Sacred Heart."

Thus prayed he long till, when by grace assured  
That God would hear, devoutly he began  
To contemplate the Passion Christ endured  
And all his boundless charity for man.

And so he felt the inward fervor grow,  
That his whole being, to the Cross applied,  
Seemed by compassion and love, as though  
Transfigured into Jesus Crucified.

And thus his spirit ever more and more  
Consumed with love and rapt in heavenly things,  
All lovely coming from the heavens he saw  
A Seraph form with six resplendent wings.

Two of the wings extended o'er the head,  
Two hid the body, and with downward flight  
As it descended, two were outward spread,  
And all the vision glowed with lovely light.

And while the Seraph's gracious aspect thrilled  
The Saint with joy; yet, with it intermixed,  
Compassion's sorrow all his spirit filled  
At Christ 'neath Seraph wings to the Cross affixed.

He marveled also, for beyond all thought  
Appeared this new and unaccustomed sight—  
Immortal Seraph—strength and beauty brought  
With all the Passion's weakness to unite.

Then kneeling raptured in that presence blest,  
So love and sorrow as a torrent came,  
That, with the Passion all his soul possest,  
Its mystic anguish pierced his mortal frame.

And, as the form descended to the ground,  
And to St. Francis secret words addrest  
The holy Mount shone glorified around  
As if a sun were poising there to rest.

Those secret words which, not in life, God willed,  
But after death, he should to some make known,  
Were gracious promises to be fulfilled  
Beyond this world in favor of his own.

Then, after long the Savior thus had deigned  
With Francis to converse, returned above  
The Seraph form, but in his flesh remained  
The wounds of Christ, and in his heart the love.

O glorious Stigmata by Christ imprest  
Upon the Saint in hands and feet and side!  
His flesh an altar made whereon to rest  
The image faithful of the Crucified!

The wounds of Christ to bear, O blessed thought,  
Though great the pain of sense! For this sufficed  
To turn it into bliss, that they were wrought  
Upon his members by the hand of Christ.

As holiest angel far from worldly pride,  
He trembled lest should rashly be revealed  
God's secret things; yet how his glory hide?  
How signs so manifest retain concealed?

But while he doubted, lo, the sovereign will  
Declared a holy friar:—"God hath made known  
These secret things that thus he may fulfill  
The good of many, not for thee alone."

Then, trembling still, yet fearing to displease  
His God by silence, to the friars he told  
The vision, save the secret words, for these  
Christ had ordained he should in life withhold.



V

#### HOW ST. FRANCIS DESCENDED FROM THE MOUNT

THE forty days fulfilled and solemnized  
The feast of him who led the angelic race,  
Of Heaven's pleasure inwardly advised,  
The Saint prepared to leave that holy place.

Thus, having called his faithful brethren round,  
And making known his purpose to depart,  
Into their care he gave that sacred ground,  
That Mount of Vision, precious to his heart.

For there he as a holocaust had given  
His soul and body, to the flame of love;  
There for his numerous race received from Heaven  
The promises and blessings from above.

Then, counsels given, with many a parting word,  
Lifting the hand—it seemed of Him who died  
On Calvary's Cross—the blessing he conferred  
In the sweet Name of Jesus Crucified.

Entreated then this comfort to afford,  
His hands he offered and with reverence meet  
They touched and kissed those symbols of the Lord—  
In heart on Calvary—kneeling at his feet.

Down from the Mount he then his steps retraced,  
But still in heart and flesh his Passion bore,  
In life its tokens ne'er to be effaced,  
And, heaven attained, to shine forevermore.



DESTINED to be for life's remaining span  
A holocaust in love's consuming flame  
The blessed Saint his homeward way began  
To Mary of the Angels, whence he came.

Now of his sanctity the fame had spread  
Through all the land, and shepherds too had seen  
The vision's splendor o'er the Mountain's head  
Like saint's aureola of heavenly sheen.

And this to be a token they surmised  
Of heavenly wonders wrought upon him there,  
And made it known to many, who apprised  
Of Francis' coming, flocked from far and near.

Those blessed hands with Heaven's seal imprest  
They strove to kiss, and though the Saint essayed  
To hide them, God was pleased to manifest  
The glory of his Saint, by signs displayed.

Not then alone, but in succeeding time  
God willed by many miracles to prove  
The virtue of those Stigmata sublime  
Which seemed a very sacrament of love.

They journeyed on, and, as they drew in sight  
Of Mary of the Angels, Leo the friar  
Lifting his eyes, beheld a Cross of light  
Preceding Francis as a pillar of fire.

Most beautiful before him as it glowed,  
Moving when he moved and resting when he stayed.  
It lit his face, and even in the road  
To right and left a lovely radiance made.

It seemed to lead him as a heavenly guide,  
And in th' effulgence clearly was discerned  
The figure of the Savior Crucified.  
His face of mercy on the Patriarch turned.

Thus it continued till the journey's end,  
And faded then as if designed to show  
That in a mystic Passion he should spend  
What yet remained of pilgrimage below;

And that the end of life to him whom love  
Had lifted on the Cross his Lord beside  
Would mean the fading Cross, the Home above  
With Christ the crucified and glorified.



AS Peter, James, and John would fain have stayed  
Where it was good to be, on Thabor's height,  
So would the soul, a tabernacle made,  
Delight to linger in seraphic light.

To see those wounds, O Saint, is sweet indeed!  
Yet thee, for our sweet contemplation, given  
They were not only; but that thou shouldst lead,  
As standard-bearer, through the fight to heaven.

Our standard this, the Stigmata, the Cross  
Graved in thy heart, and in thy members shown;  
With this, O Father, lead thine armies forth,  
With this inspire the phalanx of thine own.

Still let it shine upon us in the strife,  
The Savior's ensign from the realms above!  
Let it console us at the close of life,  
And lead us homeward to the God of love.

*The End*



# THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

## CHAPTER IV

*Determined to See Cibola—His Description of the City—Plants a Cross and Takes Possession—“El Nuevo Reino de San Francisco”—Returns to San Miguel—Reports to the Viceroy—Defended by Bandelier, Winship, Lummis, and Coues*

### Report of Fr. Marcos de Niza (*Concluded*)

“I entreated some of them to make an attempt to go to Cibola to learn whether any other Indians had escaped, and to obtain some news about Estévan; but this had no effect upon them. I then declared that in any case I was determined to see the city of Cibola;<sup>1</sup> but they said that no one would go with me. However, seeing me determined, two chief Indians finally said they would accompany me. With these and my Indians and interpreters I went on my way until I came in sight of Cibola, which is situated in a plain at the foot of a round hill.<sup>2</sup> It has the very fine appearance of a pueblo, the best

that I have seen in these parts. The houses are built in the style described to me by the Indians, all of stone with stories and flat roofs. Thus it appeared to me from the top of a hill, which I had ascended to view it. The population is larger than that of the city of Mexico.<sup>3</sup> At times I was tempted to go to the city, for I knew that I risked nothing but my life, and this I had offered to God on the day I commenced the journey. Finally I feared, considering my peril, that if I died, no information could be had about this country, which, in my opinion, is the largest and best of all yet discovered. When I told

1. “Fr. Marcos saw clearly that it would be impossible for him to enter Cibola after these occurrences. He was sure to lose his life in the attempt, and then, as he very reasonably remarks, ‘—the knowledge of the country would be lost.’—We must always bear in mind the instructions given him by the viceroy, and under which he had pledged himself to act. These instructions made him an emissary, an explorer and investigator, not a missionary. Death under these circumstances could not even secure for him the much coveted title of ‘Martyr.’ The main object of his trip was attained. Notwithstanding the killing of the negro, he had found the Seven Cities and the way thither. Still he was not satisfied; he craved yet to be able to report about the much coveted land *de risu*, if possible.” (Bandelier, *Contributions*, 160-161.)

2. “This description answers quite well for Zuñi at the present day.” (Whipple, p. 107.) “I am convinced that the origin of Cibola is ‘Shiuona,’ the name of the range claimed by the whole Zuñi tribe, ancient and modern.....The monk (friar) had perfectly understood the Indians, who spoke of Cibola as a ‘province,’ and this is further evidence of the origin of the word.” (Bandelier, *Contributions*, 107.)

3. “Bandelier undertook to examine the facts of the case, and applied the rules of ordinary fairness to his historical judgment.....and has successfully maintained his strenuous contention that Fr. Marcos neither lied nor exaggerated, even when he said that the Cibola pueblo appeared to him to be larger than the City of Mexico. All the witnesses agree that these light stone and adobe villages impress one who first sees them from a distance as being much larger than they really are. Mexico, in 1539, on the other hand, was neither imposing nor populous. The great communal houses, the ‘palace of Montezuma,’ had been destroyed during or soon after the siege of 1521.” (Winship, *14th Annual Report*, 363.)

the chiefs, whom I had with me, how fine Cíbola appeared to me, they said that this was the smallest of the Seven Cities, and that Totonteac is much larger and better than all the Seven Cities; that it has so many houses and people that there is no end to them.

"Having viewed the outlines of the city, it seemed to me appropriate to call that territory "The New Dominion of St. Francis."<sup>4</sup> With the assistance of the Indians I raised a great heap of stones, and on the top I planted a small and slender cross,<sup>5</sup> because there were no facilities for making a larger one; and I declared that I set up that cross and mound in the name of Don Antonio de Mendoza, through the favor of the Emperor, our lord, Viceroy and Governor of New Spain, in proof of having taken possession conformably to the Instruction by which ceremony I declare I there took possession of the Seven Cities and of the dominions of Totonteac, of Acus, and of Marata, and that I did not go to them in order to be able to give an account of what I had done and had seen. So I returned with more fear than food, and with the greatest haste possible I proceeded until I came up with the Indians who had been left to me, reaching them after a two days' journey; with them I proceeded until we passed the wilderness, where I was not accorded such a good reception as on my first visit, because the men as well as the women raised great lamentations for their people who had been killed in Cíbola. With apprehension I took leave of that people and of that valley, and on

the first day traveled ten leagues. In this manner I went from eight to ten leagues without stopping until I had passed the second wilderness.

"On the way back, though I was not without misgivings, I determined to approach the plain where the sierras terminate, about which I said before that I had some information. There I received the news that the valley was inhabited for many days' journey in the direction of the east; but I dared not go into the valley, because it seemed to me that this whole land of the Seven Cities and of the dominions I speak of would have to be entered in order to occupy and rule it; and that then it could be better examined without placing my person in danger and thereby losing the chance of reporting what had been seen. I only saw from the entrance of the valley at some distance, seven considerable settlements, a very attractive valley below, which had very good soil, and from which arose much smoke. I heard from the Indians that there was much gold in the valley, out of which the natives make vessels and ornaments for the ears, and also little spades with which to scrape the body and remove the perspiration; and that these people do not permit the natives of this other part of the plain to deal with them. The Indians did not know the reason why.

"Here I set up two crosses and took possession of this whole valley, after the manner and order of taking possession observed before, and in accordance with the Instruction. From thence I continued my

4. "El Nuevo Reino de San Francisco."

5. "un gran montón de piedra y encima del pusé una cruz delgada y pequeña."

The cross was probably constructed of two dry sticks tied together, as wood in that region is scarce. This happened on the last days of May, 1538, seven years before Luther passed out of the world, and eighty-two years before the Puritans landed on Plymouth Rock, Mass.

return journey with all haste, until I reached the Villa of San Miguel in the Province of Culiacán, expecting to find there Francisco Vásquez de Coronado, governor of Nueva Galicia; but as I did not find him, I continued my journey to the city of Compostela, where I found him. From there I immediately announced my arrival to the Most Illustrious Señor Viceroy of New Spain, and to our Provincial, Fr. Antonio de Ciudad-Rodrigo, that they might direct me what to do.

"I do not state here many particulars, because they do not concern this matter. I only relate what I have seen, what I was told in the territories through which I passed, and what I know of those places about which I received information, in order to deliver it to our Father Provincial, so that he may show the narrative to the Fathers of our Order, if it seems proper to him; or to the Chapter, by whose command I made the journey; and that they may present it to the Most Illustrious Señor Viceroy of New Spain, at whose request they sent me on this journey.

"Fr. Marcos de Niza, Vice-Commissary."

On September 2, 1539, at the capital of Mexico,<sup>6</sup> in the presence of Viceroy Mendoza and his Court, Vásquez de Coronado included, the Rev. Fr. Marcos de Niza, Vice-Com-

missary of the Indies, said, affirmed, and certified that all contained in his *Relacion*, as signed by his hand and sealed with the general seal of the Commissariat of the Indies, was true.<sup>7</sup>

"In his official report," says Parker Winship,<sup>8</sup> "it is evident that Friar Marcos distinguished with care between what he had himself seen and what the Indians had told him; but Cortés<sup>9</sup> began the practice of attacking the veracity and the good faith of the Friar; Castañeda continued it; and scarcely a writer on these events failed to follow their guidance until Mr. Bandelier undertook to examine the facts of the case, and applied the rules of ordinary fairness to his historical judgment."

Bancroft himself<sup>10</sup> is constrained to declare: "The fact that Coronado, accompanied by Niza, in 1540, with all his criticism does not seem to doubt that the friar actually made the trip as he claimed, is, of course, the best possible evidence against the theory that he visited northern Sonora, and imagined the rest.....There is no good reason to doubt that he really crossed Sonora and Arizona to the region of Zuñi."

"And now," writes Mr. Charles F. Lummis,<sup>11</sup> "we come to the best-

6. "En la gran ciudad de Tenóxtilán (Tenuchtitlán) the Indian name for the capital city, see Torquemada, vol. i, 92, 293, 294. The manuscript in my possession has Temixtitlan, doubtless an error. Authors generally give Compostela as the place, which of itself seems odd. It was at the Capital that Fr. Marcos presented himself before the viceroy and court.

7. "Legalizacion." See for this and the preceding documents also Pacheco, tomo iii, *Colección de Documentos Inéditos del Archivo de las Indias*, 325-351.

8. *14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, 362-363.

9. "The reasons for the severity of Cortés in regard to the writings of a monk (friar) who never did him any harm become plain, when we consider that Cortés was then claiming, as discoveries of his own, the countries which Father Marcos visited in North America. The conqueror of Mexico, after his failures in California, shrunk from nothing, stooped to anything, that might re-establish his waning prestige." (Bandelier, *Contributions*, 77-79.)

10. *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 34.

11. *Spanish Pioneers*, 78-80.

slandered man of them all,—Fray Marcos de Niza, the discoverer of Arizona and New Mexico. He was the first to explore the unknown lands of which Vaca had heard such wonderful reports from the Indians, though he had never seen them himself,—‘the Seven Cities of Cibola, full of gold,’ and countless other marvels.....Here was a genuine Spanish exploration, a fair sample of hundreds, this fearless priest, unarmed, with a score of unreliable men, starting on a year’s walk through a dessert when, even in this day of railroads and highways and trails and developed water, men yearly lose their lives by thirst, to say nothing of the thousands who have been killed there by the Indians.....Fray Marcos kept his footsore way, until early in June, 1539, he actually came to the Seven Cities of Cibola. These were in the extreme west of New Mexico, around the present strange Indian pueblo of Zuñi, which is all that is left of those famous cities, and is itself to-day very much as the hero-priest saw it three hundred and fifty (379) years ago.....He has been accused of misrepresentation and exaggeration in his

reports; but if his critics had not been so ignorant of the locality, of the Indians, and of their traditions, they never would have spoken. Fray Marcos’s statements were absolutely truthful.”

We close the chapter in the words of Elliott Coues, whose thoroughly infidel notions did not prevent him from being fair toward our Fr. Marcos. “His (Fr. Marcos’s) personal character has been handed down to us by his enemies as that of an impostor, liar, and coward; none of which was he, but an honest, brave, and zealous priest, who, in 1539, accomplished the ever memorable discovery of Zuñi or the Seven Cities of Cibola, and thus of New Mexico—an exploit which opened the way immediately to the famous expedition of Coronado, in 1540. We have his own Relation or personal report of this pregnant feat, and many other original sources of information, which, as critically examined by modern scholars, especially Bandelier, Hodge, and Winship, enable us to set forth the man in his true light, and state with very close approximation to accuracy where he went and what he did.”<sup>12</sup>

12. *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, vol. ii, 480.



## A VOICE FROM THE WILDERNESS

By Fr. Celestine V. Strub, O.F.M.

### I.

**R**EADERS of the *Franciscan Herald* are certainly not unacquainted with the work of the Franciscans among the Indians of our country. Many an illustrated article from the pen of the missionaries has appeared in these columns, and the swarthy Papagos and Pimas have become as familiar as the brown-robed friars themselves. Yet much remains to be told both of the missionaries and of their wards; and having myself, during a recent sojourn in the Arizona mission fields, learned a great deal that enlightened me in regard to the scope, achievement, and needs of the missions, I have no doubt that it will prove enlightening to my readers as well. And as the information thus gleaned, not by any formal investigation (ill health precluded that) but merely by keeping ears and eyes open, has made me a volunteer patron of the missions, I trust that it will also awaken a wide, practical interest in the missions among the readers of the *Herald*.

From the time that the first missionaries began to labor among the aborigines of America, the work of Christianization has ever been also a work of civilization; and such it is among the Arizona Indians today. True, it is no longer necessary to teach them to wear clothes. That art they have learned; and if the raiment of the women betrays perhaps not so great a refinement of taste, it evidences at least a greater refinement of modesty than the styles of some of their

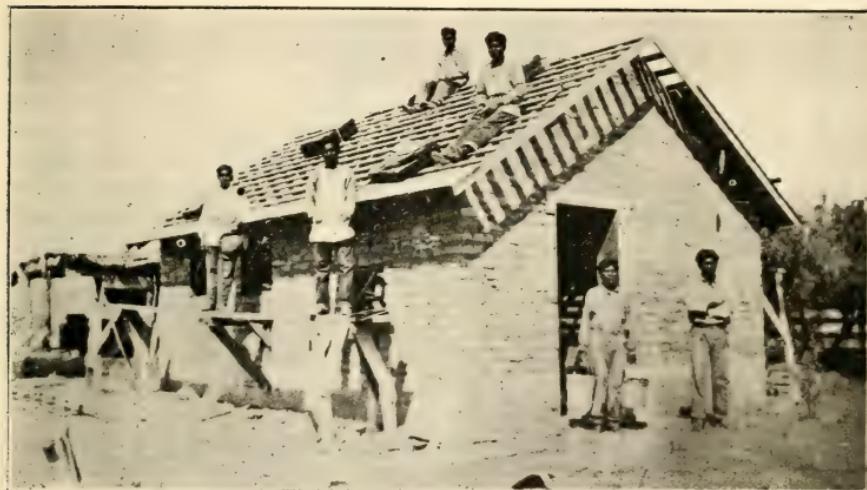
fairer white sisters. But a race is not yet civilized for all that it has learned to wear clothes. A certain amount of education is necessary, if only as a basis for proper instruction in religion. But right here the missionary is confronted by two great difficulties.

The first of these is the indifference on the part of the parents. Your Papago is a very indulgent papa, as papas go, and he will not send his children to school against their will. If pretty Anita and plump little Marcelline are of an age to begin to attend school, and the missionary requests their father to send them, his answer will usually be, "Go and ask them. If they want to go, all right." According to his philosophy, it is cruel to force even a child to do anything against its will. There are none, of course, among my readers who are of that opinion; none who yield to the whims and wilful ways of their children. But these Indian children are not so fortunate as to have such parents. The only thing that remains then, is to win over the children; and here the missionary's powers of persuasion will stand him in good stead. He must describe and narrate, expound and argue and plead, until the child at last consents to be educated—and sometimes clothed, boarded, and lodged—entirely free of charge.

Like other schools, the Indian schools are either boarding schools or day schools. The boarding school education is, naturally, more

efficient than that of the day school. Owing to the indifference of his parents, the pupil of the day school will attend school when he likes, and stay at home when he likes. At the boarding school, however, once he elects to enter it, he has no choice but to attend daily; and his parents are too far away to persuade him to return even if they were disposed to do so. Segregated thus for nine successive months (or even for five unbroken years) from their native

To many of my readers who, like myself, have grown up with the idea that these children of nature are a hardy race, the prevalence of tuberculosis among the Arizona Indians will perhaps seem incredible. But there is no gainsaying of the facts. When I first heard a missionary remark, "They are dying like flies," I was loathe to believe it. But I went from one missionary to another, and from everyone I heard the same story. It is only too true; the death rate among



Pupils of St. John's Indian Boarding School Learning How to Build

surroundings, their very environment will go far towards lifting them out of their sluggishness and unculture and placing them on a higher plane of civilization. But, efficient as are the boarding schools, there is one circumstance that speaks against them, and that is the sad fact that a startlingly large percentage of their pupils succumb to tuberculosis. This is the second difficulty with which the missionaries have to contend.

the Pimas and Papagos is appalling. Among the Pimas, for instance, along the Salt and the Gila Rivers, in a Catholic population of about 2,000, there have been on an average sixty deaths a year for the past six years. At Mission San Xavier, among a population of some seven hundred souls, twenty-eight deaths occurred, within the last eight months. For the preceding year (1917) the record was fifty, and a large proportion (one

missionary thought perhaps seventy-five per cent) of the deaths is due to tuberculosis! This sounds even more incredible. In the State that is admittedly the best resort for tubercular patients, a large percentage of the natives die of tuberculosis. But climate can avail little if there is no constitutional power of resistance, which is evidently the weakness of this race. The rapidity with which they succumb to consumption proves this. I was told of a strong, muscular youth—a veritable picture of health—who within two weeks was brought to the brink of the grave. To this constitutional weakness is added, in the case of the pupils of boarding schools, the strain of routine, which very many seem unable to stand, despite the care that is taken to prevent infection.

The reader must understand that these boarding schools for the Indians are, for the most part, not schools of higher education. They are rather primary schools, the course of training, apart from some technical training, being the same as in an ordinary parochial school; and by far the greater number of the pupils have had no previous schooling at all. In its nature, too, this peculiar kind of boarding school is only a temporary expedient. As both funds and teachers were lacking for numerous day schools, the children of various villages and even of different tribes were congregated in the boarding schools. As the day schools increase in number, the boarding schools will serve the purpose of technical training or of higher education for those children who have completed their primary education. In this way it is hoped,

and very reasonably, that the problem of educating these Indians without detriment to their health will be happily solved. In the meantime, our boarding schools must be patronized and supported, if for no other reason than to keep the Catholic Indians from the non-Catholic boarding schools, where, owing to the lack of vigilance on the part of the salaried officials, there is danger not only to the health of the pupils but to the morals as well. From a sanitary standpoint nothing is lacking in either class of schools.

Thanks to the high birth rate, there is no fear of the Indians becoming extinct. Among the Pimas in the vicinity of St. John's, the death toll during the past twelve months was one hundred (an unusually large one), but it was more than counterbalanced by the one hundred and thirty births. Still I have heard it said, in view of the ravages of consumption among the Indians, that "the Indian can't stand civilization"; and the fact that tuberculosis was unknown in Arizona before it began to be "civilized" lends some semblance of truth to the imputation. The real truth is that the Indian can stand civilization, but he can not stand an overdose of it. We must not attempt to civilize him overnight. Our European forebears whose descendants, now in the height of their civilization, are destroying one another, did not arrive at that summit at once or in a few years. So we must not put the Indian through too rapid processes. As Irving would reform the world, so we must civilize the Indian "by gentle alteratives and not by violent doses." If this policy is ad-

hered to, the Indian will in time assimilate all that is worth assimilating in our American civilization, of which he, as the first free-born American, is without doubt the rightful heir.

The religious work among the Indians embraces everything from the imparting of the rudiments of Christian doctrine to the organization and equipment of self-supporting parishes. As the Indians seldom come unbidden to seek instruction of the missionary, the nucleus of the coming parish is not always so easily formed. Many a time the zealous missionary will come to an Indian village, ring his bell, or send his Indian companion to invite attendants to his discourse, and will find no response. Often, perhaps, it is chiefly the inborn repugnance of nature to the moral restraints of religion that keeps them aloof and bars the door (sometimes literally) to the missionary; but more often it is the influence of the medicine men. In the latter case, after the grace of God, it is plain speech that gains the day. Once a small group of determined men get this fundamental truth clear that to side with the priest is to embrace the worthier life with the promise of eternal joy, and, contrariwise, to follow the medicine men is to purchase eternal woe, a regular landslide follows, and the medicine men slink

discomfited away. Church and school follow then as a natural consequence as soon as the needful funds can be collected or begged. Usually they are begged or they accumulate from gifts for the Indian missions, as, what with their fields and the lack of rainfall, most of these Indian families are woefully indigent.

It may be asked whether no way can be hit upon of making these missions self-supporting after the necessary buildings have been erected with outside help. This phase of the Indian problem has been duly considered, and there is growing hope that something in that regard may be soon accomplished. Indeed, it were no very difficult matter to support each mission from the products of the fields donated to it, if each Father had not so many missions to look after. It is mainly for this reason, the vast extent of each missionary's field, that with an eye to the more pressing need of evangelization they must rely for some years yet on the alms of the faithful. With the advent of more missionaries the work will go forward more rapidly, and the now dismal looking Indian villages become the decent homes of thriving Christian communities. Heaven hasten the day; for even now the fields "are white already to harvest."



## FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—The Franciscan missions of the Province of St. Mary of Ara Coeli in Bolivia are mourning the loss of one of their foremost missionaries in the person of Very Rev. Fr. Romuald D'Ambrogi, who died on March 30 last. Born at Arce, May 2, 1846, he entered the Order of Friars Minor in the Province of Ara Coeli at Orta, and at the early age of seventeen he made his solemn vows. Hardly had he been ordained priest, than he begged most earnestly to be sent to the foreign missions. He was assigned by his superiors to the missions of Bolivia, in South America, and great hopes were entertained for his success in converting the heathen nations to Christ. Nor were these hopes misplaced. After a brief stay at the college of Potosí, Fr. Romuald began to evangelize the Chiriguani and with such good results that countless natives, young and old, received the holy sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation at his hands. It is incredible what difficulties he surmounted in his apostolic labors, what sufferings and tribulations he bore, especially in establishing the two new missions of St. Bonaventure and St. Rose. But all this he deemed as naught. Placed again and again at the head of the missions, he fulfilled the arduous duties of his high office with consummate skill and indefatigable energy. In spite of his remarkable success in all these affairs, the great missionary always remained most humble and unassuming, and he won the hearts of all by his unaffected cordiality and paternal kindness. His death was, therefore, not only a severe blow to his religious brethren but to all that knew him, and the citizens of Potosí turned out en masse to celebrate his obsequies. His revered remains were laid to rest in the vault which the Brothers of the Third Order at Potosí have built for themselves. May the memory of this holy missionary and humble son of St. Francis inspire many of his confrères to follow in his footsteps. R. I. P.

For the past twenty years, there has existed in the Eternal City a society of prominent ladies who have made the

catechizing of children and of ignorant adults one of their principal works of mercy. About two years ago, the president, Evangelina Caimary, the mother-in-law of the Brazilian ambassador at the Vatican, together with her companions begged the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Capuchins to receive them into the Third Order. Their petition was granted, and on December 8, 1917, they were admitted to their holy profession. On February 10 last, the Most Rev. Fr. General sought and obtained a special audience with the Holy Father for this interesting group of Tertiaries. His Holiness accorded them a most hearty welcome and gave expression to his great joy and satisfaction that they had elected to continue their meritorious work of teaching the catechism under the special patronage of the Seraphic Father St. Francis.

Jerusalem, Palestine.—The Catholic soldiers of the British army in Palestine, now in Jerusalem, are seen daily making the Stations of the Cross through the Via Dolorosa, terminating their devotions at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Many of these troops are from Ireland, and under the guidance of the Catholic army chaplains or of the Franciscan friars, who have charge of the holy places, they follow the steps trodden by our Divine Savior during his bitter passion.

Molokai, Hawaiian Islands.—Mother Marianne, superior of the Franciscan Sisters stationed at the leper colony on the Island of Molokai, died recently at the age of eighty-two years, thirty-five of which she passed with the colony. She left the city of Syracuse, N. Y., in 1883, to devote her life to the lepers and she was the last of the six Sisters of the Order of St. Francis of this city who in that year volunteered for this heroic service. She was born in Germany and was known in the world as Margaret Kopp. She spent the first years of her religious life teaching school and tending the sick. When Rev. Father Leonore came from the islands in search of missionary Sisters, Mother Marianne and

her five companions gladly responded to his call, mindful of the words of the Savior, "What you have done to the least of my brethren you have done to me."

**Escorial, Spain.**—In the chapel of the royal palace of the Escorial near Madrid, Spain, there is preserved a miraculous, consecrated Host, which is now over three hundred years old. In the days of the fanatical Calvinists, when the Franciscan friars of Gorcum, in Holland, laid down their lives in defence of the doctrine of the Real Presence, this sacred Host was sacrilegiously profaned by a heretic, who to show his hatred for the Eucharist drove nails into the sacred species. God had mercy on the benighted man and by permitting blood to issue forth from the pierced Host, he converted him to the true faith. Filled with sorrow for his crime, the good man then entered the Order of Friars Minor and after a life of the severest penance died a holy death. Through the kind offices of Rudolph II the miraculous Host was brought to the Escorial where it has since been most sacredly treasured. Every year on September 28 and October 28, the anniversaries of the profanation of the sacred Host and of its arrival at the Escorial, it is solemnly exposed to the veneration of the faithful.

**Columbia, South America.**—The Republic of Columbia has sent a petition, signed by all the officials, with the President at the head of the list, to the Holy Father begging him in the most touching and pressing manner to raise to the dignity of a dogma of Catholic faith the universal belief of the Church in the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary with body and soul into heaven. It is most devoutly to be hoped that, as the great Tertiary Pope, Pius IX, gained the everlasting gratitude of the Catholic world for proclaiming the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the present reigning Pontiff, who is also a son of the Seraphic Father, will hearken to this petition, which is seconded by Catholics the world over, and will add this doctrine to the dogmas of our holy faith.

**Paris, France.**—A society has been organized in France among the officials of the railroad and telegraph companies for the purpose of instructing in the truths of our religion the employees of these companies, and assisting them in the

practical observance of their religious duties. Our Seraphic Father St. Francis has been chosen the special patron of the society. Recently, His Eminence Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, blessed with great pomp the banner of the society, which was made by a famous Parisian artist, herself a most devout Tertiary. The formation of this society evidences again the world-embracing mission of St. Francis to permeate with his spirit of true brotherly love all classes of men from the highest to the lowest and to unite them all with the bonds of peace.

**Córdoba, Spain.**—The preliminaries for the beatification of the Ven. Mother Mary of Jesus Romero, who died in the odor of sanctity on May 12, 1910, in the convent of the Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception at Hinojosa del Duque, Córdoba, are being carried on with great activity, and many witnesses are being examined regarding two miracles that are said to have been wrought through the intercession of this venerable servant of God. One of the miracles occurred in the convent of these Sisters at Garachico; the other in the monastery of the Poor Clares at Martos. The postulator of the cause, Rev. Fr. Sebastian Simonet, O.F.M., is preparing a statement of the two miracles for publication. Another miracle ascribed to the Ven. Mother Mary of Jesus occurred at Hinojosa del Duque, where Mother Mary had been abbess. Sr. Mary Teresa of Jesus Prada suffered exceedingly. The physicians pronounced her to be in the last stage of consumption and gave her but two months at most to live. The afflicted nun had recourse to Mother Mary and made a novena in her honor. On the last day of the novena, January 6, the anniversary of the profession of Mother Mary, while the poor Sister was recommending herself to the holy abbess, she suddenly arose completely cured. It is now four years since this happened, and the Sister has never since experienced the least illness.

**Pamplona, Spain.**—General Brualla, military post commander, died at Pamplona, Spain, on April 25. His body lay in state in the throne room of the King of Spain,—which had been converted for the purpose into a sumptuous mortuary chapel—and men of the highest military

and civil rank deemed themselves privileged to keep watch at the bier. In striking contrast to all this pomp and ceremony was the corpse of the deceased general, for it lay in its coffin garbed in the poor and somber habit of the Third Order of St. Francis. For, this eminent officer of the Spanish army lived and died as a devoted son of Holy Church and as a humble follower of the Poverello of Assisi. In conformity with his express wish, no military honors were accorded his mortal remains, and his funeral was as simple as it was possible under the circumstances to make it.

**Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church.**—The largest gathering of Tertiaries Washington has ever seen, one hundred and seventy-five in number, was held on September 15. Besides a number of Tertiaries from Union, Mo., who honored us by attending, several postulants were present. The formation of a sick committee was the first business transacted. The city and vicinity were divided into districts, each of which will have its quota of men and women Tertiaries to care for the sick. Then a method was adopted for supplying our soldiers with Catholic periodicals. In the vestibule of the church, a box will be placed in which the faithful may deposit their papers and magazines. The weekly papers, as *Our Sunday Visitor*, *Church Progress*, etc., should not be much over a week old; the magazines, as *Franciscan Herald*, *Sacred Heart Messenger*, *Extension Magazine*, etc., should not be much over two or three weeks old. Every Monday these papers and magazines will be sent to the K. of C. headquarters of the nearest camp for distribution. Lastly, it was decided that the members of the fraternity should assemble in the church on the evening before the funeral of a deceased Tertiary for the recital of the rosary, after which those who wish may pay a visit to the home of the deceased. Those who can not come to the church, will pray the rosary at home. Absent members will be requested by mail to recite the rosary and offer up Holy Communion for the deceased member. In this way, the local branch hopes to keep in touch also with isolated members. The plan for a national convention of Tertiaries, as suggested by the *Herald*, meets with

the hearty approval of our fraternity, which pledges its fullest support to all the measures necessary for making the convention a success.

After the business meeting, a social gathering was held. Rev. Fr. Vincent, O.F.M., of St. Louis, delivered a most encouraging address to the Tertiaries on this occasion, while a number of the members entertained the assembly with humorous recitations and musical numbers. The purpose of this gathering was to cultivate a more intimate and harmonious relation among the Tertiaries, and it was pleasant to note the true family spirit that prevailed. Much credit is due to our good school Sisters for the many services they have rendered the Third Order of this parish.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church.**—Many readers of the *Herald* will be grieved to learn of the death of Rev. Fr. Cletus Gierszewski, O. F. M., who was called to his reward, after a brief illness, on August 17, at the Alexian Brothers' Hospital. Paul Gierszewski, as he was called before his entrance into the Order of Friars Minor, was born, on March 11, 1846, at Frankenhausen, Germany. After completing his term of service in the army, he came to this country, in 1873, and continued his studies for the priesthood in St. Francis College, Cincinnati, O. In 1877, he entered the Franciscan novitiate at Teutopolis, Ill., and received at his investment the name Fr. Cletus. After his ordination, May 22, 1884, in St. Louis, Mo., he labored faithfully in various parishes of the Order in California, until 1896, when he was transferred to St. Peter's Church, Chicago. Two years later he went to Herman, Mo., as pastor and superior; then, in the same capacity, to Jordan, Minn. From 1903 till 1906, Fr. Cletus filled the office of vicar in the novitiate monastery at Teutopolis, when he was sent as assistant pastor to St. Augustine's Church, Chicago. St. Louis, Indianapolis, and Cleveland were the next scenes of his zealous activity until 1913, when he returned to St. Augustine's, Chicago, and remained there up to his edifying death. The Province of the Sacred Heart has lost in Fr. Cletus a zealous priest, a good religious, and a most lovable companion. Strict with himself and conscientious in fulfilling his duty, he was all charity toward oth-

ers and his winning smile spread sunshine and brightness about him. We recommend his soul to the charitable prayers of his many friends and of those whom he guided as pastor and retreatmaster in the ways of God. R. I. P.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—St. Elizabeth's Fraternity of the Third Order held its biennial retreat from Sunday, September 22, to September 29. Every day, at 3.00 P. M., there was a sermon and Benediction; likewise in the evening at 7.45 o'clock. The solemn conclusion of the retreat was on Sunday, September 29, at 3.00 P. M., on which occasion the Papal Blessing was given. The exercises were conducted by the Rev. Fr. Ewald Soland, O. F. M., of St. Louis, and were well attended.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.**—The regular monthly meeting of the English-speaking Tertiaries of our fraternity was held on September 1, with the usual large attendance. Twenty-three postulants were invested with the cord and scapular on this occasion, while twenty-eight novices made their profession. In his lecture on the true Christian family, our Rev. Director pointed out how the spirit that inspired that famous old song, "Home, sweet home," has fled from so many of our modern homes, so that they no longer deserve this name; and he urged the Tertiaries most earnestly to strive to retain this heaven-sent spirit, that their homes might be models for their fellow Catholics and at the same time a stinging rebuke to the club-cursed world.

Our annual retreat in preparation for the feast of St. Francis will be held from September 29 till October 4. All the Tertiaries are requested to attend these exercises. As was mentioned in the last issue of the *Herald*, our fraternity has secured beautiful El Pajaro Springs, renamed St. Francis Springs, to afford our Tertiaries and their friends a suitable place to retire during the heat of the summer months. The Springs are ten miles from Watsonville, where the Franciscans have charge of an orphan boys' home, and the site is admirably suited to its purpose. There are several beautiful buildings already on the place, with the depot and post office at the entrance to the premises. While charges for accommodations will be made, they

will be very reasonable, and needy Tertiaries will be accommodated gratis. The atmosphere of the resort will be thoroughly Catholic, and holy Mass will be said daily on the premises.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Francis Monastery.**—Although good Brother Winfred Schoo had been sick for the past six years with a complication of diseases, still his death on Friday morning, August 23, was a most unexpected surprise for our community. Knowing that his end was near, he had asked Very Rev. Fr. Provincial to remove him from Indianapolis to the novitiate convent at Teutopolis. His request was readily granted, but his stay was brief. In spite of the acute pains he constantly suffered, he was always patient and cheerful and edified all by his perfect resignation. Born at Lengerich, Germany, on December 6, 1859, he entered the Franciscan Order, on July 28, 1890, and pronounced his solemn vows eight years later. Faithful in the performance of the various duties of his humble station, he was cherished by all and by his happy disposition he made friends wherever he went. The solemn obsequies were held in the parish church, after which the body was laid to rest in the convent vault, where the novices assemble daily to say the *De profundis* for their departed brethren and to imbibe from their pious memory grace and strength to follow in their footsteps.—R. I. P.

**St. Louis, Mo.**—It may interest our readers to learn that all four of the army chaplains of our Province, Rev. FF. Isidore Fosselman, Peter Crumbly, Cyrius Schneider, and Juvenal Emanuel have passed through the war zone unscathed and have joined their respective regiments at the front. Rev. FF. Alphonse Weber and Albert Braun, of the California Franciscan Province, have also arrived safe in France. Rev. FF. Juniper Doolin and Cyril Buotich, likewise of the western Province, are attending the school for army chaplains in Camp Taylor, Kentucky. They will receive their commissions in about two weeks. We recommend all these chaplains as also our lay brothers in the army to the fervent prayers of the reader.

**Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.**—The series of lectures on the Rule of the Third Order was completed at the last

meeting and the large number of Tertiaries that attended the lectures each month showed how much they appreciated them. The attendance cards which were handed in after each meeting proved to be so simple and successful a means for keeping a record of the attendance, as to warrant the continuance of this method at the regular meetings. The annual spiritual exercises of the Third Order will be conducted this year for the English-speaking Tertiaries from September 24-29, and for the German-speaking Tertiaries from October 1-6. At the concluding services of the first retreat there will be a solemn investment of new members, while the main feature of the closing exercises of the second retreat will be the profession of the novices. On this occasion, our Most Reverend Archbishop Messmer will also make his profession in the Third Order. All the Tertiaries of the city are cordially invited to attend this celebration.

The members of our Tertiary Conference are urged to assist the Rev. Fr. Director in his efforts to have every member subscribe to some Tertiary magazine, either the *Franciscan Herald* or the *Seraphic Chronicle*, which is published by the Capuchin Fathers.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.**—When the students returned, September 10, to resume their studies, they were welcomed by our new Rev. Rector, Fr. Philip Marke, O. F. M., who was appointed by the provincial chapter this summer to succeed Rev. Fr. Roger Middendorf, O.F.M., as rector of St. Joseph's. Rev. Fr. Roger, who retains his office as Commissary and Visitor of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart, has been transferred as guardian to St. Joseph's convent, Cleveland, Ohio. Other changes were also made in the faculty. Thus

Rev. Fr. Conrad was sent to Quincy College, Rev. Fr. Herman Joseph to Cleveland, and Rev. Fr. Joseph Hermigild to Waterloo, Ia. In their stead have come Rev. Fr. Alphonse and Rev. Fr. Emmanuel. Good Fr. Paulinus, who for the past seventeen years was a dear familiar figure at "Old St. Joe's," is now located in the novitiate monastery as Father Confessor of the clerics and novices.

**Philadelphia, Pa., Poor Clare Monastery.**—Whereas the investment and profession of Sisters is an event of almost daily occurrence at the present time, still these ceremonies as conducted in the humble chapels of the Poor Clares seem to be more than ordinarily impressive, owing, no doubt, to the fact that when a young lady enters the cloister of these nuns she severs connections with the world in as far as it is possible to do so, "burying herself alive," as the world sometimes characterizes this heroic step. The beautiful ceremony of profession was performed in the little chapel of the Poor Clares of this city on August 18, when Sr. M. Gulielmi of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (Dyson), of Somerville, Mass., and Sr. M. Fintan of Our Lady of Grace (Ruggiero), of Brooklyn, N. Y., were admitted to their simple vows. The Very Rev. Hector Papi, S. J., of Woodstock, Md., as delegate of His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Dougherty, presided. He also made a touching address on the religious state. Sr. M. Gulielmi is a sister of the Rev. Mr. Robert Dyson, S. J., and one of her sisters is a Sister of Mercy. Sr. M. Fintan is the second of her family to make profession in the Order of the Poor Clares. The good parents of both the Sisters were present and they rejoice that God has again favored them by deigning to call another from their homes to serve Him in religion.

## OBITUARY

**Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Convent:**—Rev. Fr. Cletus Gierschewski, O.F.M.  
**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Francis Convent:**—Rel. Bro. Winfred Schoo, O.F.M.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**

*St. Francis Fraternity*:—Agnes Borske, Sr. Clare.

*St. Louis Fraternity*:—Anna Welch, Sr. Mary.

*St. Elizabeth Fraternity*:—Teresa Prosser, Sr. Maria; Anna Schlechter, Sr. Veronica; Johanna Pregenzer, Sr. Elizabeth; Catherine Becker, Sr. Gertrude Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:—Elizabeth Wisnofsky, Sr. Anna; Catherine Renz, Sr. Elizabeth; Rose Burns, Sr. Clare.

**Grand Rapids, Mich.**—Antony Brogger, Bro. Francis.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:**—Margaret Rodgers.

**Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church:**—Mary Anne Meyer, Sr. Bridget.

# Franciscan Herald

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## Editorial Comment

**"HOLY MARY, MOTHER OF GOD, PRAY FOR US SINNERS."**

The prayer of petition, which makes up the latter half of the Hail Mary, begins with the words, "Holy Mary." The sanctity of Mary is beyond comprehension. To form some conception thereof, we must picture to ourselves all the virtues and merits of all the creatures united in one human being: the burning love of the angels, the lively faith of the patriarchs, the ardent desire of the prophets, the arduous labors of the apostles, the heroic patience of the martyrs, the untiring zeal of the confessors, the generous self-denial of the virgins, and the incessant prayers of the widows. Yet compared with the sanctity of the Mother of God all these merits and virtues are but as a drop to the limitless sea. "The foundations thereof are in the holy mountains." Where the highest mountains of sanctity raise their peaks, there Mary's holiness has its beginnings.

This unparalleled sanctity was at once the condition and the consequence of her election to the dignity of Mother of God. Wonderful and mysterious prerogative! Mary held in her bosom Him whom heaven and earth can not contain; she begot Him who created all things; she called Him her son who is the Ancient of days; she bore in her arms Him who balances the universe in the hollow of his hand; she nourished Him who gives food to all "in due season"; she led Him by the hand who directs the movements of the heavenly bodies. Which created intellect can comprehend these contradictions? Yet, contradictions they are not; for they are tenets of our Faith, and that can not teach anything unreasonable. "Mary is the Mother of God," says St. Bonaventure. "God could have created a greater world than the one we know; he could have extended the heavens beyond their present confines; but he could not have fashioned a greater mother than the Mother of God."

How justly may we, therefore, raise our admiring eyes to this exalted creature and praise her and invoke her as the Mother of God—and as our mother. For if, as St. Paul says, Christ is the firstborn of many brethren, then Mary is in a very true sense our mother. "O happy trust, O secure refuge," exclaims St. Bernard, "the Mother of God is also my mother." How much are we in need of a mother and advocate; for are we not sinners all, who daily excite the wrath of our heavenly Father by manifold transgressions of his law? It is this conviction that prompts every truly Catholic heart to say many times every day, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now."

The present is the time of grace and mercy and salvation. The night wherein no man can work, is fast approaching for each of us. How great is our need of Mary's immediate aid, the more so since we are living at a time when the difficulties in the way of our salvation are multiplying from day to day. Outside of the Catholic Church, the Christian faith is rapidly disappearing; and a decline in faith is always followed by a decline in morals. Rank infidelity and gross materialism are making deep inroads into the Christian life of nations, so that it is becoming increasingly difficult to lead a life conformable to the teachings of Christ. If we add to this the numerous ills that flesh is heir to, which are nothing but so many hindrances in the service of God, we can not but feel grateful that God has given us a Mother who is able not only to sympathize with us but to assist us in our every need.

We can not, therefore, do better than follow the advice of St. Bernard: "If the winds of temptation rise, if you are dashed against the rocks of tribulation, look to the star—call on Mary. If you are tossed about by the waves of pride, of ambition, of detraction, of envy, look to the star, call on Mary. If anger or avarice or the allurements of the flesh strike against the bark of your mind, look to Mary. If, troubled by the enormity of your crimes, confounded at the disorder of your conscience, stricken with the dread of judgment, you are on the point of sinking in the gulf of sadness, the abyss of despair, think of Mary. In dangers, in difficulties, in doubts, think on Mary, call on Mary. Let her name be ever on your lips; ever cherished in your heart. And that you may obtain the assistance of her prayer, do not forget the example of her life. Following her, you shall not stray; praying to her, you shall not despair; thinking of her, you shall not err; if she hold you by the hand, you shall not fall; if she protect you, you shall not fear; if she guide you, you shall not weary; if she be propitious, you shall attain your end."



### THE PARISH SCHOOL AND THE WAR

"In these days when men's souls are tried in the furnace of war, the glorious response that our young men have made to the call of patriotism, the sacrifices they are prepared to undergo, and the intelligent cooperation they are giving to the cause of our country, are the gratifying results of the lessons of religion and patriotism they have learned in our schools. We, therefore, bespeak even greater support of our Parish School system by our Catholic people in the days to come."

It is both gratifying and reassuring that the Parish School Department of the Catholic Educational Association in these words has given due credit to the parochial school for its contribution to the winning of the war. If it is true—as has been claimed, and we think with justice—that forty per cent of the American expeditionary forces are products of the parish schools, then these have every reason to be proud of the work they are doing. When the cause of the allies was all but lost, America sent to their aid one million of her best and bravest young men, and these she recruited largely (let us repeat it for the sake of emphasis) from the Catholic schools. These young men were at once pronounced by the allied generals the best fighting material in the world. How they turned the tide of battle and converted almost certain defeat into victory, complete and glorious, is a story too well known to bear repetition here. Suffice it to say that what our boys have done in France, will form the

brightest page in all our country's history; and not a little of the immortal glory they are harvesting on foreign fields will reflect on that much maligned institution, the Catholic parish school. Catholics have always maintained, in the face of reproaches the most unjust, that the patriotism taught in their cross-topped schools is at least as good a brand as that imparted in the public schools. The event has borne out their contention.

It is too much to hope, however, that the blatant bigots who, even in these perilous times, are trying to divide the country against itself by attacking the Catholic school, will see into their folly and desist from their anserous attempts to discredit millions of their fellow citizens, whose devotion to their country is too patent to need any proof or defence. Like the idols of the Gentiles, "they have eyes and see not; they have ears and hear not."



### THE DAWN OF PEACE

There can be no doubt that within the last two weeks the world has made giant strides toward the peace for which it has sighed and prayed these four weary years. True, there have been times when the warring nations evinced a disposition to put by the sword and to extend the hand of reconciliation and friendship, and each time the hopes of poor suffering humanity for an early peace by compromise were dashed. But that was at a stage of the conflict where neither the one nor the other group of belligerents could claim an overwhelming preponderance of power. Now, however, it must be apparent even to the casual observer that the advantage, military, political, economical, is all on the side of our country and its associates in the war. Even at this writing our President is dictating the terms on which an armistice will be granted to a suppliant, if as yet unbeaten enemy. Whether these terms are accepted or not, one thing is certain, that the desire for peace reenkindled by the latest discussions between the German Chancellor and President Wilson is daily becoming stronger; and it is only a question of months, possibly of weeks before this desire will make itself felt with such irresistible force, especially in the Central Powers that the Governments will be powerless to withstand it. For if these Governments, even now when they are by no means at the end of their resources, are ready to conclude peace on terms which three months since they would have spurned as dishonorable, it requires no prophetic vision to be able to foresee the end of the bloody struggle. We believe with Sir Edward Grey, that peace is within sight though not within reach.



### THE FAILURE OF DIPLOMACY

If there is one fact which more than any other may be called the outstanding fact of the present war, it is the failure of diplomacy in the first place to prevent the great cataclysm and then to bring about its termination. We do not hesitate to make European diplomacy directly responsible for the beginning as well as for the duration of the titanic struggle. Long before the military leaders let slip the dogs of war, the so-called statesmen and diplomats in the capitals of Europe had deliberately calculated the chances and coolly weighed the consequences of such

a venture. In fact, European politics and diplomacy had degenerated into a puerile game of browbeating and bulldozing one's opponents, real or imaginary. The political leaders of the nations could command only so much respect at home and abroad as their armies and navies possessed. Hence the desire of leading statesmen for colossal standing armies and ever-increasing navies. It was evident from the moment that statesmanship so-called substituted bayonets for brains in the conduct of political affairs that the war was bound to come.

When it had come, what did these same men do to terminate it? They talked and explained, vaunted and ranted, threatened and demanded, and all the while their peoples, fighting and bleeding and dying, were asking in vain for a definite statement of war aims and peace terms. It remained for our own President to satisfy their demands to some extent by specifying the reasons for prolonging the war and formulating the conditions on which peace might be made. Because he has had the courage to do this, the world is now turning to him for a still more definite statement of his ideals and policies in the hope that thereby further bloodshed will be avoided.

It must remain a matter of sincere regret, however, that even he could not bring about a final settlement without resorting to brute force. However glorious a victory over an enemy's army may be, it does not equal the conquest of his spirit; nor can it decide a question of right and wrong. It will be urged that brute force is the only argument that appeals to an enemy so constituted as ours. Granted, for the sake of argument. But have other nations in times past been more open to conviction? Have they not been all too ready to appeal to the sword on the slightest provocation? They would have been less anxious to do so, had they been less conscious of their military strength. In the new order of things which is coming, we devoutly hope there will be no room for old-style diplomacy and old-world militarism.



## BOOK REVIEWS

The second volume of *St. Bonaventure's Seminary Year Book*, edited by the Duns Scotus Theological Society of that institution, has lately come to us. Like its predecessor, the present volume gives eloquent testimony to the high standard and the efficient method that prevail at "St. Bona's." With so many good things spread out before one as are contained in the *Year Book*, it is no easy task to point out the best. There is hardly a dull article in the entire symposium. Deserving of special mention are: "The Development of Christology," by Bro. Edmund Kilian, O.F.M., which is a clear and succinct treatment of the subject. "The Catholicity of Shakespeare," by Robert F. Hallahan, is neither better nor worse than the vast majority of articles written by Catholic critics in support of the theory that Shakespeare wrote, if he did not live, like a Catholic. The best historic contribution is from the pen of Fr. Mathias Faust, O.F.M. It is entitled, "Friars Minor and their Activity as Preachers." The article is none the less interesting and complete for being, of necessity, somewhat sketchy. Of the philosophical treatises, "Some of the Scholastic Notions on the Soul," by Bro. Victor Mills, O.F.M., is perhaps the best thought out. "Napoleon," from the French of Lamartine, by An Alumnus, is in our opinion the most successful effort in verse.

The editorials are not on a par with the rest of the contributions. They seem to be lacking in point. The writers say too little by endeavoring to say too much. Such subjects as "The Pope," and "Patriotism," would seem to be of too general a nature to be handled in editorial form. The *Year Book* is without doubt a very readable and presentable volume, a monument to the efficiency of the teachers and the diligence of the students of St. Bonaventure's Seminary. We wish them success for the scholastic year just begun and to their *Year Book* a large circle of readers.

*St. Bonaventure's Seminary Year Book*, Allegany, N. Y. Price \$1.00.

Another annual published by the Friars of the Holy Name Province is *St. Antony's Almanac*. Special features of the 1919 edition are the twelve well written biographical sketches of Franciscan saints and the four musical compositions. "Our Sacramental King," is a hymn, the words of which are written by Sr. Amadeus, O.S.F. The music is composed by Fr. Raphael Adams, O.F.M., who displays no mean knowledge of technique and felicity of execution. "Alabádo," "Padré Nuestro," "Diós te salve María," are the titles of three Spanish religious songs which the Padres taught the Indians in missionary days. Fr. Florian Zettel, O.F.M., has written the accompaniment to these simple yet affecting melodies, and Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M., gives them the proper historical setting. Mary Agatha Gray, Caroline D. Swan, Will W. Whalen, and Marian Nesbitt write in their usual pleasing and entertaining style. Indeed, the fiction in this number is of a decidedly high order. The same can not be said, however, of the verse, which is hardly above, if not slightly below, the ordinary. The *Annual* does not lose in popularity for maintaining a high literary standard. It deserves the widest circulation.

*St. Antony's Almanac*, Callicoon, N. Y. Price 25c.

Lovers of the spiritual will be delighted with an English version of Fr. Pastrovicchi's Italian Life of St. Joseph of Copertino that has lately appeared. The Reverend Francis S. Laing, O.M.Cap., to whom we are indebted for this new translation, has acquitted himself of his task in masterful style. Beyond doubt, he has succeeded in satisfying the rigorous demands of the historical critic; and he has been perhaps not less successful in meeting the no less strict requirements of the English purist. For even the stickler for the purest English will find relatively little to condemn, but much to commend in this rendering. As to the matter, there is so much of the super natural, the miraculous, and the extraordinary that the modern reader will probably complain of a slight feeling of satiety when he lays the book aside. For all that, it is an interesting biography of one of the most remarkable saints in the Franciscan Order, if not in the Church of God. One turns instinctively to the chapter on "Ecstasies and Flights," for which this saint is famous, and finds that he is indeed a "Pioneer of Aviation," as someone has called him; for he spent no inconsiderable portion of his life in the air. No one who can afford the price of one dollar should forgo the pleasure of reading this interesting and edifying life-story. B. Herder, of St. Louis, is the publisher. This office will also accept orders for the book.

*St. Joseph of Copertino*, B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.  
Price \$1.00.

## BL. SALOME

*By Fr. Silas, O. F. M.*

**B**L. Salome, daughter of Lescon V., Duke of Cracow and Sandomir, in Poland, was born at Cracow, in 1201. At the age of three years, she was betrothed by her father to Coloman, son of Andrew II, King of Hungary, and brother of St. Elizabeth; and was, according to the custom of the time, brought to the court where she was to spend her life, in order to receive an education befitting her high station.

The young princess soon won the love and admiration of the court by the excellent qualities of her mind and heart, and by her genuine piety. Endowed with a quick understanding, she easily mastered the studies prescribed for her by her masters, and became very proficient in the accomplishments required of persons of her rank. With still greater earnestness, however, did she strive to adorn her soul with virtue and to render herself more pleasing in the eyes of God. In the midst of the pleasures and distractions of the court, she manifested an extraordinary love for silence, prayer, and spiritual reading, to which pious exercises she devoted a considerable portion of the day. She was animated with a generous charity toward all, especially toward the sick and the poor. Very early in life she was inspired to consecrate her virginity to God, and foreseeing the opposition she would meet on the part of those who had authority over her, she committed herself entirely to the guidance and protection of Divine Providence, confident that God

would enable her to fulfill the vow he had inspired her to make.

The time for her marriage at length arrived. Salome was then thirteen years of age. After the elaborate festivities which followed the nuptial Mass, she made known her vow to Coloman, her husband, and besought him to allow her to keep the promise she made to God under the inspiration of grace. Coloman, who was a worthy brother of St. Elizabeth, granted her request, and together they made the vow of perpetual virginity. They now devoted themselves with great fervor to the practice of prayer, mortification, and charity. Salome, especially, was unwearied in these pious practices. Carried away by the ardor of her soul, she spent many hours of the day and night in sweet converse with God, during which she was sometimes so transported out of herself that she would faint away. Her fasts and other austerities were so severe that Coloman, fearing for her health, felt constrained to moderate her fervor. The fruit of her constant self-denial and union with God in prayer and contemplation was a great contempt for the vanities of the world and the victory over her passions and inordinate movements of nature. In her love of humility and penance, she joined the Third Order of St. Francis, which was then in its infancy. Though regard for her husband and her high position did not permit her to lay aside her costly garments, she endeavored to observe the rule of the Order by avoiding, as much as

possible, all display in ornament and dress. It was her delight to relieve the needy and to visit the poor in their homes. This example of humility and self-denial in so young a princess could not fail to exert a salutary influence on all who came in contact with her. A general reformation took place at the court. The greatest ladies laid aside their finery and ornaments, abstained from worldly amusements, and gave themselves up to practices of piety and charity. When her husband was chosen King of Galicia, Salome did not change her mode of life. It was her sole desire to grow in the love of the Divine Majesty, and she took advantage of the larger means now placed at her disposal to extend and multiply her good works; and in this she was encouraged and assisted by her God-fearing husband.

After the death of Coloman, in 1225, Salome devoted herself even more entirely to the service of God

and of her neighbor. She made use of her great riches to help the poor and those who had lost their possessions during the invasion of the Tatars, and to build convents for the Friars Minor and the daughters of St. Clare. Finally, in 1240, she carried out her long cherished desire to abandon the world, and entered the convent of the Poor Clares at Zavichost, where she received the habit of the Order at the hands of the Bishop of Cracow. Owing to the incursions of the Tatars, she with the community removed to Scalen, and thence to Cracow, where her brother, Duke Boleslas, built a convent for them.

On entering the convent, Salome gave up all her possessions, spurning the fleeting honors of this world to gain a never-fading crown of glory in heaven; nor would she permit any exception or privilege in her regard. She asked for the poorest and most inconvenient cell, and delighted in performing the lowliest labors in



Bl. Salome

Drogemelle fecit

the convent. She surpassed all her Sisters in the fervor of her devotion and in her austeries. Her fasts were continual; her bed a mat spread upon a board; and she never slept more than three or four hours. For many years she filled the office of abbess, and succeeded by her kind exhortations and especially by the example of her holy life, in fostering in her Sisters the exact observance of the Rule and the practice of every religious virtue.

The blessed servant had thus served God in the seclusion of the convent for twenty-eight years, when she learned by divine revelation that her end was drawing near. She fell sick on November 10, 1268, while assisting at Mass. During her illness, which lasted for seven days, she was for all an example of patience and quiet resig-

nation to the will of God. After foretelling the day of her death, she called together her Sisters, and exhorted them to mutual charity, peace, purity of heart, obedience, and the avoidance of all worldly gossip. In her last moments, Salome was gladdened by an apparition of our Lady with the Holy Child. Shortly after, the Sisters who were kneeling around her bed, saw a little star coming out of her mouth and ascend to heaven. Bl. Salome had given back her soul to God. According to her wish, her body was entombed in the church of the Friars Minor at Cracow, by the side of the remains of her husband, King Coloman. On account of the numerous miracles wrought at her intercession, Pope Clement X approved the veneration paid her from time immemorial.

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### ON THE ENDURANCE OF TRIBULATION

One of the brethren said to Brother Giles, "Father, if great adversities or tribulations come in our time what are we to do?" He answered, "My brother, I would have thee know that if the Lord rained arrows out of heaven they could not hurt us if we were such as we ought to be; for if a man were in truth such as he ought to be, every ill, every tribulation, would be turned for him into good; and so in like manner to the man who has an evil will all good things are turned to evil and judgment. If thou wilt be saved and go to the glory of heaven, thou must never desire that any vengeance or punishment be inflicted on any creature, for the inheritance of the Saints is always to do good and always to receive evil. If thou didst truly know how grievously thou hast offended thy Creator, thou wouldest acknowledge that it is meet and right that all creatures should persecute thee, and give thee punishment and tribulation to avenge the offences thou hast done to their Creator.—*Fioretti.*

## Lord, That I May See!

No ray of star-shine quivers down to me,  
 In that dark wood, wherein my feet have strayed;  
 Trembling, I stumble on, with soul afraid,  
 Blinded by doubt—O Lord, that I may see—

The reason why, when after fervent prayer,  
 And stern self-conquest, I have raised my eyes,  
 Expectant to Thy Throne above the skies,  
 I find no echo and no answer there.

And why the things I do with pure intent,  
 So often turn but to my own despite;  
 Why truest friends so seldom judge aright  
 My motives, reading bad where good was meant.

And why, when I had striven the whole long day,  
 To reach that high-hung blossom which men call  
 "The Heart's Desire," one came, possessing all,  
 And roughly snatched my fairy flower away.

And why my best and holiest thoughts are met  
 By cold indifference, or contemptuous sneers;  
 Why—though I change not with the changing years—  
 Others too well have proved they can forget.

Ah! these are mysteries, and the mind apprest,  
 Rebels at what appears a hard decree—  
 Brother Divine, grant me, that I may see,  
 And seeing, find some calm for my unrest.

—Marian Nesbitt, Tertiary.

## THE SECOND ENGLISH PROVINCE

*(Concluded)*

*By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.*

### Foundation, Growth, Activity

**F**R. John Gennings was overjoyed on learning that several priests and students of the English College at Douai wished to become Franciscans and join the province he intended to restore. Without delay he proposed the matter to Fr. Andrew a Soto, Commissary General of the Belgian provinces. The Commissary favored the project and granted him all necessary faculties. Accordingly, in 1616, a residence was procured at Gravelines, and the first community assembled consisting of six Fathers and three novices. At the same time, probably for lack of sufficient accommodations, other novices destined for the English Province spent the year of probation in the friary at Ypres.

On June 8, 1618, the Observants held their General Chapter at Salamanca in Spain. It was here that the work of Fr. John Gennings, till then sanctioned only by the Commissary General, received the approbation of the highest authorities of the Order. Among other things it was decreed that, as Fr. John Gennings had proposed, a friary should be erected at Douai. The King of Spain offered no opposition, but preferred to leave the final decision to her Highness, the Archduchess Isabella, who was then governing the Spanish Netherlands, as also to the civil authorities of the university town. The Archduchess, owing to the intervention of her confessor, Fr. An-

drew a Soto, readily gave her consent, while the magistrates of the city even granted a site on which to erect the friary and college.<sup>1</sup>

On October 30, of the same year, the friars came to Douai and rented a private house, which for the present was to serve as friary. The next step of Fr. John Gennings was to solicit alms. Most generously did the nobility in England and the Benedictine abbots of St. Vedast and Marchienne respond to his appeal. The work on the buildings, therefore, progressed quite rapidly, and in 1621, the friars could enter their new home, which they dedicated to St. Bonaventure. To the first community belonged FF. John Gennings, Antony Clarke (Clercke), Francis Davenport, and Bonaventure Jackson, whom the Commissary General appointed first superior. In 1624, the friary was made a guardianate with Fr. Bonaventure as first guardian.

At the General Chapter, in 1618, the English friars living in Belgium, England, and Scotland were placed under obedience to the Commissary General of the Belgian provinces. Probably that same year, or shortly after, Fr. John Gennings became Vicar of England.<sup>2</sup> It was in this capacity that, in 1625, he sent Fr. Francis Davenport to Rome, that he might interest the General Chapter in the cause of the English friars. The result of this mission was a letter from the Minister General, Fr. Ber-

1. *Annales Minorum*, Vol. XXV, An. 1618. Mason: *Certamen Seraphicum* (Quaracchi, 1885), p. 21 sqq.—

2. Fr. William Stanney, Commissary of England, was still living at this time. It is probably owing to this fact that Fr. John Gennings was appointed Vicar and not Commissary of England. See Thaddeus: *The Franciscans in England* (London, 1898), p. 238.

nardine de Senis, to Fr. John Gennings, by virtue of which the English Franciscans were associated into a custody, and the zealous Vicar was appointed the first custos enjoying the full power of a provincial. Four years later, the Minister General, moved by the entreaties not only of the Fathers but of leading Catholics, commissioned Fr. Joseph Bergaigne, who had meanwhile become Commissary General, to assemble the English friars for the first provincial chapter. After some delay, on the first Sunday of Advent, November 14, 1630, the meeting was held in the convent of the Franciscan Sisters at Brussels. First the letters patent of the Minister General were read, giving the English Province a regular existence and, as is customary in such cases, instituting the first provincial superiors. Fr. John Gennings was declared Minister Provincial, and Fr. Francis Davenport Custos (Vice-Provincial), while FF. Bonaventure Jackson, Nicholas Day, Francis Bel, and Jerome Pickford were appointed Definitors (Councilors). Thereupon, the assembled Fathers proceeded with the minor appointments, of which a few are of interest. Fr. Francis Bel was elected guardian of St. Bonaventure's College at Douai and professor of the Hebrew language. FF. Francis Davenport and William a S. Augustino were appointed professors of theology, Fr. Lawrence a S. Edmundo professor of philosophy and master of novices. Among the regulations was a decree providing "that for the better and easier direction of the brethren and despatch of business, the Provincial when residing in England, may appoint a Commissary, invested with his authority, for our brethren in Belgium; and, when residing in Belgium, he may in like manner provide for England."

While in this way, after a lapse of some fifteen years, the project of Fr. John Gennings had at last materialized, the missions in England had not been neglected. It was providential that the restoration of the province coincided with the accession of Charles I (1625-1649). Except for the penal laws which the Puritan party compelled him to revive against Catholics, the first years of his reign were generally speaking a period of religious peace and toleration. Naturally, Fr. John Gennings and his first companions availed themselves of these favorable conditions and extended the field of their activity. From the report of Panzani, the papal envoy to England, we learn that, in 1634, there were twenty Franciscans on the English Missions. Already at the first chapter in 1530, FF. Bonaventure Jackson and George Perrot could be assigned guardians of the London and Reading districts. By 1640, six new districts had been added; viz., Dorset (Dorchester) and York in 1632, Greenwich in 1634, Leicester in 1637, Oxford and Chichester in 1640. Seven years later, these vast mission territories were rearranged into eight guardianates; viz., London, York, Cambridge, Bristol, Oxford, Newcastle, Worcester, and Greenwich. Of these, the first seven comprised thirty-eight various shires or counties, while Greenwich, though situated in the London district, had a guardian of its own. These districts were governed by so-called titular guardians, who looked after the friars and the missions under their jurisdiction and also took part in the provincial chapters. The Minister Provincial or, in his absence, the Commissary resided at London, where, too, after 1637, the provincial chapters were regularly held.

Equally remarkable is the growth of the province in membership.

Before the year 1620, FF. Nicholas Day and Francis Bel, and later John Bullaker were summoned from the Province of the Immaculate Conception in Spain. Like FF. Jerome Pickford and George Perrot who had been among the first companions of Fr. John Gennings, other recruits came from the English College and the neighborhood of Douai, and after completing their novitiate and higher studies, proved prominent and valuable members of the province. At the same time, others joined the English province on the missions. Thus we know that Fr. John Talbot, a secular priest, received the habit and spent his year of probation in England. Within a few years, the youthful province had grown strong and vigorous. Before 1649, it numbered fifty-three members, not including the clerics, who in that year were still pursuing their studies at Douai. Seventeen members had already passed to their eternal reward, among whom were five who died a martyr's death,<sup>3</sup> thus making manifest how deeply these first friars of the newly formed province had imbibed the spirit of unswerving loyalty to their God and conscience which had so characterized their brethren a century before.

At first, the friars styled themselves "of the Regular Observance." In the course of time, however, the people of Douai identified them with the Recollects, who since the thirteenth century had a friary in that city. This was one of the reasons why the English friars took the name of Recollects and after 1676 inserted it in all their official documents. "These Recollects," Parkinson rightly observes, "were no separate body distinct from the rest of the Observ-

ants, but made up a part of it, giving themselves first to the contemplative life, as the most proper preparation for the better discharging the duties of the active; as also for the recovering their spirit when dissipated by preaching, teaching, ruling as superiors, or other similar exercises of obedience and charity."<sup>4</sup> How jealously they safeguarded the Franciscan vow of poverty we see from the regulations drawn up at the provincial chapter in 1637. According to these, no friar was allowed to keep money about his person, nor to deposit it or to have it deposited without a written permission of the Provincial. Furthermore, it was strictly forbidden to accept or to assign for oneself, for the Province, or for the College any rents given as alms either temporarily or for life. Neither could money be "received as alms for things curious, precious or superfluous, in food, clothing, and the rest which may be called extravagant considering the condition of the mission, according to the judgment of the Provincial Minister." "The faithful observance of these regulations," Thaddeus remarks, "was undoubtedly a great safeguard for the Franciscans on the English mission." Like all true sons of St. Francis, they also fostered a deep and tender devotion to Mary the Mother of God. To her they recommended the conversion of England; and in 1632, it was decreed that daily on the missions the litany in her honor should be said after the principal Mass and the *Tota pulchra* after compline. What confidence the highest superiors of the Order placed in the zeal and tact of these early friars may be seen from the fact that, in 1630, one of their number, Fr. Francis Bel, was sent as Provincial

<sup>3</sup>. These data have been compiled from Thaddeus, 1<sup>st</sup> c., *passim*.—<sup>4</sup>. Parkinson: *Antiquities of the English Franciscans* (London, 1726), p. 215. Thaddeus, 1<sup>st</sup> c., p. 58.

to Scotland to further the restoration of the province in that country.

No less remarkable than the growth of the youthful province, was the activity its early members unfolded. While a number of them labored in Belgium, especially at Douai, instructing and training the clerics for their future missionary career, others, after taking the prescribed oath, set out for the English missions. The scenes of their activity were hallowed by the labors and sufferings of their brethren who a hundred years before had borne the brunt of the first storm against the Church. It was, no doubt, the sacred memory of those Franciscan heroes that made their heirs forget the hardships and privations they encountered in the discharge of their duties. The Catholic faith could not be preached publicly; it was merely tolerated and that only because the King secretly favored the Catholics and as yet was powerful enough to oppose his Puritan parliaments; while everyone knew that the Queen professed and practiced the proscribed religion. Well regulated parishes and schools, of course, there were none. Accordingly, the friars' sphere of activity lay principally within the narrow confines of individual families. These they would visit from time to time and either minister to their spiritual needs or endeavor to bring them back to the faith of their forefathers. Already in 1638, regulations were made strictly obliging the friars frequently to catechize the children and others, either in their own homes or at the priest's residence.

Since these families were often widely scattered over the country, however, it was impossible for the friars to remain long in one place. Hence there was danger that the fruits of their visit would be lost before their next return. This naturally led to a phase of activity

which speaks volumes for the zeal and learning of these early friars. To instruct and strengthen their scattered flock in the faith, they were wont to leave with the families their writings, in which they not only expounded Catholic doctrine but also defended it against the sectaries who were infesting the country. The literary productions of the friars previous to 1649 number no less than fifty books and pamphlets. These were printed in the friary at Douai where as early as 1638 a printing press was set up and placed in charge of Fr. Bonaventure a S. Thoma. Unquestionably, the most prolific and versatile writer of this period was Fr. Henry Heath. His works, thirty in all, embrace Scotistic philosophy and theology, as also many treatises on ascetical, historical, and controversial topics. Worthy of mention is also the famous *Certamen Seraphicum* (Seraphic Conflict), written by Fr. Angelus Mason and published at Douai in 1649. It is in the main a detailed account of the five Franciscans who were martyred for the faith during the last years of Charles I. The fact that its author was a contemporary and a fellow friar of the men whose life and martyrdom he recounts makes this work especially valuable for the student of Franciscan history. The same may be said of two translations into English, St. Peter of Alcantara's *On Mental Prayer*, by Fr. Giles Willoughby, and St. Bonaventure's *Stimulus amoris* (The Goad of Divine Love), by Fr. Augustine East. Among the writings of Fr. Walter Colman we note *Death's Duel*, a didactic poem of fourteen stanzas. That the friars were active in behalf of the Third Order of St. Francis, is plain from the fact that Fr. Francis Bel wrote a treatise on its Rule, while Fr. Angelus Mason composed a manual in Latin and in English for the use

of Tertiaries.

Needless to say, the influence of these zealous and learned friars was soon felt. Conspicuous above the rest in this respect was Fr. Francis Davenport. "He was excellently well versed," writes Wood, "in school divinity, in the fathers and councils, in philosophers, and in ecclesiastical and profane histories; all which accomplishments made his company acceptable to great and worthy persons."<sup>5</sup> He was one of the ablest and most learned theologians of his time. As chaplain to Queen Henrietta Maria, the consort of Charles I, he was frequently at court, where on account of his erudition and pleasing manners, he commanded the respect of the King and of Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. So great, indeed, was his influence over the ruling classes, that in 1640, the House of Commons sent a complaint to the Lords, deplored the rapid increase of Popery in the realm and ascribing it to the writings and conferences of this formidable friar.<sup>6</sup> The one desire of his heart was to effect a reunion of England with the Holy See. Accordingly, in his *Deus, Natura, Gratia*, a dogmatical treatise on divine grace, he brought by way of appendix an explanation

of the Thirty-Nine Articles. In interpreting these, however, he was more zealous than judicious, making certain concessions to heresy and schism which the Church could not countenance. The book was, therefore, severely criticized by both the Catholic and the Protestant party, and the well-meaning friar had to undergo the humiliation of seeing it placed on the index by the Spanish Inquisition. It would probably have met a similar fate at Rome but for the intervention of Panzani, the papal envoy in London. "Thus," to quote Stone, "it was possible to go too far even in a good cause; Rome saw what we now see plainly, but what the moving characters in the drama could not see. The nation, instead of being ripe for conversion, was in reality drifting away from the Church, and a Puritan reaction was about to set in, almost as disastrous in its consequences as Henry the Eighth's schism, or Elizabeth's apostacy."<sup>7</sup>

How the Franciscan friars fared during the political and religious upheaval that began about 1640 and ended with the downfall of Charles I, nine years later, shall form the subject of the next chapters.

<sup>5</sup>. See Dodd: *Church History of England* (Brussels, 1742), Vol. III, p. 105, where the author also brings a list of the friar's writings.—<sup>6</sup> Hope: *Franciscan Martyrs in England* (London, 1878), p. 115.—<sup>7</sup> Sten *Faithful Unto Death* (London), 1892, p. 120.



## A MOTHER'S PRAYER

By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.

"PLEASE, Father Roch, mother would like you to call sometime this morning to see Jimmy. He's pretty bad, and she's afraid he's going to die."

"All right, my boy; tell her I'll call on my way back from the hospital."

"But, Father, mother says please not to let on you were called, 'cause Jimmy'll—"

"I understand, Johnny; just leave it to me," said the priest kindly, and as the boy left the room, Fr. Roch turned to his desk with a deep sigh. "My God, my God!" he murmured, "that Jimmy should ever have come to this!"

Twelve years before, there was hardly a more promising boy in St. Bernardine's school than Jimmy Maguire. Full of life and fun, he was a favorite with his playmates, while his diligence and good deportment endeared him no less to his pastor and to his teachers.

"To be sure, Father Roch, 'tisn't much I've got of this world's goods," the Widow Maguire used to say, "but thin me darlin' gossoons Jimmy and Johnny are me jewels and worth more to me than all the money in the bank of England."

"And may the good Lord preserve them to you, mother, for many a year to be your joy and support," the priest was wont to reply.

How their hopes had been blasted! After graduating from the parochial school and taking a business course, Jimmy, the elder of the two boys, secured a position as stenographer in a prominent lawyer's office, under whose direction he also began to read law. Gifted by nature with no mean oratorical ability and endowed with a hand-

some figure and ready wit, he soon attracted attention by his political speeches delivered in support of his patron, Mr. Braddock, when the latter was running for Congress; and within a few years, Jimmy had become one of the foremost politicians of his ward. While proud of his success, Mrs. Maguire often shook her head dubiously when of an evening Jimmy with undisguised pleasure gave an account of his latest triumphs.

"Jimmy, me boy, 'tis afraid I am that all this will turn you from the right path. These politicians are a bad lot, an' it's sorry I am that you ever got in with them."

"Now, mother, they're not so bad as you make them. Why, I'm a politician and ain't I your own darlin' gossoon and as 'dacent a Christian gentleman as iver trod the green sod of auld Ireland,' as you say daddy was?" he said, throwing his arms affectionately about her neck and kissing her wrinkled cheek.

"Bad cess to you, Jimmy, for poking fun at your gray-haired old mother," she replied laughing. "Sure, I know you're all right and there may be many a politician who is a dacent Christian; but it's me mother's heart's afraid you'll be after meetin' too many of the other sort—the devil's own—an'—"

"Trust me, mother, to know the devil when I see him and to be mighty careful not to get too intimate with him," and the boy laughed so heartily and good-naturedly over the possibility of his ever meeting his Satanic Majesty among his political friends, that his mother's fears were somewhat allayed.

A few days after this conversa-

tion, Jimmy was invited by Mr. Braddock to attend a series of lectures by the anti-Christian lawyer "Bob" Ingersoll. He had heard much about this notorious atheist, and curiosity prompted him to accept Braddock's invitation. The infidel lecturer had been well advertised, and the audience that greeted him in the large theater, as he stepped onto the stage the first night, was well suited to draw out all his splendid oratorical powers. Fascinated though he was by the speaker's charm and eloquence, Jimmy was shocked at the strange doctrines enunciated and at the frightful blasphemies uttered. But as the apostle of infidelity warmed to his subject, becoming bolder in his assertions as he proceeded, Jimmy found himself eagerly following the trend of the argument, and before long he felt as if the ground were slipping from under his feet. Strange, he had never discovered how weak the foundations are on which Christianity rests! He had always been taught that to deny the existence of a personal God, the divine authority of the Bible and of the Church was equivalent to confessing oneself an ignoramus or a fool or both. But surely, this man with his wealth of learning, his depth of intellect, his marvelous acumen in detecting the weak points in his opponents' arguments, his clear and forcible exposition of his own thesis, his wonderful gospel of rationalism that seemed to harmonize so well with the demands of human reason, his evident sincerity—surely, this Ingersoll was neither an ignoramus nor a fool.

As Jimmy was thus busily weighing Christianity and atheism in the balance, Ingersoll concluded his lecture with a most dramatic and audacious challenge. With watch in hand, he flippantly gave the Jehovah of the Jews and the

God of the Christians five minutes time to strike him dead on the spot in proof of His existence and of His power. Jimmy sat breathless as, with a sarcastic smile, the impudent infidel triumphantly counted off the minutes, and finally put the watch into his pocket with the remark:

"Gentlemen, if this is not a conclusive proof that there is no God, then I have none to offer. Or, can you imagine for a moment that a supreme and an almighty being could permit one of his supposed creatures to challenge him thus with impunity?"

In spite of the fact that Jimmy was still skeptical regarding the newfangled doctrines, this closing incident affected him deeply. He had entered the theater a believing Christian; without realizing it, he left it a new-born atheist. In the lobby of the theater Ingersoll's works, as well as those of Paine, Voltaire, Rousseau, and of other notorious infidels were for sale. Jimmy purchased several of these, and the early rays of the next morning's sun found him still devouring their ungodly contents.

Notwithstanding his excellent religious education and the many means of grace that had been his from earliest childhood, he had often secretly rebelled against the restraint placed on his passions by the law of God and the dictates of conscience, and at times he had striven to justify, on the plea of innate weakness, his youthful transgressions. Now for the first time he learned that these thoughts of his inmost soul were not only shared by others—by men of eminent learning—but were openly advocated and defended by them. Yes, they went even farther than he, in his wildest dreams of untrammeled liberty, had considered it possible to go; and they did this with such a multitude of specious

arguments and supported their sophistries with such a formidable array of testimonies from the most famous atheists of all times, that Jimmy suffered a complete revulsion in his soul on the matter of religion. He eagerly attended the whole series of lectures, drinking in with greedy avidity the insidious poison of infidelity and swallowing with gusto the sweet morsels of complete emancipation from moral restraint. He did not dare, however, to avow his unbelief at once. He began by neglecting the Sacraments, then the Sunday service, and one day, when his mother and Fr. Roch urged him to fulfill his duty, he told them with wholly unexpected impudence that he did not intend to have himself dictated to by an ignorant old woman and a meddling monk.

That was the last time Fr. Roch had spoken to Jimmy. He tried several times to meet him and have a heart-to-heart talk, but the boy always managed to prevent this. Known now as a professed atheist, Jimmy threw off all restraint and not only strove to impart his convictions to others but also began to put his teachings into practice. Soon his name became a synonym in the city for libertine, and the unhappy youth plunged without the least sense of shame into every form of excess.

A great change, too, came over his poor widowed mother. Her sweet face grew pale and haggard; her bright eyes lost their luster; her hands trembled; her step was feeble and slow. She had tried to reason in her simple way with the proud, headstrong boy, but soon she perceived the utter futility of her efforts, and from that time contented herself with praying for his conversion. Thus she spent three long, weary years of untold sorrow, when, what seemed almost impossible, a still heavier cross was

placed on her shoulders. Jimmy was hardly twenty-five when, as the result of his profligate life, his health gave way and he was forced to take to his bed. Fr. Roch no sooner heard of this than he decided to pay the young man a visit; but he was met at the threshold of the sick room with such a volley of abuse, that he deemed it prudent to retire. When he had gone, Jimmy scolded his mother for admitting the priest and gave strict orders that he should never under any circumstances be sent for. Mrs. Maguire said nothing, but in her heart she offered this additional grief to the Father of mercies, hoping against hope that her cup of sorrow might soon be filled, and that then He would turn a pitying ear to her pleadings.

In spite of the tender care she lavished on him, Jimmy grew worse from day to day and suffered exceedingly. Mrs. Maguire seldom left his side, except for a hurried visit to the church each morning, where before the tabernacle she sought and found strength to bear up under the crushing weight of her daily cross. Instead of trying to lighten her burden, the ungrateful boy, in whom sin had destroyed all that was manly and noble, while accepting her loving ministrations, heaped curses on her devoted head for her inability to free him from his frightful torments; and one day, when she gently suggested to have him removed to a hospital, where he could receive better treatment, he flew into a towering rage, saying that she merely wished to get rid of him, and that he absolutely refused to be moved. From that day he became so rabid that no one but his mother and Dr. Woodbury could approach him, and they received little thanks for their charity. It was with some misgiving, therefore, that Fr. Roch hastened to answer the widow's

summons in a last effort to recall the young prodigal from his erring ways.

"Thank God, Fr. Roch, you've come at last!" exclaimed the frail little woman under her breath, as she opened the door to admit the priest. "May the angels and saints preserve ye and tell ye what to say to me darlin' boy."

"Thank you, mother. Now let me go in to Jimmy while you say a prayer for us both."

As the priest entered the room where the sick boy lay, he was struck at sight of the loathsome spectacle that met his eyes. On the bed, the spotless whiteness of which only served to make the contrast more pronounced, lay the bloated victim of self-delusion. Sin and disease had wrought their worst on him, and the scowl of aversion that overspread the boy's livid features as he recognized his visitor, only made his appearance more repellent.

"Well, how's Jimmy this fine morning?" said the priest in his cheeriest tones, stepping lightly to the bed and holding out his hand in friendly greeting.

With a curse the boy demanded to know what business the priest had to intrude where he was not wanted.

"Oh, I just heard from Dr. Woodbury at the hospital that you are in a pretty bad shape, and I thought I'd drop in just for the sake of auld lang syne, and pay you a visit," answered Fr. Roch imperturbed.

"Well, 'for the sake of auld lang syne' you can beat it again," retorted the young man sarcastically, turning his head to the wall.

"Now, look here, Jimmy McGuire," Fr. Roch continued with a good-natured little laugh, as he leisurely placed a chair beside the bed and sat down, "you're not going to get rid of me so easily this time. You're a very sick boy—

sick unto death, and you know it; and I'm not the man to sit idly by while you send your precious, sin-laden soul to hell."

"Who wants you to sit here? Didn't I tell you to clear out!" Jimmy fumed, quite beside himself with rage over his inability to throw his unwelcome visitor bodily out of the room.

"I'll not leave this room, Jimmy, until I've had my say, and you'll have to listen to me whether you will or not," replied the priest with a determination that knew no gainsaying. Seeing there was no escape, the young man drew the coverlet over his face, thinking that this insult would induce Fr. Roch to desist. But the priest gently drew the quilt aside. The boy then put his fingers into his ears, but Fr. Roch had little difficulty, owing to Jimmy's extreme weakness, in removing them. Finally, Jimmy pretended to sleep; but this did not discourage the zealous priest from continuing his fatherly admonitions. He spoke long and earnestly; exposing the utter absurdity of atheism and its dire results; dwelling on the infinite love and mercy of God and his inexorable justice. Then he pictured in glowing terms the endless joy and beauty of heaven and paint'd in lurid colors the never-ending frightfulness and torments of hell. He paused.

"Are you through at last with your fire-and-brimstone stuff?" snarled the young man, with an expression of extreme disgust on his features.

The priest's heart sank within him. Had all his arguments, his pleadings, his prayers been in vain! Had they made no impression at all on this heart hardened in sin!

"Jimmy," he said, rising and leaning tenderly over the sick boy, "is this all you have to say to your old friend, Fr. Roch?"

"Yes, and the sooner you get out of here the better, you old—" the rest of the sentence was cut short by a sudden fit of coughing.

With a sigh, Fr. Roch left the room. He found the little mother on her knees in the kitchen telling her beads with the devotion of a saint. She turned as he entered and her eyes read at once in the drawn lines of his face that nothing had been accomplished.

"God knows, mother," he said replying to her mute question, "I've done all I could—"

"Ochone, ochone!" she moaned piteously, clutching her string of beads. "No, no, Father, it can't be, it can't be! God and St. Francis must hear our prayers. I know they will! I'll kneel down here and say another rosary and you go in to Jimmy and try once more. I'm sure he'll listen to you this time."

"All right, mother, I'll try again, and may God and St. Francis reward your faith."

As he slowly retraced his steps to the sick room, a sudden thought struck him. Opening the door noiselessly, he saw at a glance that a decided change for the worse had come over the patient. Realizing

that death was at hand and that not a moment was to be lost, he knelt at the bedside and began to speak in a voice filled with deepest emotion. With a muttered curse, Jimmy turned again to the wall, but the priest never faltered. He spoke of the happy days now long past, the days of Jimmy's boyhood, the days when he knelt each morning as altar-boy before the tabernacle, the days when mortal sin was a stranger to his innocent heart. As the words flowed with marvelous unction from the lips of the good priest, two little streams welled from the boy's half-closed eyes and trickled slowly down his cheeks. Grace had triumphed at last!

After listening with compassion to the boy's story of sin and shame, and assuring him of the Savior's merciful forgiveness, Fr. Roch repaired to the kitchen to bring the good tidings to the heartbroken mother. He found her kneeling against a chair, clutching her rosary tightly to her breast, her eyes turned pleadingly toward heaven,—dead! A few minutes later, the prodigal's purified soul took its flight into eternity, borne aloft on the wings of his mother's prayer.



# THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

## CHAPTER V

*Sensation in Mexico—Mendoza Prepares an Expedition—The Commander—Men and Outfit—Mendoza's Address—Franciscans in the Company—Vicinity of Culiacan—Paganism and Immorality—Murmurings—Coronado Precedes with Select Men—Route Through Sonora and Arizona—Chichilticalli—Approaching the Seven Cities—Battle—Zuni Stormed—Casualties*

THE narrative of Fr. Marcos de Niza, especially his description of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," caused a tremendous sensation in the Capital City of Mexico. "The hubbub was such that nothing else was spoken of....The greed which the news of the Seven Cities infused into all was so great that not only the viceroy and the Marquis<sup>1</sup> raised their feet to go there, but the whole country, and so much so that soldiers sought it as a favor to go there."<sup>2</sup>

Viceroy Mendoza resolved to bring the newly-discovered territory under the dominion of the Spanish Crown, and at the same time to relieve the Capital City of nearly three hundred impecunious Spanish noblemen, who in the course of time had come from Spain in search of adventure and of fortune, but "who were idling away their days at court doing nothing but living at his expense." Having promised each volunteer horseman thirty pesos, and each footman twenty pesos, as a bounty, and

enough land in the country to be occupied; and having heard that an entire hill of silver and various silver mines awaited the conquerors, all were eager to be led to the grand empire that surpassed in wealth even New Spain or Mexico. Compostela on the Pacific Coast,<sup>3</sup> was designated as the starting-point of the expedition, and Don Francisco Vásquez Coronado,<sup>4</sup> governor of Nueva Galicia, was named commander and captain general.

Coronado found the military force which he was to lead to the country of the Seven Cities to consist of two hundred and sixty horsemen armed with swords, lances, and other weapons. Some of the caballeros were protected by a coat of mail, helmet, and visor. Others bore shields of iron, whilst the shields of some were of rough leather. Their steeds were similarly protected against missiles by means of breastplates. The infantrymen, to the number of sixty, were armed with crossbows or arquebuses, and some flourished a

1. Marquez del Valle, i. e., Hernando Cortés, the Conqueror of Mexico. He claimed for himself the right to command an expedition into the country of the Seven Cities on the absurd ground that Fr. Marcos had not seen that territory, but had the facts related by him from Cortés. His charge and claim were ignored, wherefore the disgruntled conqueror retired to Spain in order to press his various claims before the royal court, with equal ill success.

2. Juan Suárez de Peralta in Read's *Illustrated History*, 120-121.

3. Santiago de Compostela, just south of Tepic, about one hundred and thirty miles northwest of Guadalupe.

4. Fr. Antonio Tello and Mota Padilla write the name thus. Others have *de* Coronado.

sword and shield.

The commander divided his little army into eight companies under as many captains. These officers were Don Diego de Guevara, Don Rodrigo Maldonado, Juan de Zaldívar, Don Diego López de Cárdenas, Pablo de Melgosa, Melchor Díaz, and Diego de Barrionuevo. The eighth captain is not named by either Tello or Mota Padilla, but he probably was Hernando de Alvarado, whom Castañeda calls captain of the artillery.<sup>5</sup>

The supply train consisted of more than one thousand horses,<sup>6</sup> mules bearing six pedreros or small cannon, powder and other ammunition, one hundred and fifty cattle and a large number of sheep, all in charge of about one thousand friendly Indians, many of whom acted as servants to the officers.<sup>7</sup> Pedro de Castañeda, who accompanied the troops as chronicler, was so impressed with the number of men and the outfit of the expedition that he exclaimed, "They had on this expedition the most brilliant company ever collected in the Indies to go in search of new lands. They were unfortunate, however, in having a captain who left in New Spain estates and a pretty wife, which were not the least causes for what was to happen. Had he paid more regard to the position in which he was placed, and less to the estates he left behind, or, at least, more to the honor he had and might secure from having such

gentlemen under his command, things would not have turned out as they did. When this narrative is ended, it will be seen that he did not know how to keep his position nor the government that he held."<sup>8</sup>

Viceroy Mendoza himself came up to Compostela in order to review the troops and bid them farewell. Next day, after all had assisted at Holy Mass, he made a short but eloquent address to the officers and soldiers. He urged them to be faithful to their general, and pointed out the benefits that would accrue to the people of the territory, which they went to subdue, through their conversion to Christianity; he dwelt on the gratitude they might expect from the king in return for the reduction of the new country, and he also touched upon the personal advantages they might secure in the country to which they were now about to proceed. "When he had finished his address, Mendoza had all the officers and soldiers take the oath upon the Gospels in a Missal that they would follow their general on this expedition and would obey him in everything he commanded. The next day, the army started off with its colors flying. Viceroy Don Antonio de Mendoza went with them for two days, and then he took leave of them in order to return to New Spain."<sup>9</sup>

When Coronado and his troops set out from Tepic,<sup>10</sup> they were ac-

5. Castañeda, *Relacion*, cap. v, p. 477, 14th Annual Report.

6. Fr. Tello, *Cronica*, ii, 325, remarks that already, less than twenty years after the conquest of Mexico, there was a great abundance of horses. "Ya en aquel tiempo habia en la tierra gran abundancia de caballos, y valian baratos."

7. Tello, *Cronica Miscelanea*, II, capp. xviii-xcix; Mota Padilla, *Historia de la Conquista*, 111-112. See also Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, 36-37; 14th Annual Report, 377-382.

8. Castañeda, *Relacion*, capp. iv, v. The reader will do well to keep in mind this stricture on Coronado, as we shall find the leader of the expedition and his greedy followers venting their disappointment on Fr. Marcos de Niza.

9. Castañeda, *Relacion*, cap. vi.

10. Tello, p. 328. Tepic lies just north of Compostela. Tello and Mota Padilla, *Historia*, (p. 112,) who closely follows Tello, say it was February 1, 1540.

accompanied by Fr. Marcos de Niza,<sup>11</sup> Fr. Juan de Padilla, Fr. Juan de la Cruz, Fr. Luis de Ubeda, and two Indian *donados*,<sup>12</sup> "whom I do not name because historians do not agree," as Fr. Tello remarks.<sup>13</sup> It is very certain, however, that their names were Lucas and Sebastian, brothers and natives of Michoacan.<sup>14</sup>

Modern historians differ widely with regard to the number and names of the Franciscans. Dr. Gilmary Shea, too, has things mixed. He writes: "Coronado was accompanied by the missionaries Fathers Mark of Nice, John de Padilla, Daniel, and Louis, with the lay brothers Luis de Escalona and John of the Cross."<sup>15</sup> He may have been misled by Coronado who, in his letter dated Cíbola, August 3, 1540, mentions only Fray Daniel and Fray Luis, and that the Indians in the fight "pierced the habit of Fr. Luis with an arrow."<sup>16</sup> Fr. Luis here is, doubtless, Fr. Luis de Ubeda. Fr. Daniel is named by Castañeda, but he has him accompany Fr. Marcos on the first journey in the previous year. He writes: "the three friars of the Order of Saint Francis, one of whom was

named Friar Marcos de Niza, a regular priest, and another Friar Daniel, a lay brother, and the other Friar Antonio de Santa María."<sup>17</sup> Castañeda's memory was very much at fault here, nor is it the only instance.

The earliest Franciscan historian who touched the subject, Fr. Gerónimo de Mendieta,<sup>18</sup> tells us, "Los religiosos eran cinco," but he names only three: Fr. Provincial Marcos de Niza, Fr. Juan de Padilla, and Fr. Juan de la Cruz. Fr. Torquemada repeats the statement.<sup>19</sup> From Fr. Tello we learn that the fourth was Fr. Luis Ubeda.<sup>20</sup> Mota Padilla<sup>21</sup> corroborates Tello's version. The fifth, according to Castañeda, would be Fr. Antonio Victoria, "a Friar who could say Mass."<sup>22</sup> Fr. Victoria broke his leg three days after the expedition had marched out of Culiacán. He therefore never reached New Mexico, which may have been the reason why both Tello and Mota Padilla failed to name him. Fr. Victoria, despite his mishap remained with the main army, "which was no slight consolation for all," as Castañeda notes.

If we may accept an obscure pas-

11. He had been elected provincial of the Province of the Holy Gospel soon after his return from Cíbola. The province, after existing as a custody for about eleven years, was raised to this rank in 1535. The first provincial was Fr. García Cisneros, who died in the following year. Fr. Antonio de Ciudad Rodrigo succeeded as second provincial, and Fr. Marcos was the third. He offered to accompany the expedition as guide. The other religious were to act as chaplains to the military, and eventually to establish missions among the natives.—On page 281, June issue of the *Herald* there is a misprint, which intelligent readers may have corrected for themselves. 1538 should be 1539, which was the year of Fr. Marcos's remarkable journey.

12. Men who, without wearing the habit, devoted themselves to the service of the religious in either the monastery or the missions.

13. "y otros dos religiosos, que no los nombro por andar varios los historiadores." They were not religious, i. e., not members of the Order, as Mendieta (p. 445) and Torquemada (p. 611) expressly declare.

14. Mendieta, *Hist. Eccles. Ind.*, p. 445; Torquemada, *Monarq. Ind.*, pt. iii, 611.

15. Shea, *Catholic Church in Colonial Days*, p. 118.

16. Coronado to Mendoza, in *14th Annual Report*, p. 556.

17. Castañeda, *Relacion*, pt. i, cap. 2.

18. *Historia Ecclesiastica Indiana*, pp. 742-745.

19. *Monarquia Indiana*, parte tercera, p. 611.

20. Tello, *Cronica*, p. 328.

21. Mota Padilla, *Historia*, p. 112.

22. Castañeda, *Relacion*, cap. ix. "Este Frayle era de Misa."

sage in Tello,<sup>23</sup> a Fray Daniel may have taken Fr. Victoria's place in the expedition. Tello writes that Fr. Padilla or Fr. De la Cruz, it is not clear which of them, took as companion the lay brother Daniel, an Italian, who lived in the same convent of Tuchpan with Fr. De la Cruz. How far Brother Daniel accompanied the Fathers, we do not know. His name is mentioned only by Coronado as being at the battle of Zuñi, but never afterwards.

About February 23, 1540, the expedition started out from Compostela, every one eager to reach the wonderful country in the north; but the cattle and the pack-animals could not be hurried. At Chametla<sup>24</sup> a halt was made, with some disastrous results, in order to secure provisions. The army-master, Don Lope de Samaniego, commanding the foraging party, with only a few men entered a hostile Indian village and was killed. Coronado had about fifteen or twenty of the murderers hanged to trees, and then continued the march. On March 28, the expedition at last approached Culiacán. From the description of Castañeda it is evident that the surrounding territory was inhabited by people who practiced the vilest kind of idolatry and immorality. "They worship idols," the chronicler relates, "and they make presents to the devil of their goods and riches. They are accustomed to keep very large snakes, which they hold in veneration." The rest will not bear repetition in a popular magazine. Truly, paganism and immorality are identical, as are genuine Christianity and purity!<sup>25</sup>

Culiacán was the outpost of Spanish civilization, says Parker

Winship,<sup>26</sup> and Coronado made sure that his arrangements were as complete as possible. Fortunately, the granaries of the place were filled with the surplus from the bountiful harvests of the two preceding years, which sufficed the army for three or four weeks, besides providing supplies sufficient for more than two months when the expedition resumed its march. The comfortable quarters and the abundant entertainment delayed the general and his soldiers for about two weeks. We may add that the drooping spirits of the troops were revived and the men were stimulated to bear the hardships in view of the riches expected. For it had been mooted at Chametla that Melchor Díaz and Juan de Zaldivar, who had been despatched "to see if the account which Fr. Marcos had brought back agreed with what they could observe," had returned with bad news. Although Coronado would not allow the report to be made public, the rumor quickly spread that the statements of Fr. Marcos had not been substantiated. Fortunately, Fr. Marcos himself was in the camp. Notwithstanding that he was now the Fr. Provincial of the Franciscans in Mexico, he had determined to accompany the expedition in order to carry the Gospel to the savages. The mutterings of suspicion and of discontent among the men grew louder, so that Fr. Marcos felt obliged to exhort them in a special sermon to keep up their courage; and his eloquence succeeded in persuading them that their labors would soon be well repaid. However, they expected an abundance of precious metal, and failing to secure that they were sure to be disappointed. At San Miguel de Culiacán, as

23. p. 406.

24. Tello always spells it Chiametla, so do Castañeda and Winship.

25. Castañeda, *Relacion*, pt. ii, cap. 1.

26. *14th Annual Report*, 382-383.

stated, the greedy troops in the midst of plenty manifested a more agreeable disposition.

Unwilling to be delayed any more by the supply train, Coronado selected seventy-five or eighty horsemen and twenty-five or thirty infantrymen.<sup>27</sup> With these he hastened forward, clearing the way for the main body, which was to follow more slowly a fortnight after his own departure. "With the footmen in the advance party," Parker Winship continues his summary, "were the four friars of the expedition,<sup>28</sup> whose zealous eagerness to reach the unconverted natives of the Seven Cities was so great that they were willing to leave the main portion of the army without a spiritual guide."<sup>29</sup>

"Leaving Culiacán on April 22, 1540, Coronado followed the coast, bearing off to the left, as Mota Padilla says, by an extremely rough road, to the Rio Sinaloa. He traveled along this stream for some distance, and then crossed the country to the Sonora River, which was followed nearly to its source before a pass was discovered. On the north side of the mountains a stream was encountered which the Indians called the Nexpa, and which may be, either the Santa Cruz or the San Pedro of modern maps.<sup>30</sup> The party went down this river valley until they reached the edge of the wilderness, where, as

Fr. Marcos had described it to them, they found Chichilticalli, or the 'Red House,' identified by some as the Casa Grande ruin in Arizona."<sup>31</sup>

"As lately worked out by Mr. Hodge," writes Coues,<sup>32</sup> "this route left the San Pedro in the vicinity of the present Benson; went through Dragon and Railroad passes, as the railroad does now; reached the Gila at or near Solomonville (in which vicinity was the much mooted Chichilticalli or Red House); passed the Gila Bonito high up, and thus in the southeast corner of the present White Mountain reservation; crossed the Salado or Salt River, believed to be Rio de las Balsas, or Raft River, of the Coronado relations; and thus attained some of the headwaters of the Colorado Chiquito; whence the distance was short to the Rio Vermejo or modern Zuñi River, which appears to have been struck a few miles below the point where it crosses the present boundary between Arizona and New Mexico. Thence it was only a day's journey to the first Zuñian or Cibolan pueblo, Hawiku, about six miles east of the boundary last said."

"After the general had crossed the inhabited region," Castañeda writes,<sup>33</sup> "and came to Chichilticalli, where the wilderness begins, he could not help feeling somewhat downhearted.... He was much af-

27. Castañeda has "fifty horsemen, a few soldiers, and most of the Indian allies."

28. Fr. Marcos, Fr. Padilla, Fr. De la Cruz, and Fr. Luis de Ubeda. The fifth did not reach Zuñi, for he broke his leg on the road from Culiacán, as stated, and remained with the main body which then had a spiritual guide "for the consolation of all."

29. Selfish critics of the friars should compare the eagerness of the four Franciscans, who sought nothing temporal, with the greedy longings of the Spaniards, who sought nothing spiritual. The motives of the two parties speak volumes.

30. San Pedro River, on the confines of Arizona, Coues insists. The expedition went down that river, past the vicinity of Tombstone and other well-known places. (*On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, p. 483.) For the route taken by Fr. Marcos and by Coronado, see Bandelier, *Historical Introduction*, pp. 9-13; compare Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, 40-41.

31. *14th Annual Report*, pp. 386-387.

32. *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, p. 484.

33. *Relacion*, pt. i, cap. ix. Compare also pt. ii, cap. iii.

fected at seeing the fame of Chihilticalli was summed up in one tumble-down house without roof, although it appeared to have been a strong place at some former time when it was inhabited, and it was very plain that it had been built by a civilized and warlike race."

"I rested for two days at Chihilticalli," Coronado himself writes to the viceroy,<sup>34</sup> "and there was good reason for staying longer, because we found that the horses were becoming tired; but there was no chance to rest longer, because the food was giving out. I entered the borders of the wilderness region<sup>35</sup> on the eve of St. John's Day. .... We found no grass during the first days, but a worse way through mountains and more dangerous passages than we had experienced previously..... so that in the last desert we lost more horses than before; and some Indian allies and a Spaniard called Espinosa, besides two negroes, died from eating some herbs because the food had given out..... The road was very bad for at least thirty leagues through impassable mountains; but when we had passed these thirty leagues, we found fresh rivers and grass like that of Castile.....many nut and mulberry trees. There was a considerable amount of flax near the banks of one river, which on this account we called El Rio del Lino.<sup>36</sup>

"After the first day's march four Indians came with signs of peace. The army-master gave them a cross, telling them to say to the people in their city that they need not fear. .... After this Fernando Alvarado came back to tell me that some Indians had met him peacefully, and that two of them were

with the army-master waiting for me. I went to them forthwith and gave them some beads and cloaks, telling them to return to their city and say to the people that they could stay quietly in their houses, and that they need not fear." These Indians, however, proved treacherous. It was fortunate for the little army that Coronado took no chances. He ordered an investigation to see if there were any place in the road which the Indians could defend, and then to hold it till the next day. The army-master found a pass and at once established his force there. That same night the Indians came to occupy the place. When they made their discovery they assaulted the position, but were driven off. Coronado had learned what to expect.

"Next day," Coronado continues his description, "I started with as good order as I could, for we were in such great need of food that I thought we should all die of hunger if we continued to be without provisions for another day, especially the Indians, since altogether we did not have two bushels of corn, and so I was obliged to hasten forward without delay..... As soon as I came in sight of the city,<sup>37</sup> I sent the army-master, Don García López, Fr. Daniel<sup>38</sup> and Fr. Luis, and Fernando Vermizzo, with some horsemen, a little ahead, so that they might tell the Indians that we were not coming to do them any harm. The summons to surrender, in the form which His majesty commanded in his instructions, was made intelligible to the people of the country by an interpreter." The reply, however, was a shower of arrows, one of which pierced the habit of

34. *14th Annual Report*, p. 555.

35. The White Mountain Apache country of Arizona, *14th Annual Rep.* 387.

36. The Colorado Chiquito.

37. Perhaps on the same spot from which Fr. Marcos had viewed the pueblo about thirteen months before. Nothing is said of the cross erected by Fr. Marcos. The Indians had doubtless removed it.

38. See note 23 and text there.

Brother Luis de Ubeda, but "blessed be God," Coronado devoutly exclaims, "did no harm."

"Meanwhile, I arrived with all the rest of the horsemen and infantry, and found a large body of Indians on the plain, who began to shoot with their arrows. In obedience to the orders of Your Lordship and of His Majesty, I did not wish my company, who were begging me for permission, to attack them, telling them that they ought not to offend them.<sup>40</sup> On the other hand, when the Indians saw that we did not move, they took greater courage, and grew so bold that they came up almost to the heels of our horses to shoot their arrows. On this account I saw that it was no longer time to hesitate, and as the priests approved the action, I charged them. There was little to do, because they suddenly took to flight, a part running towards the city, which was well fortified, and others toward the plain. Some Indians were killed, and others might have been slain if I could have allowed them to be pursued; but I saw that there would be little advantage in this, because the Indians who were outside were few, and those who retired to the city were numerous. As that was where the food was, of which we stood in such great need, I assembled my whole force<sup>41</sup> and divided them as seemed to me best for the attack on the city, and surrounded it.

"The hunger which we suffered would not permit of any delay, and so I dismounted with some of the gentlemen and soldiers. I ordered the musketeers and crossbowmen to begin the attack and to drive the enemy from the defenses. I assaulted the wall on one side, where I was told there was a scal-

ing ladder and that there was also a gate; but the crossbowmen broke all the strings of their crossbows, and the musketeers could do nothing, because they had arrived so weak and feeble that they could scarcely stand on their feet. On this account the people who were on top (in the city) were not prevented at all from defending themselves and doing us whatever injury they were able. Thus, as to myself, they knocked me down to the ground twice with countless great stones which they threw down from above, and if I had not been protected by the very good headpiece I wore, I think that the outcome would have been bad for me. They picked me up from the ground with two small wounds in my face and an arrow in my foot, and with many bruises on my arms and legs. In this condition I retired from the battle very weak. I think that if Don García López de Cárdenas had not come to my help the second time they knocked me to the ground, by placing his own body above mine, I should have been in much greater danger; but, by the pleasure of God, these Indians surrendered, and their city was taken with the help of our Lord, and a sufficient supply of corn was found there to relieve our necessities.

"The army-master, Don Pedro de Tovar, Fernando de Alvarado, and Pablo de Melgosa, the infantry captain, sustained some bruises." A few men were wounded, though not seriously. Three horses were killed and seven or eight horses were wounded; "but the men, as well as the horses, have now recovered and are well," Coronado concludes his description of the battle which resulted in the capture of Zuni, the first of the famous Seven Cities, on July 7,<sup>42</sup> 1540.<sup>43</sup>

40. Compare the treatment of Indians by the English on the Atlantic coast.

41. In all not more than one hundred exhausted men against at least three hundred savage warriors in their fortified city! The Spaniards were bold, indeed.

42. According to Parker Winship, *14th Annual Report*, p. 389.

43. Coronado to Viceroy Mendoza in *14th Annual Report*, 555-557.

## A VOICE FROM THE WILDERNESS

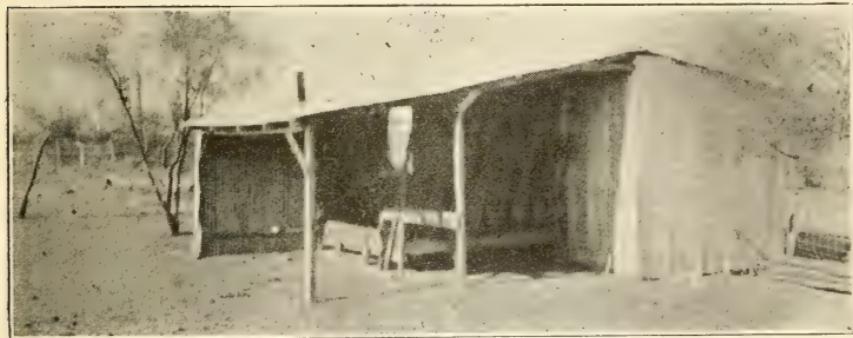
*By Fr. Celestine V. Strub, O.F.M.*

### II.

To speak of the achievement of the Arizona Indian missionaries without a goodly array of statistics showing the work accomplished, were a vain attempt if statistics were capable of showing adequately all that these missionaries have done. That, however, statistics can never do. There is so much of arduous labor, so much of disappointment, so much of what constitutes the chief merit of the missionary that finds no place in the tabulated accounts of his ac-

the undertaking and the merit of the achievement.

In every instance, these churches were erected in the desert, many miles from the railroad. This alone aggravated the task in many ways. It increased the difficulty of transporting the lumber, which must be hauled in wagons a distance of forty, fifty, or even sixty miles. At times, owing to the nature of the soil, even the adobes of which the walls are built, must be made at a considerable distance from the



Stable at San Solano which the Mules generously shared with the Father and Brother while the Mission was building

tivity, that the manner of his labors contributes more to his real achievement than the visible results.

Thus the building of seven churches and five schools during seven years of labor in the Papago district, is in itself certainly a creditable record for two or three Fathers, apart from their other work of ministering to the spiritual wants of their charges. Yet, only a consideration of the circumstances under which they were built will yield a correct idea of the difficulty of

site of the church. At a place so far removed from the railway, it goes without saying that the board is not of the best. Fresh meat, fresh milk, fresh vegetables, and butter must needs be rarities; and as for fresh fruit, that is as scarce as ice. I spent five weeks at one of our missions sixty-five miles from the nearest railway station, and we had fresh meat (except for an occasional rabbit) only as often as the Father drove to town for provisions, which was usually once a month. Yet this was at a resi-



A Desert Chapel Built of Discarded Railroad Ties

dence, where the church, school, and other buildings, including a garage, were all completed. If the board now consists mainly of canned goods, think what it must have been when this outpost of civilization was building. Thanks to the Tertiaries of St. Antony's Church, San Francisco, the canned goods now include also some "canned music." To all these inconveniences is sometimes added yet another—perhaps the most trying of all—the lack of fresh, or even pure water. At Anegam, where a church and school were completed last spring, a stagnant pond supplied the only drinking water for man and beast.

Besides the personal discomfort that such a state of things necessarily causes the missionaries, it also renders it extremely difficult to secure the services of skilled laborers. Only a charitably disposed and self-sacrificing workman will accept a job that is, naturally,

not very remunerative and attended with the aforesigned inconveniences besides. The help which the Indians themselves lend, though quite valuable at times, and always welcome, is mostly as unsteady as it is uncertain. This explains why the missionary himself is

ordinarily one of the main workers. Necessity has made him architect, carpenter, mason, and all-round mechanic, not to speak of his skill in cooking, which is the first of the many useful arts he must acquire.

While the church and the adjoining rooms for the Father are in course of construction, almost anything may serve as a temporary lodging. At San Solano a stable of corrugated sheet iron was put up in two days, and the mules were obliged to share it with the Father and Brother until the latter's apartments were completed. Without doubt, the pastor in a large city has trouble enough when he is engaged in some building undertaking; but at least he is beyond the immediate need of providing himself with food and lodging. Perhaps the mere comparison of the missionary laying the adobes of his Indian chapel with the city pastor erecting a magnificent temple to God, will evoke a smile from the

reader; but, with all respect for the reverend pastor, I am inclined to believe that, when all is said and done, the poor missionary has as great an achievement to his credit as the pastor.

The building of these seven churches and five schools, which I have ascribed to two or three Fathers, is the work of the Franciscans who took over Mission San Xavier in the fall of 1911 and later founded another residence at San Solano. "Two or three" is a rough average. During the first year

neglecting none of the arduous labors attending the care of their scattered flock, have yet found time to contribute edifying articles to *Franciscan Herald*, *The Indian Sentinel*, *Catholic Missions*, *The Calumet*, and other magazines published in the interest of their beloved Indians.

Gratifying as is the achievement, of which the foregoing paragraphs do not pretend to be even an imperfect sketch, it is only a small part of the work among these Indians accomplished by the Franciscans of



A Model Arizona Mission of the Present Day

there was but one Father in this field; during the second year there were two; during the third, three Fathers and one lay Brother; during the past four years, four Fathers.

Besides these unpretentious specimens of ecclesiastical art, the same Fathers have built the residence at San Solano and various other structures, as pump-house and garage; dug wells, installed pumps, even made roads; and while

the Sacred Heart Province, and, since 1916, of the Province of Santa Barbara. Another important center of their activity, in fact, the first foundation of the Sacred Heart Province for exclusively Indian missionary work in Arizona, is St. John's at Komatke, fifteen miles south of Phoenix. It was here that Fr. Justin, after conducting a day school for two years, founded St. John's boarding school in 1902 with an initial enrolment of one hundred

red and twenty pupils, which gradually grew to well-nigh two hundred in 1908 and to approximately three hundred in 1917. From here, too, the Fathers, while constantly improving and enlarging the boarding school, extended their labors among the Indians of all the surrounding villages, instructing and baptizing many, building six

churches and two day schools, and holding services also in the rude chapels voluntarily erected by the zealous Indians. Finally, it was St. John's whence issued the missionaries who took up anew the work of their brethren of old among the Papagos at San Xavier del Bac, and who established the new mission center at San Solano.

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### THE CARELESS BRITON

To the Editor of *The Nation*:

Sir: Your correspondent, Mr. D. T. Pottinger (in the *Nation* of August 3), does the British nation an injustice when he refers to her "treacherous calmness." If he should read the English papers—the *Daily Mail*, for instance—he will realize that you in America have no monopoly of the gentle art of hating. For some time I made cuttings of the choicest bits of billingsgate appearing day by day in the London press: hateful Huns, vermin, blonde beasts, ogres, ghouls, and the like. But the collection became monotonous. It is a trite but real saying that abuse is not argument. The gallant men who are fighting our battles rarely if ever descend to abuse of the enemy, for they know how silly and futile it is. The British airman who follows the charred or mangled remains of a fallen foe to the grave knows perfectly well that his enemy could not help being born a German, and was only doing his duty to the land of his birth.

I am surprised to learn that German books in American public libraries have been sequestered and that the "vile language," the language of Schiller and Goethe, is being stamped out of American schools and colleges. How many thousands of violent deaths have the Kaiser and the German nation suffered! Even now there are thousands who are doing their best to perpetuate hatred—hatred which is childish, undignified, unsoldierly, ineffectual; hatred which will not help one iota in winning the war.

London, August 18

Reginald Atkinson.

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### A WISE MAN

The eminent and famous scientist, Dr. John H. Fabre, who died in France at the ripe old age of ninety years, said to one of his friends shortly before his death: "After a long life spent in observation and study and meditation and experimentation, I can assert and prove that there is a God; and I believe in him without being able to see him, for without him I would understand nothing and would feel as if I were shrouded on all sides in impenetrable darkness. This faith is not merely the result of my studies, but my own conviction is daily strengthened and justified more and more. Every age has its craze and its errors and I consider godlessness to be the craze of our own day, the great error of modern times. As regards my faith, I would rather be flayed alive than deny my firm belief in the existence of God."

## THE MIRACLE OF THE ROSES

*By Mary J. Malloy*

SPRING ran laughing down the side of the Thuringian hills and pressed her signet of emerald on every tree of the forest as she passed. The young saplings looked up and put out delicate tongues of golden green despitefully at the giants that towered above them, as if to say, "Wait awhile, you old folk up there—we shall reach you some day, and then we shall see!" And the old trees looked down on them and rustled, as if in answer, "Yes, yes, you young ones—we shall see. Many have we seen in our time, saplings and men, and many shall we yet see; so goes the world."

Up on the heights stood the Landgrave's castle of Marburg, strong and stately. A little stream ran all along the valley below, plashing happily over its stones with delight that the long cruel winter was over at last; and every here and there a tender wild flower slipped up suddenly alongside, or hung over its banks, or rose from slender root right out of its waters, where a hidden stone held fostering soil. Yes, the long cruel winter was over, but not what it had brought—hunger and suffering; for famine had been upon the land and touched, alas, too nearly at many a door.

Up there in the castle, perhaps, they knew no want; but down here in the valley the vassals of the Landgrave had hungered sorely, and shrunk, with but scanty covering, from the biting winds. Then, too, Louis, the young Landgrave,

was away, in sunny Italy with the army of the Emperor, and his mother, the Duchess Sophia, was indeed charitable, as became a great lady. But, "Ah, that the dear Elizabeth was now our duchess—that we had not to wait our lord's return to see her bride and lady of the land!" they said, the one to the other.

The dear Elizabeth! It was to her, young as she was, that each heart turned in confident hope; while she, passionate friend of all that sorrowed and suffered, could do so little of that which her heart urged, and had to listen unrepenting to the councilors of the duchy, when they said to her it was not for them to strip the treasury of their lord with reckless hand, even for charity's sake. With all her sweet soul she, too, longed for the return of him whom she had ever found kind and good, whose hand was ever open, and in whose heart dwelt the same blessed spirit as in her own. Sadly she felt the discontent of her that ran rife in the bosoms of those about her in the castle.

"She is not worthy of alliance with our noble Prince Louis," they said. "She loves better to be among the poor and lowly of the land than with us of the court. Moreover, he cares not for her. Let her return to Hungary, her own land, and mate with a noble, as befits her station, but with no prince."

But Elizabeth smiled when her sister-to-be, who loved her not, the

Lady Agnes, told her of this; for she knew that Louis loved her indeed and would have none other for his lady. So out from the castle gates came she each day, laden with all that one allowed her for her poor, and stripped of every jewel or piece of rich gear that she might turn into gold to render their suffering less.

Down in the valley, as the rays of the sun began to lengthen came the dear Elizabeth. A very part of spring she looked, as with hurrying steps she crossed the ground that seemed almost to break into bloom beneath her slender foot. Her soft rich hair, braided into two long golden plaits hung down over her shoulder, banded with earliest wild flowers instead of the pearls of her rank, long since turned into bread for her poor. Her robe was of a pale green, as bright and delicate as that of the verdure about, and over it hung a light mantle of the same hue, broidered with gold. She held it carefully gathered up before her, bearing a precious burden within its folds for some who, even now that the famine had gone, had not the wherewith to feed hungry mouths lifted to them. Her large eyes were of a clear dark gray that melted and softened and sweetened as one saw them, so that each glance was a new beauty. As she came rapidly on, it seemed Spring herself was treading the earth to see that every living thing had its separate joy, and that none should miss of it.

Yet within her own heart there was but little joy save that of charity. The two duchesses, Sophia and Agnes, mother and sister of her Louis, loved her not, she knew; and hers was a heart that craved

affection as its daily bread. Their courtiers, quick to take the cue, treated with despite the lovely girl who might not, after all, become their Landgravine. Louis was far; her favor was of no present moment to them. Elizabeth could not even turn to her own for comfort. A motherless child of four, she had been sent away to the court of Thuringia that she might be brought up and molded as seemed the bride of the young Prince Louis. His father, the kindly old Landgrave Herman—her soft eyes glistened with a tear at the thought of him—had ever been gentle and loving to her; but he had been long gone, and Louis had been long gone—a whole year, far, far away in Italy. But oh, how happy the thought! he was looked for home now every day; any hour, in fact, might bring him, and then there was one friend for her! What might, what would they not do together for their people in the many years to come!

"Oh, for my dear lord!" she cried aloud involuntarily.

"And why do you wish him?" said a merry voice close by.

Startled beyond words, she turned and paused, believing it an illusion, a dream.

At the entrance of a little side path she had just crossed, leading down the hill from a private postern of the castle, stood Louis himself, smiling as only Louis ever smiled upon her, holding out both hands—joy in his countenance and something of wonder besides at the added beauty his eyes had missed so many months.

Elizabeth's answer was a half-stifled cry. She was about to fling out answering hands of welcome to

him when a sudden thought came to her mind, through all her thankfulness and delight. She shrank back a little, and held her mantle to her more closely with both fair hands, unwilling, in her generous modesty, that he should surprise her in her good deed.

"Why, my sister Elizabeth, have you no word for me?" queried Louis, surprised and wondering. "See, I have just returned—I sent no word before me that your pleasure might be all the greater—and is it thus you greet me?"

Then as he saw the sweet color come and go on her cheek—"You wished for me, Elizabeth. Here am I, to do my lady's bidding."

He approached her with a roguish smile; still she shrank, foolishly timid of discovery grasping her mantle even closer, heavy as it was now grown.

"What hold you there?" he asked her suddenly, seeing struggle in her mind. "Come, give me your burden; then, it may be, you will speak again."

He held out his hand, laughing to see how startled she was.

"No, no, my lord," she cried. "Ah, I could not speak at first to you, because my heart had flown to God for joy of seeing you! But now—oh, welcome, welcome, indeed, and leave me no more in this world. My Louis, stay with me until, if so it please Him, we leave it together!"

The tears dimmed her sweet eyes and fell, and she extended one hand toward him with a gesture that took his heart with happiness.

Still did the other hold fast her mantle, now sagging with the unequal weight, so that she gave a little cry, and Louis involuntarily

seized a corner that he might aid her.

"What have you within, Elizabeth?" he asked curiously, struck with her solicitude.

"Naught but—naught but—" she paused, blushing.

"Naught but—" he mocked her tenderly. "Why, what is all this? Nay, now must I see what thus takes your thought from me! Nay, nay—" as she feebly strove to hinder him.

"Tell me, what means it all? Why are you so anxious to hide what you bear from me? What is it, sweetheart?"

"Only—bread for my poor, my lord," she said, at last, her eyes abashed, her tender head bent down, standing culprit-like, discovered of her good deed, before him.

His clear joyous laugh echoed up the valley.

"So!—this is the rival that stands in my way! But now I claim my rights. Give me all of your thought, my Elizabeth, and I will ease you of all your burden. But, is there not more within? No golden crown, no jeweled rod of justice, or some such bauble? You see, I have heard how the Landgravine Elizabeth would become the robber of her lord and leave him bankrupt of his kingdom!"

Elizabeth smiled and blushed and laughed with him.

"See now, my little sister Elizabeth, I will be no King Assuerus to my Esther, not half, but the whole of my kingdom shall be yours, for so I know the blessing of God will be upon it. Now for the bread—I will carry it for you and take its burden as, please God, henceforth will I carry for you all your burdens of life." Gently he drew the

mantle apart.

Surpassing sweetness smote the air about them. From out the folds fell, not bread indeed, but roses—roses of every size and hue—roses such as earth never grew within its breast—great hearts of gold and crimson and pink and white and saffron—great clusters of luscious perfume—magnificences of color and form and odor, that showered and fell all about her, until Elizabeth stood in a circle and on a carpet of transcendent loveliness.

A new miracle—into her hands, outstretched in wonder and amaze, still from above the roses fell, and clung all about her shoulders and rested at last upon her golden head in a coronet of richness a queen

might envy but never parallel.

Louis fell on his knee before her and kissed the edge of her mantle.

"Oh, thou beloved of God!" he said, in shaken tones of reverence and awe. "So hath He crowned thy charity! Give me, too, of thy roses, my Elizabeth."

Bending above him, the dear Elizabeth, all trembling with the glory and wonder of her miracle, drew from her bosom three roses which had there dropped and rested, and laid them in his hands. He pressed them to his lips and said to her, speaking very softly and low:

"Faith, Hope, and Charity—but the greatest of these is Charity!"

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### Rain

In hood and cloak of purple gloom,  
Turreted Sierras loom;  
Against morose, unfriendly skies,  
The eucalyptus leans and sighs;  
A sudden rush—a grateful breeze,  
Murmurous swish through the eager trees,  
Cool scent of earth and rain-washed things,  
All round, low, mystic whisperings;  
A bird calls out in boisterous glee,  
From his lace-hung perch in the pepper tree;  
The palms on guard hold dripping spears,  
The red rose smiles through happy tears.

— Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

## IN MEMORIAM

**W**ITH the death of Brother Juniper Grass at Teutopolis, Ill., on September 26, ended a long, useful, and edifying religious career. Almost yearly for the past five or six winters, a severe attack of la grippe threatened to carry him off; but each time his wonderful vitality beat back the foe and postponed the day he would have so gladly welcomed. Again last winter, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, his old enemy laid him low, but was once more cheated of his prize. Even after suffering a stroke of paralysis last January, when all thought the end had come, he rallied repeatedly, went about again trying to make himself useful, and only after nine months finally succumbed.

The funeral services were held in the college chapel, Saturday morning, September 28, the Rev. Fr. Rector Philip officiating and the Rev. F.F. Giles and Joseph assisting as deacon and sub-deacon. The large gathering that attended, consisting of the students and the friars of both the college and the local monastery, also conducted the earthly remains of the beloved

Brother to the vault in the convent garden, where they repose beside those of his former friend and confrère Brother Conrad. Though unknown to the world, Brother Juniper is entitled to a prominent place in the columns of the *Herald* for other reasons than the fact that he

was identified with St. Joseph's College for the past seventeen years. These last years were but the mellow autumn days of a life of fifty golden years in the convent, crowned at the last with the silent splendors of that roseate sunset of life, rich with the promise of a cloudless morn,—a happy death.

By birth a Tyrolean, an American by adoption; by profession a religious, and by choice a lay brother; by trade a tailor, by obedience cook, infirmary, catechist, gardener, sacristan,—anything; by nature small of stature and un-



Rel. Bro. Juniper, O.F.M.

pretending in appearance, Brother Juniper became by the grace of God and the practice of every virtue a beautiful character, of whom St. Francis might well exclaim as he did of Blessed Juniper, "Would that I had a whole forest of such Junipers!" As is customary with lay

brothers, Brother Juniper first received the habit as a regular Tertiarian, on Christmas Day, 1868, at Teutopolis, and six years later at the same place, he was clothed with the habit of the First Order. While successively stationed at Cleveland, O., Teutopolis, Ill., Joliet, Ill., Bayfield, Wis., Jordan, Minn., Quincy, Ill., and again at Teutopolis, he labored chiefly at Bayfield, Jordan, and St. Joseph's College, where he spent respectively ten, eight, and twenty-three years. He accompanied the first Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province to Bayfield in 1878, and shared with them all the hardships of that pioneer period, especially the icy winters against which the tiny frame convent afforded scanty protection. In addition to caring for the house, the table, and the garden, the zealous Brother greatly aided the Fathers by teaching the Indians their prayers and the catechism in their native Chippewa. So well did he learn their language that he could still converse in it after the lapse of thirty years, and he frequently said his own prayers in that difficult tongue.

At St. Joseph's College he was variously occupied at different times, but for about the last fifteen years fulfilled the offices of sacristan and tailor. How he contrived to do all that he did, was little short of marvelous. Boys are proverbially hard on clothes, and the Franciscan habit, unfortunately, is also subject to the tooth of time; yet Brother Juniper did the mending for over a hundred boys and the tailoring for about twenty religious, and still found time to help do the dishes and peel potatoes. But he never seemed to reckon whether he had time to do a thing; he simply did it, often toiling late into the night until sleep overpowered him and the needle fell from his tired fingers. Come

to him at any time with a habit to mend, a garment to clean, or some other want to satisfy, Brother Juniper was ever ready, ever willing. "Leave it at your room," he would usually say, "and I'll fetch it and return it to you." Unlike most of us who want the recipient of a favor to meet us half-way, he wanted the full merit of the favor. Instead of graciously condescending to tell you exactly where to find what you wished, he would say, "Wait a moment, I'll get it."

The keynote of his life was evidently the idea that the life of a lay brother is a life of service, his main duty being to serve God's anointed priests; and the thought of serving Christ in them made the service sweet and light. Though loyally serving his native country, when a youth of twenty, in the Austrian war against Piedmont and France, and taking an active part in the battles of Magenta and Solferino, his most distinguished service was dedicated to his fellow-men, especially his own Franciscan co-religious. And the joy of it, for his confrères, was the cheerfulness with which he performed every service. No matter how much work he had on hand, he was never worried, never confused; and he greeted you with a smile wherever you met him.

When illness confined him to his room, he was wont to say laughingly to those who visited him: "I'm having fine times now; I don't do any work, and everybody waits on me." But he was unconsciously doing a great work by his edifying patience amid the greatest pain and by his gratitude for the least favor. "May God reward you," he was accustomed to say; and we can not more appropriately close our memorial than with the same prayer: May God reward you, dear, faithful, humble Brother Juniper!

## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy, St. Antony's College.**—In accordance with the annual custom, our Most Reverend Fr. General officiated at the celebration of the feast of St. Dominic in the Dominican Church of the Minerva on August 4. On the same day, accompanied by the secretary-general of the Order, Fr. Alexander Bertoni, Fr. General left Rome for Bologna, where he at once began the canonical visitation of the two provinces of that territory.

The professors and students of the college alternated in taking their vacation. The greater number of the former repaired to the country villa St. Elia together with the students. They were accompanied by two Fathers of the general curia. Our Very Rev. President, Fr. Benedict Schmidt, made use of this opportunity to see for the first time the holy Mount La Verna, or Alverna, where St. Francis received the sacred stigmata. He spent three weeks in that hallowed and secluded place. Before leaving, he had the pleasure of greeting Monsignor Tacci, the maggiordomo of His Holiness, who also sought rest from his trying duties in this quiet spot.

**Córdoba, Spain.**—At the conclusion of the sessions of the diocesan authorities, who are investigating the life and virtues of the Ven. Mother Mary of Jesus Romero, as chronicled in the October issue of the *Herald*, the body of the venerable servant of God will be placed in a precious shrine, which is a masterpiece of art. It was made in Seville at the cost of 2500 pesos (about \$500). May God hasten the day when this fragrant rosemary of the St. Francis, as an enthusiastic admirer, playing on her name Romero, has called her, will be placed on our altars.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.**—The annual fall outing of the students took place this year on October 2, and, thanks to St. Antony who provided them with glorious weather, it proved to be one of the most enjoyable held for years. The fish pond, nigger babies, fortune wheel, blindfold contests, tugs-of-war, indoor baseball, and nutting in the woods afforded varied amusement for all and succeeded well in whetting the appetite for the war-time but plentiful picnic fare.

The feast of St. Francis was celebrated at the college this year with unwonted solemnity, much to the delight and edification of all present. At 8.30 A. M., the Right Rev. Monsignor George W. Heer, of Dubuque, officiated at the pontifical High Mass. He was assisted by Rev. FF. Peter as arch-priest, Alphonse as deacon, Emmanuel as sub-deacon, and Francis as master of ceremonies. Rev. George M. Nell, curate of St. Antony's Church, Effingham, Ill., delivered the festive address. Rev. Fathers Lammert and Hoffmann, of Effingham, also honored the college with their presence on this day.

Although the Spanish influenza has been raging the past weeks in our little town and vicinity, the college has not yet had a single case. We ascribe our immunity to the special protection of St. Antony, in whose honor one novena is succeeding the other.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church.**—The Very Rev. Fr. Francis Albers, O.F.M., who is now in the eighty-second year of his age and the fifty-sixth of his priesthood, passed the fiftieth milestone of his religious profession on October 24. To the regret of his brethren and countless friends, owing to the enfeebled condition of his health, no public celebration marked the happy event. Entering the Order on October 4, 1867, as a secular priest, and coming to this country shortly after his profession, Fr. Francis soon became one of the foremost Fathers of our Province. Zeal for souls and for the glory of God has been the mainspring of the varied activities of his long religious and priestly life, and volumes could be filled with the account of the good he has achieved by his constant devotion to duty. From the moment *Franciscan Herald* made its bow to the world up to the present day, Fr. Francis has been one of its staunchest friends and has proved the sincerity of his friendship by personally securing hundreds of subscriptions. Hence, it is with sentiments of high regard and deep gratitude that we tender him our most heartfelt congratulations; and since his advanced age and poor health almost preclude the fulfillment of our wish, *Ad multos annos!* we pray the

Master of the vineyard, for whom he has so faithfully borne the heat and burden of the day, to brighten with choicest blessings the evening of his life, and to admit him, when the night comes, to the mansions of eternal rest.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—A picture of St. Roch, the special patron of those stricken with the pest, has been placed on the altar of St. Francis in our Church, and prayers are daily recited in honor of this great Tertiary Saint to protect our Tertiaries and other friends of St. Peter's against the Spanish influenza.

At the monthly meetings of the two English-speaking fraternities in October, the Rev. Director suggested that one hundred Tertiaries should each give a \$50 Liberty Bond for the purpose of establishing a free scholarship for the education of a young man for the priesthood in the Franciscan Order. The appeal met with great enthusiasm and present indications bid fair for the happy realization of the plan.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.**—The feast of St. Francis, anticipated, was celebrated with extraordinary solemnity by the Tertiaries of St. Louis on September 29. A triduum had prepared them in a worthy manner for the great day, the principal feature of which was to be the silver jubilee as Tertiaries of thirty-eight members of the fraternities (one brother and thirty-seven sisters). His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon, kindly agreed to officiate at the ceremony. He was assisted by the Fathers of the monastery and by a number of the secular clergy, several of whom are members of the Third Order. The jubilarians, garbed in the large Tertiary habit, were conducted in solemn procession to the sanctuary, where His Grace addressed them, exhorting them and their fellow Tertiaries as members of the great militia of St. Francis to fight the battles of Christ against the evils of this world by the faithful observance of the Rule of the Third Order. The world at large, he said, was wont to regard the monastic orders as something antiquated; but in these days of stress it turns to them to secure for its armies and peoples those virtues which the orders have practiced throughout the centuries: detachment from the goods of this world, clean living, and the spirit of submission to authority: Poverty, Chastity, Obedience. In all

these virtues the Tertiaries give a splendid example to their fellow citizens. True, they do not take these vows, but they reflect them. They are poor in spirit, can of heart, and filled with the spirit of humility on which true obedience rests. After renewing their holy profession, the jubilarians were crowned by the Archbishop, assisted by our Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Samuel and by Rev. Fr. Guardian Hilary. A statue of St. Francis was then carried in procession through the church, after which the Right Rev. Vicar-General, Monsignor Connolly, himself a Tertiary, gave the benediction with the most Blessed Sacrament. Thus was written another glorious page in the annals of the Tertiary fraternities of St. Louis to the greater honor and glory of God and of the Seraphic Father St. Francis, and to the edification of the vast concourse of the faithful—Tertiaries and non-Tertiaries—who had come to St. Antony's Church from all parts of the city to attend the inspiring solemnity.

**Buffalo, N. Y.**—The well known Franciscan Father, Fr. Wulstan Workman, has been appointed vicar-general to Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield, who in turn has recently been nominated military bishop. Fr. Wulstan has already served in a military capacity, having held the rank of lieutenant-colonel and chaplain of the Canadian troops.

**New Orleans, La., Poor Clare Monastery.**—As the chapel of the Poor Clares in New Orleans is the only Franciscan house of God in this great archdiocese of the South, it is naturally the mecca of all devout clients of the Patriarch of Assisi. Thus the annual feast of St. Francis was commemorated in a most befitting manner on October 4, and the little chapel was filled to capacity with the faithful who flocked to the monastery. In memory of the intimate friendship that existed between the Seraphic Father and St. Dominic, the Dominican friars are wont to conduct the services in the Franciscan churches on this feast. This beautiful custom obtained on this occasion. Very Rev. William Martin, O.P., officiated at the solemn High Mass, assisted by Rev. FF. Casimir Municha and Felix Chavarria, O.P. while Rev. James Malone, O.P., preached the panegyric. Rev. L. M. Roth, the zealous and energetic director of the Third Order in this

city, Rev. J. J. O'Brien, S.J., Rev. P. Perretta, O.P., and Rev. A. Cardenas were present in the sanctuary.

On the Sunday following the feast, October 6, another and still more impressive ceremony took place in the little chapel. It was the occasion of His Grace's, the Most Rev. Archbishop of New Orleans, first visit to the Poor Clares, and he graciously consented to preside at the investment of postulants and at the profession of the novices in the Third Order. After an inspiring sermon by Rev. Leander M. Roth, His Grace addressed the Tertiaries. He congratulated them on having in their midst a community of the great contemplative Order of St. Francis, the Poor Clares, who by their hidden life of prayer draw down Heaven's blessings on the world, too busy to occupy itself with prayer and good works; and he also congratulated them that, though living in the world, they are still not of the world, but as members of the Third Order of Penance are privileged to walk in the footsteps of the Seraphic Father. Solemn Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament was then given by the Archbishop, after which the Tertiaries had the pleasure of kissing His Grace's ring and receiving his blessing.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.**—The annual retreat for the Tertiaries, conducted by Rev. Fr. Edward Lunney, O.F.M., was very well attended. It was brought to a solemn close on the feast of St. Francis by a triple blessing: the papal blessing, the blessing with a relic of St. Francis, and the benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. At the regular meeting, October 6, twenty-four new members were invested with the cord and scapular and fourteen novices pronounced their profession. Rev. Fr. Juniper Doolin, O.F.M., our former Rev. Director, and Rev. Fr. Cyril Buotich, O.F.M., former Director of the Pious Union, who have both received their commission as chaplains in the Army with the rank of first lieutenant, spent a brief furlough at St. Boniface before reporting for duty. Fr. Juniper is now in New York daily awaiting orders to depart for France, while Fr. Cyril was assigned for the present to a regiment at Camp Kearny, California.

**Washington, D. C., Mt. Sepulchre.**—It was a notable concourse that gathered at

Mount St. Sepulchre on October 4, to do honor to the poor St. Francis. Graced as it was by the presence of the two highest dignitaries of the Church in America, this year's celebration far surpassed any previous occasion of its kind in the National Capital. At ten o'clock, the monastery chimes announced the approaching procession of the clergy to the church. This procession was unique; and it is probable that in few places in the United States other than Washington could it be equalled. The long line of clergy led by a Dominican cross-bearer, contained besides Franciscans of several provinces of the Order, Capuchins, Carmelites, Benedictines, Marists, secular clergy, the Right Rev. Monsignor Thomas, pastor of the city's largest parish, the Right Rev. Bishop Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University, and lastly, attended by his deacons of honor, came the venerable and beloved Cardinal Gibbons, vested in scarlet *cappa magna*. The Mass was celebrated by the Dominican friars according to their rite, and His Eminence occupied the throne. The sermon for the occasion was to have been preached by the late lamented Bishop Currier, whose sudden death took place just a few days before the feast. His place, however, was admirably filled by Monsignor Thomas, who spoke most learnedly and whole-heartedly of the true greatness of the Poverello.

In the afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock, following the chanting of Compline, a procession with the relic of St. Francis took place out of doors. Returning to the chapel of St. Francis, the touching singing of the *Transitus*, or the passing of the Saint to heaven, was heard. The fitting conclusion to the day's solemnities came when His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, vested in cope and miter and carrying the crosier, approached the high altar with his assisting ministers and there imparted the pontifical Benediction with the most Blessed Sacrament.

**Sacramento, Cal., St. Francis Church.**—The Tertiaries of Sacramento commemorated the feast of their Seraphic Father by devoutly approaching the Sacraments and by assisting at Holy Mass. In the evening of the day, special services were held in honor of the Saint, on which occasion the sermon was delivered by Very Rev. J. R. Newell, a Dominican friar from San Francisco. On the Sunday fol-

lowing, several candidates were received into the Third Order, while the novices were admitted to profession.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church.**—At the golden jubilee celebration of the English-speaking fraternity of Cleveland, held October 6, one hundred and thirty-three postulants received the Tertiary cord and scapular. Rev. Fr. Roger, Commissary of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart, officiated at the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Fr. Gregory, Guardian of West Park, as deacon, and by Rev. Fr. Paul, of St. Joseph's, as sub-deacon. Rev. Fr. Hilarion, the Director of the fraternity, and a cleric from the monastery at West Park, acted as masters of ceremonies. The large church was too small to contain the vast throng of Tertiaries and even standing room was at a premium. After the papal blessing, sent to the Tertiaries by His Holiness Pope Benedict XV himself in an autograph letter, had been imparted, the services closed with Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament and a jubilant *Te Deum*. In preparation for the day of jubilee, Rev. Fr. Roger had conducted a three days retreat, which was very well attended.

The Tertiaries of Cleveland had the great pleasure, on September 29 and 30, of listening to Mr. Antony Matre's illustrated lecture on Rome, the Catacombs, and the last three Tertiary Popes. On both nights the hall was filled to capacity, and the audience was delighted with the masterly way in which the distinguished lecturer treated the subject.

**Globe, Arizona.**—Rev. Fr. Gerard, O.F.M., who is well known to our readers as one of the pioneer missionaries among the Papagos of Southern Arizona, has been sent by his superiors to Globe, Ari-

zona, to open up a new mission field among the Apaches of that district. Globe is a wide-awake mining town of some ten thousand inhabitants one hundred and twenty-seven miles due east of Phoenix, and the prospects for a thriving mission on the San Carlos Reservation are very bright. Rev. Genevrier, pastor of Globe, has just recently completed a beautiful white stone church in that city, for which the Apaches quarried, hauled, and dressed the stone. We hope to keep our readers informed regarding the progress of this new mission and they may expect from time to time to read some interesting accounts of life among the Arizona Apaches from the busy pen of the zealous missionary.

**Komatke, Arizona, St. John's Mission.**—Owing to the transfer of Rev. Fr. Gerard to the Apache mission field, a number of changes among the Papago and Pima missionaries were made necessary. Thus Rev. Fr. Justin succeeds Fr. Gerard as superior of San Solano, while Fr. Vincent follows Fr. Justin as superior and superintendent of St. John's Mission and Indian Boarding School, with Fr. Antonine as disciplinarian of the boy boarders and Fr. Desiderius superintendent of the mission farm. Fr. Cornelius has taken charge of the three missions in the Salt River Reservation, and Fr. Augustine is attending to the spiritual needs of ten missions in the Gila River Reservation.

The hot summer months were spent at St. John's in the erection of two new buildings: a two room house for an Indian lay teacher, and a seventy-five foot two-story addition to the girls' building, including a dining room and a dormitory. School opened with an enrollment the first week of two hundred and twenty-five and some fifty more reported later.

## OBITUARY

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College:**—Rel. Bro. Juniper Grass, O.F.M.  
**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**

*St. Francis Fraternity*:—Mary Byrnes, Sr. Clare; Catherine Anderson, Sr. Frances; Anna Morrissey, Sr. Agnes.

*St. Louis Fraternity*:—Rev. Thomas W. Hart; Catherine Gillespie, Sr. Elizabeth.

*St. Elizabeth Fraternity*:—Anna Grabowski, Sr. Clare; Barbara Steins, Sr. Ludovica; Anna Schoemanz, Sr. Gertrude; Philomena Gridling, Sr. Mary.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church**:—Johanna Hoffmann, Sr. Clare.

**Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church**:—Margaret McLoughlin.

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church**:—Agnes M. McGlenon; Anna M. Michaeloff.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church**:—Jane Darcy; Josephine Bardoum.

**Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church**:—Elizabeth Esser, Sr. Frances.

# Franciscan Herald

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## Editorial Comment

### "PRAY FOR US IN THE HOUR OF OUR DEATH."

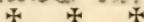
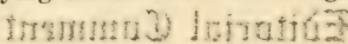
"Who is the man that shall live and not see death?" asks the Psalmist. No man of sound mind, no matter how much given to pride or vanity, has ever been so irrational as to believe even for an instant that he would be saved from death. Were the most haughty tyrant, accustomed to the fulsomest adulation to be told that he alone was exempt from the ordinary lot of mortals, he would either smile at the folly or be enraged at the absurdity of so pitiful a compliment. In his heart of hearts he would be convinced that "all flesh is grass and all the glory thereof as the flower of the field." How could it be otherwise? Everything that man sees forces him to acknowledge his perishable condition. The sun that sets, the flower that fades, the cloud that passes, the rocks that crumble, the leaves that wither, the very monuments of the dead which decay before our eyes, remind us of our mortality.

Familiar though the sight of death is to us, the thought of our own causes us pain and fear, and that whether we are saints or sinners. If "the life of man upon earth is a warfare," then death is its last and decisive battle, on the outcome of which depends our eternal weal and woe. It is this thought that makes even the hardest of us fear to engage the grim Tyrant. What assurance has even the just man that "when the battle's lost and won," he shall be found worthy of love rather than of hate by the supreme Arbiter of right and wrong? If during life the enemies of his salvation have never for a moment relaxed their efforts to destroy him, will they not at the hour of his death when they see his power of resistance waning, summon all their forces for a last tremendous assault? With such odds against him, what hope can the just man have of sustaining the dreadful shock and of coming out victorious from the unequal conflict?

There is one hope—Mary. It is impossible that the faithful servant of Mary should go under in the struggle. For, if at any time she is the Help of Christians, it is at the time of their greatest danger, the hour of their death. It is then above all that she appears to the enemies of our salvation terrible as an army in battle array. Her appearance is the signal for their flight. As at the approach of day the prowling beasts of prey skulk back to their lairs, so, says St. Antonine, the demons

take to flight at the coming of the radiant Queen of Heaven. When Mary is for us, who will be against us?

If the just man looks forward with apprehension to his last struggle, how much more the sinner? How can he expect to conquer who has not learnt to fight and who has suffered defeats innumerable? Must he not rather be prepared to surrender his eternal jewel to the common enemy of man? With eternal perdition staring him in the face, what can the sinner do but despair? He can still hope in Mary, for she is the Refuge of Sinners. Will she not do all in her power to rescue an immortal soul—a soul for which her dear Son shed his last drop of blood on the Cross, and for which she herself suffered a thousand deaths under the Cross? How often has she saved dying sinners from the slough of despair, from the very jaws of death.



## THE END OF THE WORLD WAR. TO SUCH END WE SOON TAR

Never in the history of the world, we venture to say, has any intelligence caused so genuine, so great, so universal, so spontaneous an outburst of joy as the news, flashed to all parts of the globe from the blood-soaked fields of France, that the military leaders of Germany had subscribed the terms of surrender dictated by the Allied Council of War. In all the larger cities of the land and in many of the towns and villages, men, women, and children went delirious at the first report of the momentous occurrence. To them the signing of the terms meant much more than a mere cessation of hostilities, a glorious victory of American and Allied arms over a powerful foe. To them it meant, first of all, the end of the World War, the advent of Peace. The spontaneity of these demonstrations is proof irrefragable of the genuineness of the feeling that prompted them, and that feeling, as we have said, was joy at the thought that the great War had come to an end.

The curtain has just been rung down on the gruesome tragedy which the world has been forced to witness to its greatest shame and disgust. We have no desire to raise the curtain even for an instant by recalling the dreadful scenes enacted before our eyes. We prefer to indulge the welcome feeling of relief that the present holds out to us and to enjoy the pleasant prospects that the future opens to us. What a relief to know that those dreadful engines of war that for four unbroken years have dealt death to millions of helpless human beings; that have brought destruction to thousands of peaceful cities and villages and hamlets; that have engulfed in irreparable ruin hundreds of monuments and treasures of art; that have laid waste the most fertile and beautiful provinces of Europe; that have scattered to the winds billions in money—what a relief to know that these fierce monsters of hell have ceased at length to roar and to "spit forth their iron indignation." How pleasant, too, it is to think that in the not far distant future these same instruments of death will be converted into plowshares; that the nations but recently bent on destroying one another will live again in concord and mingle in the pursuits of peace; that they will all cooperate in making the ravaged countryside bloom again and the ruined habitations of man rise more beautiful out of the ashes; that they will be leagued together to prevent a recurrence of the awfulest tragedy but one in the annals of the human race. We hope we shall be pardoned for indulging

these thoughts even if they should prove illusory. The mind, supped full with horrors, must have relief, and confronted everywhere with grim realities it turns instinctively to such stuff as dreams are made of.



## WORLD PEACE.

So great and universal has been the suffering caused by the War; so exorbitant is the price mankind has had to pay for its folly; so fatal are the consequences it is sure to entail for future generations that more and more pronounced and general is becoming the desire for a permanent world peace. To free the human race forever from such another cataclysm as it is just emerging from, various schemes of greater or less feasibility have been propounded in the council chambers and newspapers of Europe and America. The most talked of, if not the most practicable, of these schemes seems to be the formation of an international organization known as the League of Nations to Enforce Peace. It is to be an armed league. For its primary duty will be to make war on the warlike or, according to President Wilson, to "make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right." The nations associated against the Central Powers will constitute the nucleus of such a league, and the others are to be admitted on subscribing to the principles of the organization and on giving satisfactory evidence of sincerity. To all appearances, therefore, the organization will be a sort of self-constituted international police force or law and order league.

Whether this plan for preventing future wars will be discussed and adopted at the coming peace conference, and whether all the greater nations will—the smaller nations must—agree to enter the association, and whether they will abide by its decisions or, which is the same, submit to its dictation after entering, is by no means certain. One thing, however, is beyond question: such a league will inevitably fail of its purpose unless the nations pledge themselves to abolish militarism and secret diplomacy. What is secret diplomacy but a euphemism for diplomatic intriguery? So long as statesmen are permitted to conduct negotiations and to make treaties behind closed doors, what is to hinder them, if the interests of their respective countries are better served by a Holy Alliance, or an *Entente Cordiale* or a *Dreibund*, from forming a league within the proposed league and thus defeating the very purpose of its establishment? Apparently President Wilson is meeting with determined opposition from the old-fashioned diplomats in his efforts to make them play the game openly and honestly; and it is very regrettable that he is receding by little and little from the position he so boldly took some months ago.

As for militarism, now that it has been crushed in the land of its birth, it should be banished from every country under the sun. Unless the peace conferees can be made to see that the safety and salvation of the world lies in complete disarmament, the greatest war of all times has been fought in vain, and all efforts to prevent similar conflicts must prove futile. Any first-class military power can defy even an armed league of nations. What Germany has done, Britain, Japan, or the United States may next attempt. Militarism is essentially the same in all countries. Because it is conceived in the iniquities of imperialists,

it is of its nature evil and can produce no good. Nor will a mere reduction of armaments suffice to make the world safe for democracy if the system itself is not destroyed root and branch. Such a reduction would merely lighten the burden of taxation but not lessen the danger of aggression. Are the victorious nations ready to sink their navies and to disband their armies? As yet there is no indication of such a purpose; nor do we opine that they will be at all anxious to tear down and to discard what it has cost so much to erect and what they deem their only salvation.

All which makes us believe that the world will continue to be ruled by the same stupid men in the same stupid way as heretofore, and that the era of permanent peace is still a long way off. Assuming, however, that the nations should form a league to preserve and enforce peace, and that for this purpose they should commit themselves to a policy of open diplomacy and complete disarmament, will all danger of war be removed? Hardly; for the danger of war will remain as long as the causes of war remain; and these are the economic, national, and religious prejudices that all the nations are at so great pains to nourish and to perpetuate. In other words, until Christ is made the keystone of the whole social fabric, and his law becomes the law of nations and of individuals—until that distant day the brotherhood of nations must remain a chimera and permanent world peace a beautiful dream. In confirmation of our opinion we may cite the words of the sainted Pope Pius X: "The desire for peace fills all hearts, and all earnestly desire it; but of God they wish to know nothing, and so this desire after peace is vain; where there is no God, there is no justice; where there is no justice, there is also no hope for peace."



#### BOOK REVIEW.

Under the title "Religious Communities of Women," a Friar Minor of the Province of the Sacred Heart has brought together in a brochure of forty-three pages all the decrees of the new Canon Law pertaining to women religious. It is a scholarly little book and richly deserves the high commendations bestowed on it from all sides. In compendious form, it brings all the necessary information regarding the regimen of religious communities of women. The skillful arrangement of the material makes it an eminently practical handbook. It is just such a manual as our overworked Sisters in school and hospital will welcome. The price of fifty cents places it within the reach of even the poorest. Canon 509 prescribes to the Superiors: "They must promote among their subjects the knowledge and execution of the Decrees of the Holy See which concern religious." A good way to fulfill this obligation at least partially would be for Superiors to make their subjects each a Christmas gift of this valuable booklet. Orders may be sent to this office.

## BL. BARTOLO

*By Fr. Silas, O. F. M.*

**T**HIS blessed servant of God, surnamed the Job of Tuscany, was born at San Geminiano, in 1268, the last of the illustrious house of the Counts of Mucchio. His father was a worldly-minded man, and dishonored his high rank by an irregular life; his mother, however, was distinguished for her piety and virtue. Childless for twenty years of her married life, she had constantly besought God, to bless her with a son; and when her prayer was heard, she zealously strove to bring up her child in the fear of the Lord and to train him in the practices of religion. Her efforts bore abundant fruit. Bartolo, with great docility, followed the instructions of his pious mother, and at an early age won the admiration of all by his fervor at prayer, his modesty, obedience, meekness, and charity. He delighted in reading books of piety and in visiting the churches to adore our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. At the same time, he joined in the games of his playmates, who willingly accepted him as their leader; and by his kindness and modest bearing, he inspired them with a love of virtue and a horror of sin.

Though he was the only heir to the name and fortunes of his father, Bartolo resolved to consecrate his life to the service of God as a priest. On hearing this, the Count, his father, fell into a rage, and spared neither reproaches nor ill-treatment to shake his resolve. But Bartolo remained steadfast. To

escape the ill-treatment of his father and to carry out his resolve, he went to Pisa, where he devoted himself to the service of the sick in the abbey of the Benedictines. The zeal and tender solicitude with which he nursed the lepers and others afflicted with the most loathsome diseases, gained for him the love and veneration of all; and the Benedictines, who were the daily witnesses of his rare virtues desired him to take the habit in their Order.

Bartolo redoubled his prayers and mortifications to learn the will of God in his regard. One night, our Savior, his body covered with blood and holding a discipline in his hand, appeared to him and said, "Bartolo, it is not in a religious garb that you are to obtain the crown which is prepared for you in the next life, but it is by sufferings and wounds which will afflict your body for twenty years." The servant of God made known this vision to his confessor, and on his advice he made the vow of chastity and entered the Third Order of St. Francis. He now strove with renewed fervor to progress on the way of perfection, giving himself up more than before to prayer and contemplation and to the practice of penance. As is the case in the life of all the saints, his virtue was tried in the fire of tribulation. The devil assailed him with violent temptations, especially against the virtue of purity, appeared to him under horrible shapes, and inflicted blows on him, so as to leave him

lying half-dead on the floor. But Bartolo courageously persevered in his pious practices and with the grace of God came forth victorious from these assaults of the evil spirits.

The Bishop of Volterra, learning of the great virtues of the servant of God, invited him to his diocese and proposed to ordain him a priest, in order that he might labor for the spiritual welfare of souls. Bartolo gladly accepted the invitation; for it seemed to him that the moment had now come to follow the call of God which he had felt in his youth.

After his ordination, in 1258, he was first given charge of the parish at Pecciola, and after ten years, of that at Pichena. It would be difficult to describe the zeal with which he labored for the spiritual interests of his flock. His discourses, but especially his holy life, were a constant source of edification for all. By his prudence and kindness, he removed abuses, put an end to quarrels and enmities, and guided the people in the exercise of charity. The poor and the sick were the special objects of his tender solicitude; for them he deprived himself of everything and lived in the greatest poverty. He delighted in giving hospitality to travellers and pilgrims and in his humility he would often wash their feet. Once he had received into his house a poor beggar. Near midnight, he heard these words, "Bartolo, you have been the host of Jesus Christ." He went instantly to the room where his guest was resting and found he had vanished.

And now the prediction of our Savior to his servant, that he was to gain his eternal crown by sufferings and wounds which were to af-

flict his body for twenty years, was to be literally fulfilled. When Bartolo had reached his fifty-second year, he was stricken with leprosy, which became for him a continuous martyrdom. He relinquished his parish and retired with one of his friends, a saintly Tertiary, to a small hospital for lepers about a mile from San Gemignano. Here he lived for twenty years, dependent on the assistance of his friend and of a maid servant, and on the charity of the faithful. It was, indeed, a great trial for him; his whole body was one sore, and his hands and eyes were eaten away by the terrible disease; yet in the midst of his sufferings, he, like Job, remained ever patient and resigned and even looked upon his afflictions as a gift from Heaven. This wonderful patience of Bl. Bartolo caused many to visit him, to recommend themselves to his prayers, and to seek his advice, and they frequently testified to the power of his intercession. It was also regarded as a constant miracle that his sores did not emit an offensive odor or cause a feeling of repugnance in those who came in contact with him.

At length our Divine Savior, accompanied by a multitude of angels and saints, appeared to his faithful servant and revealed to him that he would soon be relieved from his sufferings and enter into the joys of heaven. Henceforth Bartolo's thoughts and aspirations were solely occupied with heavenly things; and after receiving the last Sacraments, he peacefully fell asleep in the Lord, on December 12, 1300. His body was brought to the church of the Augustinians at San Gemignano, where he had asked to be

buried. To satisfy the veneration of the people, who flocked to the church in great numbers, the interment was delayed for three days. Many miracles were wrought at his intercession. Among others, his biographer relates the following. His servant girl, Stella, was weeping by the coffin over the loss of so good a master, when he stretched out his hand and took

hers as if he wanted to show how grateful he was for the service she had rendered him. Bl. Bartolo is invoked especially against the attacks of the evil spirits and against storms at sea. He has not been formally beatified, but Pope Alexander VI, in 1498, permitted the veneration shown him as a holy confessor.

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### A SONG OF THE SHEPHERDS

Terly terlow, terly terlow,  
So merrily the shepherds began to blow!

**A** BOUT the field they piped full right,  
It was the middle of the night;  
Adown from Heaven there came a light.  
Terly, terlow.

Angels there came a company  
With merry songs and melody;  
The shepherds anon gan them aspy.  
Terly, terlow.

The shepherds hied them to Bethlehem,  
To see that Blessèd Sonné-Beam;  
And there they found the World's Light-stream.  
Terly, terlow.

Now pray we to that young meek Child  
And to His Mother fair and mild,  
Whose maidenhood was ne'er defiled.  
Terly, terlow.

—From *A Mediaeval Anthology*.

## VENERABLE WILLIAM WARD TERTIARY AND MARTYR

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

**I**N 1628, Charles I prorogued parliament and for the next twelve years ruled without it. During this period, as we have seen, Catholics enjoyed an interval of comparative peace and toleration. The Puritans, however, embittered by the consequent increase of "popery," constantly urged that the penal laws against Catholics be enforced. To create a spirit of fanaticism among the lower classes, unscrupulous pamphleteers deluged the country with their writings, in which they railed at the Pope and the Church of Rome and represented the King as secretly negotiating with the Holy See toward a return of England to Catholic unity. Had Charles I been a strong and resolute character, his game of double-dealing would have neither emboldened the agitators of Puritanism nor undermined the throne on which he thought himself securely seated. He made principle subservient to policy, and this temporizing attitude proved his undoing.

Matters came to a head when, in 1640, the threatening attitude of the Scots compelled the King to reconvene parliament. Now the Puritans, who controlled the House of Commons, had an opportunity to aim a deadly blow at the Church. At once they raised the cry of "no popery," and flatly refused to vote the necessary war subsidies unless the King rigorously enforced the penal laws against the Catholics, whom they falsely accused of favoring and aiding the Scots. De-

serted by the terrified Lords, Charles reluctantly consented and "gave orders that all Catholics should quit the court, and be expelled from the army; that the houses of recusants should be searched for arms; and that the priests should be banished from the realm within thirty days."<sup>1</sup> But by thus giving way to the fanatic Commons, the King signed his own death warrant. With unexampled insolence, they now publicly assailed their sovereign with keen invectives for having favored and protected Catholics contrary to existing laws. From religious fanaticism the popular mind went over to political revolutionism; to the cry of "no popery" was added the clamor for "no royalty." What followed is well known. "A century of revolution," Stone aptly remarks, "begun with a king's act of defiance hurled at the highest spiritual authority on earth, was ending with a people's renunciation of all kingly authority."<sup>2</sup> The public execution of the unhappy monarch, in 1649, is one of the saddest and most shocking events in English history, and shows how the allegiance of a people to a temporal sovereign stands and falls with their allegiance to him whom Christ vested with supreme authority in matters spiritual.

Having seized the reigns of government, the Puritan "army of saints," under the cloak of zeal for "pure religion" and civil liberty, immediately began a bloody persecution of Catholics who deemed it

1. Lingard: *History of England* (New York, 1879), Vol. VII, p. 229.—2. Stone: *Faithful Unto Death* (London, 1882), p. 211.

their duty to support the King as the embodiment of lawful authority. During this religious upheaval, five Franciscans suffered death for the faith. Before detailing their life and martyrdom, however, we must acquaint the reader with one who, though not a member of the province, still deserves, as a Tertiary of St. Francis, mention in the story of the English Franciscans.<sup>3</sup> His saintly life and death will show how the spirit of St. Francis was breathing in England even at a time when the once glorious province had fallen to ruin.

F. William Ward (Webster) was born of Protestant parents about the year 1650 at Thornby in Westmoreland.<sup>4</sup> Of his early life nothing is known beyond the fact that his parents, who were of the wealthy class, had him educated at Oxford, where after completing his studies he was for seven years associated with Brasenose College. The renewed hostility of Queen Elizabeth against the Church of Rome and the subsequent sufferings of the Catholics must have made a deep and lasting impression on him. Examining the tenets of the proscribed religion and seeking the counsel of Catholic friends, he gradually perceived on which side justice lay. It is probable that to avoid opposition on the part of his Protestant family, who would surely have resented his contemplated conversion to Catholicism, William accompanied Mr. Dutton, a Catholic gentleman, to Spain and there embraced the religion of his forefathers. He left England a skep-

tical Protestant, he returned a devout and practical Catholic. In time, we are told, he even succeeded in bringing his mother to the fold of Christ. Indeed, so openly did he practice his religion that he was repeatedly arrested and imprisoned. This, however, only confirmed him in the faith and filled his heart with a burning zeal to take the step he had long been contemplating.

In 1604, he left for the continent; and on September 16, the authorities of the English College at Douai admitted him as a candidate of the priesthood, despite the fact that he was already over forty years of age. On June 1, 1608, he was ordained priest; and a few months later, on October 14, he again set sail for England. The ship, however, was driven to the coast of Scotland. English harbors at that time were infested with spies eager to detect a priest among the landing voyagers. F. William Ward did not escape their vigilance. He was seized and without much ado thrown into a dark and loathsome prison. Here he suffered for three years, until by some chance or other he was set free. Thereupon he departed for his native land, where he soon engaged in ministering to the needs of the scattered Catholics.

The remaining thirty years of his life, from 1611 to 1641, were spent chiefly in and about London, the very hotbed of irreligion and persecution. They represent one long unbroken period of indefatigable zeal and devotion, beset with

3. That Venerable William Ward belonged to the Third Order of St. Francis is sufficiently attested by Mason in his famous *Certamen Scriptorium* (Quaraachi, 1883). On page 50, mention is made "of the martyrdom of Mr. Ward a priest of the venerable secular clergy, whom I shall justly call our confrere, as the cord of St. Francis, with which on the scaffold he was girded next to the skin amply testifies."—4. Our sources of information regarding his life and martyrdom are: Dodd: *Church History of England* (Brussels, 1742), Vol. III, p. 95; his chief sources were the *Athenae Oeconomiae* of Antony Wood and a manuscript account of the martyr's life written by a fellow priest of his acquaintance.—Hope: *Franciscan Martyrs in England* (London, 1878), p. 117 seqq. The author seems to have drawn chiefly from De Marsys, who was an eye-witness of the martyrdoms he relates.—Stone, I. c., p. 178, who refers the reader to Challoner's *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*.—Spillmann: *Katholikenverfolgung in England* (Freiburg, 1905), Part IV, p. 233, who likewise drew from Challoner.—*Catholic Encyclopaedia*, Vol. XV, p. 552.

untold trials that would have discouraged a less fervent and self-denying spirit. Time and again the heroic priest was arrested, imprisoned, and banished. His biographers tell us that the time he spent in the various prisons aggregated no less than twenty years. But nothing could quench the fire that glowed in his priestly soul. He always returned to his beloved flock with renewed zeal, anxiously hoping that the day would come when he would be permitted to seal his faith with his blood.

It was probably at the time when the English Franciscans undertook the restoration of their province, that F. William Ward became acquainted with the friars and joined the Third Order of St. Francis. His private no less than his public life was that of a true and whole-souled Tertiary. Personal sanctity lent special weight to his priestly exhortations, so that he was one of the most popular priests on the mission. Like a true follower of St. Francis, he loved and practiced holy poverty in a heroic degree and chose the poorest and meanest districts of London and its vicinity as the field of his activity. Although he possessed abundant riches, he was so niggardly with himself in food and clothing that his friends ascribed it to an avaricious spirit. How different would have been their verdict had they known that he was denying himself the comforts of life only to have more to bestow on his cherished poor. These he would seek out in their wretched hovels and with loving condescension minister to their spiritual and material needs.

Naturally of a somber, almost repulsive disposition, F. William Ward was known to be a very exacting confessor and spiritual director. Still, his impartial frankness and justice toward all who

came to him won their confidence. Catholics, rich and poor, eagerly sought his advice and consolation in those bleak days of political and religious dissensions. Even ladies of rank placed themselves under his direction, declaring that despite the severity with which he censured sin and inculcated virtue, they preferred him to all other confessors.

Thus for thirty years, frequently interrupted by imprisonment and exile, this heroic Tertiary priest braved the hardships of the times in the discharge of his sacred office. Meanwhile, the endless agitation of the Puritans against the King and against the Catholics grew more and more aggressive, so that by 1640 it became evident that another bloody persecution would break out. F. William Ward viewed these conditions with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy. He grieved at the thought of the sufferings and hardships it would again create for the helpless Catholics; but his heart rejoiced over the prospect it gave him of yet winning the coveted martyr's crown. When, therefore, his nephew, who was likewise a priest on the mission, requested him to have regard for his old age, to quit London, and to fly to the country, where a safe refuge had been prepared for him, the intrepid priest of eighty winters earnestly replied that he was not like the hireling who flies at the approach of the wolf and abandons his flock to its ravenous fury; only imprisonment and death could separate him from those whose shepherd he had been these many years.

Early in 1641, parliament issued a warrant for the arrest of all priests who should be found in England after April 7. One of the first to be seized was F. William Ward. His frequent visits to the house of Mr. Wooton, one of his nephews, had long roused the suspicion of a

certain Mr. Thomas Mayhew (Mayo), an apostate Catholic and a notorious priest-catcher. About midnight, on July 15, 1641, this worthless creature without warning entered the house, forced his way into the apartments of the aged priest, and having literally dragged him out of bed, hurried him off to Newgate prison. Eight days later he was tried at the Old Bailey in London. Among the witnesses that deposed against him was Mayhew. He had known the prisoner for a long time, he declared, and had received the Sacraments of Penance and Communion at his hands. After hearing two more witnesses, who likewise declared they knew him to be a priest, the judge asked the prisoner whether these accusations were true.

"No one," came the fearless reply, "is obliged to accuse himself. But if you wish to arrive at the truth and to convict me, produce witnesses without reproach, and not like this Mayhew, who may well lie before men since he has broken the faith which he vowed to God."

In a similar manner he could have discomfited the other witnesses. But fear of again forgoing the martyr's crown sealed his lips. His heart leaped for joy, therefore, when the jury after a brief consultation returned a verdict of guilty and the judge condemned him to be hanged, drawn, and quartered on the following Monday.

On Sunday, the day before his martyrdom, he obtained leave to converse with a priest who was also a prisoner. What passed between them we can readily imagine. Early next morning, F. William Ward said holy Mass and administered holy Communion to a number of imprisoned Catholics. His aged brow, otherwise grave and austere, was now radiant with joy, reflect-

ing the peace and happiness that reigned in his soul. When offered a better coat than he was wont to wear, he said cheerfully:

"You are right to dress me better than usual, since I am going to a more splendid banquet and a more joyful wedding than any at which I have ever been present."

He gave the jailer a twenty-shilling piece, who on leaving said blandly:

"Good bye, Mr. Ward. I hope we shall meet again in heaven."

"By no means," replied the martyr, "unless you change your life and become a Catholic. This is the truth, in defense of which I am about to shed my blood."

About eight o'clock, the holy priest was led from his dungeon, fastened to a hurdle, and dragged to Tyburn. Many of the bystanders wept at sight of the feeble old man on his bed of pain.

"Why do you weep, my son?" he said to a young man whom he recognized as one of his penitents.

"For love of you, my father," came the touching reply.

"If you love me," returned the martyr calmly, "weep not for my death. I can yet live if I will, but it is my joy to die for this cause, and therefore you have no reason to weep."

Having arrived at the place of execution, he was taken from the hurdle and ordered to mount the cart that stood beneath the gibbet. Then turning to the presiding officer, he said in broken accents:

"Mr. Sheriff, I would have you all here assembled understand that I am condemned to death for being a Romish priest, although no proof of it was adduced in court. Hence they have dealt unjustly with me. Now, however, I proclaim of my own free will that for well-nigh forty years I have been a priest, for which I thank God. That on this

account I have been condemned to death, fills me with joy and I deem it a great distinction, because I die for my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ."

When the sheriff offered him life and liberty if he would renounce his faith, the valiant champion beaming with joy exclaimed:

"If God had given me a thousand lives, I should deem myself happy to sacrifice them all for my priesthood and the Catholic Church."

Upon this the sheriff objected that he was to die not for being a Catholic, but for seducing the people.

"I have seduced no one," replied the martyr with indignation, "but I have led many in the way of salvation. Would to God that I had converted more—nay, even all England! Believe, I entreat you, that it is the love which I have for you that makes me speak thus; for if you wish to enter into Paradise you must embrace the Catholic religion, which was so long revered by your ancestors."

When asked whether he was related to Bishop Ward of Gloucester, he replied in the negative, adding that his real name was William Webster.

Seeing now that the executioners were making ready to carry out the sentence, the venerable priest knelt down and prayed. At last, the sheriff interrupted him asking whether there was anything he wished.

"Yes," he replied with a look to heaven, "from all my heart I shall

pray God to bless the King, the Queen, and the whole royal family as also the government, the people, and the entire kingdom. Then I should like to give a little alms to needy Catholics, but I see none here."

"Give it to the executioner," cried the people, "that he might deal mercifully with you."

"What mercy can he show me," retorted the martyr with a smile, pointing to the gibbet and the fire. "Nor," he continued serenely, "do I even desire him to lessen the merit of my sufferings."

Thereupon, he handed the sheriff forty shillings to be distributed among needy Catholics. To the executioner he gave a half crown, while the driver of the hurdle received two shillings. Then throwing his ring, breviary, and handkerchief to the crowd, he permitted the rope to be placed around his neck. When the cart with a sudden jolt began to move from under his feet, he raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, receive my soul!" Immediately he was cut down and while still living subjected to the cruel and inhuman butchery. Seizing his heart the executioner held it up to the excited rabble and cried, "Behold the heart of a traitor!" But the valiant martyr was beyond the reach of human torture and insult. In the mansions of the King of kings he was already in possession of that glorious crown for which he had labored and yearned so many years.



A Merry Christmas To All Our Readers

## CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

*By Fr. Giles, O. F. M.*

“ON your way home Fr. Roch?” enquired Mr. West, as he emerged with his wife from Gray’s department store and met the priest passing down the street.

“Yes, I’ve been down to Twelfth Street to visit that poor Syrian family I spoke of last Sunday.”

“Then you’ll permit us to take you home in our car, won’t you, Father?” pressed Mrs. West. “We’ve finished shopping for to-day and we’re on our way home, too. There’s the chauffeur waiting for us at the corner.”

The three entered the automobile; and as it glided smoothly down the busy street. Mr. West opened the conversation by exclaiming with a hearty laugh:

“Thank God, Fr. Roch, that you aren’t married!”

“Why, John, I remember distinctly when we were college chums how you strove with might and main one day to induce me to become a benedict instead of a priest,” replied the friar with amused surprise.

“Oh, that was before I had tasted the pleasures of Christmas shopping,” Mr. West rejoined, with a significant wink and a toss of the head toward his wife, who was busy arranging her numerous parcels.

“Well, of all men!” gasped this worthy matron, looking up in mute astonishment at her husband.

“What? A storm brewing?” quizzed the priest good-naturedly.

“Oh, no, Father, it’s not so bad as all that, but this endless shopping, shopping, shopping does get on my nerves,” explained Mr. West with mock earnestness, “and the worst of it is, Father, our Christmas shopping has only begun. We started

early to avoid the crowds, and it is my privilege—or shall I say duty?—to accompany Mrs. West on all her tours. I do heartily wish the custom of giving Christmas gifts had never been invented.”

“But, John, returned Fr. Roch, “you can hardly find fault with the inventor of the Christmas gift, since it was God himself who originated the custom by giving us on the first Christmas day the most precious thing he had—his only begotten Son. Still, I must concede that, just as the feast itself has been degraded and the Christ Child relegated to the background to make room for the burly figure of Santa Claus; so too, is the beautiful custom of remembering one’s friends on this great feast with some token of regard being sadly abused.”

“Don’t you think, Father, that to a great extent it is downright blackmail? Now look at Mrs. West. She’s got a whole list of persons for whom she is running off her feet—and mine too,—more’s the pity!—trying to select some Christmas gift for each of them, and why? Simply because she thinks they’ll send her something.”

“The idea, John, to suppose I could be so small!” replied his wife indignantly. “I merely want to send them something as a slight token of regard, as Fr. Roch just said.”

“But you wouldn’t send them anything if you didn’t think they were going to send you something in return.”

“I certainly should send something to mother and to Aunt Lucy and Mrs. Woodbury.”

“Very well; but what about the dozen or more persons on your re-

serve list? With them its mere blackmail and nothing else."

"You'd surely feel very cheap if I got a present from each of them on Christmas day and had sent nothing to them."

"That's why I call it blackmail. You're spending money on them, because you think they are going to spend money on you."

"But I'm not compelled to."

"Not physically, but morally you are; because, as you say, you'd feel cheap if you'd get a gift from them and had sent nothing to them. To me the whole thing is nothing but a matter of give and take."

"Which is certainly not in keeping with the words of the Savior that it is more blessed to give than to receive," commented Fr. Roch.

"Then, there's another point against the custom," Mr. West continued with renewed vigor, while his wife thoughtfully eyed the bright tip of her patent leather boot. "The presents sent are usually, or at least very often, of no earthly use to the receiver. What did you get last Christmas from Mrs. Woodbury?" he asked, turning toward his wife.

"Oh, don't you remember?" she replied quickly, looking up, "that exquisite Chinese jardinière—"

"Which serves absolutely no purpose and is always in your way," finished Mr. West.

"But it was just lovely of her to send it."

"And your presents were, no doubt, as useless to her and the rest of your friends as theirs were to you."

"But I experienced great pleasure in sending them and I am sure they did too."

"I suppose those good Tertiaries of mine experienced the same," broke in Fr. Roch pleasantly, "when they sent me last Christmas three umbrellas, six safety razors, four pairs of fancy gloves, two pairs of

house slippers, five fountain pens, two manicure sets, and I don't know what all else."

"Almost enough to go into business with, Father," laughed Mr. West, while his wife winced, as she remembered that one of the manicure sets had borne her card and greetings.

"It's all very well to ridicule a thing," she managed to say at last, with evident chagrin, "but that is no solution of the difficulty."

"I recall a very interesting case where the difficulty was most happily solved," replied the priest.

"Indeed?" queried Mrs. West. "I should be delighted to hear it, Father."

"Well, it was three years ago about this time that Mrs. Arthur Brown, of Pine Grove,—perhaps you know her,—was breaking her head over her Christmas presents, when her husband suggested that she and her friends, instead of buying gifts for one another, should contribute each to a fund to buy Christmas toys and sweets for the orphan children of St. Anne's Home, where the Sisters are too poor to provide much of the kind. Mrs. Brown became enthusiastic over the proposal and had no difficulty in securing the hearty cooperation of her friends in carrying out the plan. So, instead of spending money on one another, they each contributed ten dollars to the fund, and I can assure you that there were no gifts in all Pine Grove more highly appreciated than those toys at St. Anne's Home, and there were no happier women in the city than Mrs. Brown and her friends. Since then they have been doing the same each Christmas. All that they send to one another is a neat card with greetings and a spiritual bouquet, which they value far more than the presents they used to get.—But here we are at the convent door," he inter-

rupted himself, as the automobile drew up at the curb and he rose to leave.

"Mrs. Brown's solution of the difficulty, Fr. Roch," Mrs. West remarked, "was certainly unique, but I'm afraid it can't be universally imitated."

"That may be true, Mrs. West; still I think it could be tried with success in individual cases."

With this, the priest bade his friends good-bye.

That evening at dinner, Mrs. West was unusually quiet and pensive. After the table had been cleared, instead of joining the family in the library, she excused herself and retired to her room. The next morning, the mail carrier found ten violet-scented letters in the box addressed to ten of her most intimate friends. Two days later, she presided as hostess at a private three o'clock tea at which her ten friends were the invited guests. Then followed numerous mysterious visits to various stores, and, most mysterious of all, Mr. West—to his great delight, be it known,—was never asked to accompany her on these shopping tours. A week before Christmas, there came a sudden lull in Mrs. West's bustling activity, although her face bore unmistakable signs

of smug satisfaction that was a mystery to her family.

It was ten o'clock Christmas morning, when Fr. Roch accompanied by the Mother Superior made his rounds of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, going from room to room, visiting his beloved sick and brightening their lives with his joyous Christmas greetings and winning smile and words of sympathy. As they left the last room, Mother Delphine said:

"Now Father, I should like you to inspect the annex, which was completed this week. We are waiting now for St. Antony to furnish it, as we still have a big debt on the building."

Coming to the first ward, the priest noticed a large hand-painted placard above the door, surrounded by a wreath of holly and bearing the inscription: "St. Roch's Ward. A Christmas Gift to Our Beloved Director, Rev. Fr. Roch, from his Grateful Tertiaries."

The Sister opened the door and there in the middle of a completely furnished six-bed charity ward stood a smiling group of eleven Tertiaries, who with one accord exclaimed as soon as the priest made his appearance, "A merry Christmas, Fr. Roch!" The presence of Mrs. West in the foreground was a sufficient explanation.

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#### AN IMPORTANT DECLARATION OF THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF RELIGIOUS REGARDING THE THIRD ORDER

At the request of the Very Rev. Procurator of the Order of Friars Minor, the Sacred Congregation in charge of the affairs of the Religious has, under date of August 9, 1918, revalidated the erection of fraternities or conferences of the Third Order Secular; likewise the reception and profession of members, which owing to some error committed in good faith, were up to the date mentioned null and void.

# THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

## CHAPTER VI

*Coronado Reveals Object of His Coming—Description of Country—Coronado's Fling at Fr. Marcos—Cibola—Fr. Marcos's Veracity—Motive for Coronado's Animosity—Fr. Marcos Departs—Sketch of His Life*

CORONADO named the Indian pueblo taken by storm on July 7, 1540, in honor of Viceroy Mendoza's birthplace Granada. The Indians called it Hawikuh. It is identical with the Zuñi of the present time. "Three days after I captured this city," the general, in his letter of August 3, informed the viceroy, some of the Indians who lived here came to make peace. They brought me some turquoises and some poor mantles. I received them in His Majesty's name with as kind words as I could. I made them understand the purpose of my coming to this country, which is that they and all others in this province should become Christians and should know the true God for their Lord, and His Majesty for their king and earthly lord. After this they returned to their houses and suddenly, the next day, they packed up their goods and property, their women and children, and fled to the hills leaving their towns deserted with only a few remaining in them.

"Seeing this, I went to the town which was larger than this, eight or ten days later, when I had recovered from my wounds. I found a few natives there, whom I told that they need not fear, and I asked them to summon their chief to me. By what I can find out or observe, none of these towns has any, since I have not seen any principal house

by which any superiority over others could be shown.<sup>1</sup> Afterwards, an old man, who said he was their chief, came in a mantle made of many pieces, I argued with him as long as he stayed with me. He said that he would come to see me with the rest of the chiefs of the country three days later, in order to arrange the relations which should exist between us. He did so, and they brought me some little cloth mantles and some turquoises.<sup>2</sup>

"I said that they ought to come down from their strongholds and return to their houses with their wives and children, and that they should become Christians, and recognize His Majesty as their king and lord; but they still remain in their strongholds with their wives and property. I asked them to have a cloth painted for me with all the animals that they know in the country; and, although they are poor painters, they quickly painted two for me; one of the animals and the other of the birds and fishes.

"They say that they will bring their children so that our priests may instruct them, and that they desire to know our law. They declare that it was foretold them more than fifty years ago that a people such as we are would come, and the direction they would come from, and that the whole country would be conquered.

"So far as I can find out, these

1. A clear description of the tribal government among the Pueblo Indians may be found in Bandelier's story, *The Delight Makers*. (Winship in *14th Annual Report, 561, Note.*)

2. The shrewd Indians had already discovered the real object of the coming of the Spaniards.

Indians worship water, because they say that it makes the corn grow and sustains life. The only reason they have for doing this is because their ancestors did so.<sup>3</sup>

"We have great need of pastures, and you should know, also, that among us all there is not one pound of raisins, nor sugar, nor oil, nor wine, except barely half a quart, which is saved for saying Mass, since everything has been consumed; and part was lost on the way....I send you twelve small mantles, such as the people of this country ordinarily wear, and a garment which seems to me to be very well made. I kept it, because it seemed to be of very good workmanship, and because I do not think that any one has ever seen in these Indies any work done with a needle. I also send two cloths painted with the animals which they have in this country, although the painting is very poorly done, because the artist did not spend more than one day at the work. I send you a cow (buffalo) skin, some turquoises, and two turquoise earrings, and fifteen Indian combs,<sup>4</sup> and some plates decorated with turquoises, and two wicker baskets, of which the Indians have a large supply.

"I send also two rolls, such as the women usually wear on their heads when they bring water from the spring, just as they do in Spain. An Indian woman, with one of these rolls on her head, will carry a jar of water up the ladder without touching it with her hands. Lastly, I send you samples of the weapons

with which the natives of this country fight; a shield, a hammer, and a bow with some arrows, among which there are two with bone points, the like of which has never been seen.....

"As far as I can judge, it does not appear to me that there is any hope of getting gold or silver; but I trust in God, if there is any, we shall get our share of it, and it shall not escape us through any lack of diligence in the search.

"I am unable to give any certain information about the dress of the women, because the Indians keep them guarded so carefully that I have not seen any, except two old women. These had on two long skirts reaching down to their feet and open in the front, and a girdle, and they are tied together with cotton strings. I asked the Indians to give me one of those which they wore, to send to Your Lordship, since they were unwilling to show me the women. They brought me two mantles, almost wholly painted over, which I am sending you. They have two tassels, like the women of Spain, which hang something over their shoulders.

"The death of the negro is perfectly certain, because many things which he wore have been found. The Indians say they killed him because he assaulted their women, whom they love better than themselves, but they did not kill any of the others who came with him.<sup>5</sup>

"Some gold and silver has been found in this place, which those who know something about minerals, say is not bad.<sup>6</sup> I have not as

3. Others claim that the Zuñians were sun worshippers. "Se tuvo entendido adoraban al sol y á la luna...porque una noche que hubo un eclipse, alzaron todos mucha gritería." (Mota Padilla, no. 5, p. 160.) They have so-called priests of the sun, among whose duties is praying to the rising sun and preparing offerings to it. (*14th An. Report*, 518, note 4.)

4. Possibly those used in weaving, Winship thinks, p. 562.

5. The Indians thought it necessary to shield themselves against punishment, and therefore invented this absurd story. Estévan had been imprisoned as soon as he appeared at Cíbola, and next morning he was put to death with many of his Indian followers, as we know from Fr. Marcos's account.

6. Hence Fr. Marcos's report of what the Indians told him proves to be true

yet been able to learn from these people where they got it. I perceive that they refuse to tell me the truth in everything; because they think that I shall have to depart in a short time." <sup>7</sup>

Notwithstanding the discoveries he had made, Coronado would have his fling at Fr. Marcos for the chief disappointment—the lack of gold. "It now remains for me," he writes to the viceroy in the same letter of August 3, 1540, "to tell you about this city and kingdom and province, of which the Father Provincial gave Your Lordship an account. In brief, I can assure you that in reality *he has not told the truth in a single thing that he said*,<sup>8</sup> but everything is the reverse of what he said, except the name of the city and the large stone houses." Having delivered himself of this ill-natured cut, Coronado proceeds to contradict himself and to confirm what Fr. Marcos reported in this way:

"Although the houses are not decorated with turquoises,<sup>9</sup> nor made of lime nor of good bricks, there are very good apartments and good rooms with corridors, and some very good rooms under ground and paved, which are made for winter, and are something like hot baths.<sup>10</sup> The ladders which they have for their houses are all move-

in this particular, as well as in regard to all else. The Spaniards expected, however, rich mines of gold and precious stones to be worked by the Indians, and even dreamed of a *cerro de plata*, a mount of silver.

7. *14th Annual Report*, pp. 561-563. Coronado had discovered that these Indians would tell lies.

8. The italics are ours. Viceroy Mendoza must have wondered not a little.

9. "As to the decoration of the doorposts with turquoises, Mr. Cushing has found that a custom formerly prevailed, in Zufí at least, of decorating the openings in the roof through which the inmates of the house went down into the rooms and chambers with green stones, among which kalaite, or turquoise, carbonate of copper, or malachite, and phosphate of copper, etc., were occasionally introduced. The monk was therefore correctly informed concerning this matter, and repeated truly what had been told him." (Bandelier in *Gilded Man*, p. 161.)

10. "Estufas or hot rooms which are the places where they gather for consultation....The young men live in the estufas, which are underground, square or round....The house belongs to the women, the estufas to the men. It is forbidden for women to enter these estufas, except to give their husbands or sons something to eat." (Castañeda, *parte ii, cap. iv.*)

11. Tello and Mota Padilla have Tzibola, Sálmeron writes it Zibola.

12. A rather good-sized "little village."

ble and portable, and are taken up and placed wherever they please. They are made of two pieces of wood, with rounds like ours.

"The Seven Cities are seven little villages, all having the kind of houses I have described. They are all within a radius of five leagues. They are called the kingdom of Cévolá,<sup>11</sup> and each has its own name, and no single one is called Cévolá, but all together are called Cévolá. This one which I have called a city I have named Granáda, partly because it has some similarity to it, as well as out of regard to Your Lordship. In this place where I am lodged there are perhaps two hundred houses, all surrounded by a wall, and it seems to me that with the other houses, which are not surrounded, there might be altogether five hundred families.<sup>12</sup> There is another town near by, which is one of the seven, but somewhat larger than this, and another of the same size as this, and the other four are somewhat smaller.

"The people of the towns seem to me to be of ordinary size, but intelligent....Most of them are almost entirely naked, but they have mantles like the one I sent Your Lordship. They do not raise cotton, because the country is very cold; but

it is true that some cotton thread was found in their houses.....They all have good figures, and are well bred. I think they have a quantity of turquoises, which they had removed with the rest of their goods, except the corn, when I arrived; because I did not find here any women nor any men under fifteen years or over sixty, except two or three old men who remained in command of all the other men and warriors.

"We found but a few fowls, and yet there are some. The Indians tell me that they do not eat them, but that they keep them merely for the sake of procuring the feathers. ....There are no fruits or fruit trees of any kind. The country is all level, and is nowhere shut in by high mountains, although there are some hills and rough passages.<sup>13</sup> There are not many birds.—There are no trees fit for firewood, because they can bring enough for their needs from a clump of very small cedars four leagues distant.<sup>14</sup> Very good grass is found a quarter of a league away, where there is pasturage for our horses.....which were weak and feeble when they arrived. The food which they eat in this country is corn, of which there is a great abundance, and beans and venison, which they probably eat (although they say that they do not), for we found many skins of deer and hares and rabbits. They make the best corn cakes I have ever seen anywhere, and this is what everybody ordinarily eats.

"They have the very best arrangement and machinery for grinding that was ever seen. One of these Indian women here will grind as much as four of the Mex-

icans. They have very good salt in crystals, which they bring from a lake a day's journey distant from here.

"They have many animals in this country—bears, tigers, lions, porcupines, and some "sheep" as big as a horse, with very large horns and little tails. I have seen some of their horns, the size of which was something to marvel at. There are wild goats, whose heads I have seen, and the paws of the bears and the skins of the wild boar. For game they have deer, leopards, and buffalos."<sup>15</sup>

According to Coronado's own description, therefore, Fr. Marcos had reported truthfully. He related what the Indians, after much cross-examining (for the friar proved anything but credulous) had explained to him; and, indeed, as viewed by the natives of the plains and deserts, the towns of the Pueblo Indians impressed them with a sort of awe as marvels of power, skill, and wealth. In comparison, their own habitations appeared to be but wretched hovels. Yet "the result was not at all pleasing to those who had won the land of the 'Seven Cities' rather with sweat than with blood, as Castañeda expresses it," writes Mr. Bandelier. "They were bitterly disappointed. As soon as the men saw Cíbola, they broke out in curses against Fray Marcos, for, Castañeda claims, his account was found to be false in every respect. I have already said that I believe these accusations can not be substantiated. The written account of the priest is absolutely true, not at all exaggerated, and agrees fully with those of Melchor Diaz, Juan Jaramillo, and especially with the

13. Coronado clearly distinguishes between hills or mesas and mountains. Zuñi valley is hemmed in by heights varying from 500 to 1000 feet, as Winship says in *14th Annual Report*, p. 559, note 3.

14. This accords perfectly with the condition of the vegetation in Zuñi valley at the present time, says Winship in note 4, *ut supra*.

15. Coronado to Mendoza in *14th Annual Report*, p. 558-560.

representations of Castañeda himself; but this account was in a very short time repeated on many tongues, and it shared the usual fate of stories transmitted verbally in being exaggerated, and colored..... What Fray Marcos said of gold was from hearsay, and was so represented by him. It, moreover, did not relate to Cibola, but to a region much farther south..... As is always the case when the passion of the multitude turns against a single man; no regard was paid in this instance to the voice of reason..... Fray Marcos had not found gold and silver, but he had discovered settled tribes and a fertile country. The notion of great wealth in metals readily associated itself with these two elements, and it was not difficult to obtain men and means for the organization of a campaign on a large scale into those regions.”<sup>16</sup>

Had not the treachery of a negro servant, Estévan, rendered it impossible for him to examine conditions within the Seven Cities for himself, Fr. Marcos would doubtless have warned greedy fortune hunters not to raise their expectations too high, nor to imagine they could enrich themselves without personal exertion, and least of all not to dream of gold and silver lying about loose, or even hidden in hills of easy access to be mined by enslaved Indians, as had been the case in Mexico.

As to the leader of the expedition, there is another reason for the bitterness evinced by Coronado towards Fr. Marcos, which doubtless did not escape the keen mind of Viceroy Mendoza when reading his letter of August 3, 1540. The late eminent historian, Woodbury Low-

ery, author of that excellent work, *The Spanish Settlements in the United States*,<sup>17</sup> in a private letter drew the attention of the writer to this matter as follows: “Reading over your account of Fr. Marcos de Niza,<sup>18</sup> you will perhaps be interested to know that I have reached the conclusion of his perfect sincerity and truthfulness. As far as I have been able to make out, of his three contemporary detractors, Cortés and Coronado were both prejudiced. Cortés wished to assert his prior claims to the north, and as for Coronado, you remember that Fr. Marcos *had been set to watch* over his dealings with the Indians by Viceroy Mendoza.<sup>19</sup> As for Castañeda, he could only have known of the Fray’s report from common gossip, not a very reliable source for getting at the truth.” The general felt humiliated, and therefore sought to rid himself of the unwelcome friar.

Be that as it may, Fr. Marcos’s usefulness among the men, even if he had intended to remain, was ended. Moreover, the hardships endured all the way from the Capital, travelling afoot with the infantry, and the unjust criticism heaped upon him, had undermined the health of the discoverer of New Mexico. After all, he had led the expedition to its destination, and with that the object of his mission had been accomplished. Taking along Brother Daniel, if indeed that friar had reached Cibola at all, Fr. Marcos joined Captains Melchor Diaz and Juan Gallego, whom Coronado was ordering south to hasten the march of the main army, and to report the progress of the expedition thus far. The little company set out soon after August 3,

16. Bandelier in *Gilded Man*, pp. 187-188; 162.

17. Two volumes, G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York, 1901, 1905.

18. In *The Franciscans in Arizona*.

19. See for this fact *Franciscan Herald*, July, 1918, page 278, column two, near bottom.

and probably arrived at San Gerónimo de los Corazones<sup>20</sup> early in September. Whilst Juan Gallego bearing the despatches for the viceroy, and accompanied by Fr. Marcos, continued the march to the Capital, Melchor Díaz, as directed, remained at San Gerónimo with eighty men of the army who were least fitted for hardships. The remainder of the main body then prepared to leave for Cíbola about the middle of September. With this troop went the not always reliable Castañeda, who wrote his *Relacion* of the expedition from memory twenty years later. The soldiers with the supplies reached Cíbola about the end of October, but after a short rest continued onward to Tiguex, the present Bernalillo, whither Coronado had removed his headquarters for the winter.<sup>21</sup>

Fr. Marcos had meanwhile continued his journey afoot to the Capital, and arrived there entirely broken in health. He appears to have served out his term as provincial to the year 1542, having been elected in 1539, and then sought relief from his maladies in the warm climate of Jalapa between Vera Cruz and Mexico. "There I met him," writes Fr. Gerónimo de Mendieta, "when I came from Spain."<sup>22</sup> Owing to the extreme colds and hardships suffered in the past his hands and feet were paralyzed or crippled, and they remained so until his death. Feeling his last hour approaching, Fr. Marcos had himself taken to the grand monastery of San Francisco de

Mexico, so that after his death he might be buried among the ancient holy friars. There he finished the pilgrimage of this life on March 25, 1558."<sup>23</sup> The discoverer of New Mexico was a native of the duchy of Savoy. He appears to have entered the Franciscan Order in Spain. At all events, he left Spain with the blessing of his superiors, in 1531, for the purpose of devoting himself to the conversion of the Indians in America. At the convent of the Franciscans on the Island of Santo Domingo he rested awhile; but, hearing that Peru had been discovered and conquered, he took passage for that country. In Peru he witnessed with loathing the cruelties committed against the natives by the greedy Spanish adventurers. Not finding the conditions propitious for successful missionary labor in consequence, he came to Mexico and joined the Province of the Holy Gospel. All early writers agree that Fr. Marcos was a very learned and pious religious, burning with zeal for the salvation of souls. That would account for his appointment at a comparatively early age to the important office of vice-commissary-general of the Franciscans in New Spain. He could hardly have counted much more than forty years, though we have no dates regarding his antecedents. In this capacity Fr. Marcos, in 1539, was sent on his memorable errand which resulted in the discovery of New Mexico, as related in the preceding pages.<sup>24</sup>

20. So named by Cabeza de Vaca because the Indians here had offered him and his companions the hearts of animals and of birds to eat. (Castañeda, pt. i, cap. ix; Jaramillo, *Relacion*, in 14th *An. Rep.*, p. 585.)

21. *14th Annual Report*, p. 392.

22. Mendieta arrived in Mexico during the year 1554, according to Icazbaceta in Prol. to the *Historia de Mendieta*, p. xiii.

23. Mendieta, pp. 541, 674; Vetancurt, *Menologio*, p. 37.

24. Torquemada, *Monarquia Indiana*, iii, 358, 359, 372, 373, 499, 500, 610; Vetancurt, *Menologio*, p. 37; Mendieta, ut supra; Tello, *Crónica*, ii, pp. 305, that Fr. Marcos went to Peru as *primer comisario general*. Fr. Zárate Sálmeron, *Relaciones de Nuevo Mexico*, no. 8, writes, "Y como se volvió Francisco Vásquez Coronado á esta Ciudad de Mexico, se volvió con el padre provincial y dos compañeros." That would have kept Fr. Marcos in New Mexico two years. There is no warrant for this assumption.

## A VOICE FROM THE WILDERNESS

*By Fr. Celestine V. Strub, O.F.M.*

### III.

THE reader that has had the patience to peruse the two preceding articles of this series, the one on the scope, the other on the achievement of the Arizona missions, scarcely need be told what these missions stand in need of. If the zealous Fathers are handicapped by reason of the vast extent of their fields of labor, and if there are still thousands of pagan Indians for whom the bread of the word of God has not yet been broken, it is clear that there is a great need of more missionaries. I will not say that the need of priests is greater in these missions than in other missionary fields either at home or abroad. Heaven knows, there is a dearth of them almost everywhere, especially since the war has depleted their ranks; and the call for priests grows louder and louder from every corner of the earth. Yet of the noble youths that respond to this call, Arizona deserves its quota; and some there will be of a certainty to whom just these missions have special appeal. To forestall possible illusions, however, whether bred of vain hopes or of exaggerated fears, it will be well to add yet a few touches to the picture I have drawn of life in the Arizona missions.

Though the life of every priest is a life of sacrifice, the sacrifices demanded of the missionary are of a peculiar kind. In the first place, he must be prepared to bid farewell to civilization, its luxuries, and conveniences. The main Franciscan residence in the Papago district is fifteen miles from the nearest post office and sixty-five miles from the nearest town and railroad, and though it is comfortable and cozy enough, the missionaries seldom

enjoy its comforts for more than one or two days a week. Even the least distant residence is nine miles from Tucson and without telephone communication with the city; and when engaged in pioneer work, the missionary has no definite residence at all. Whether the lack of the daily paper is to be accounted a real loss, I shall not venture to decide; but surely all will agree that the lack of any food, lodging, or society for several days other than that which the natives afford, is likely to grow somewhat wearisome. Yet whatever conveniences of civilization are wanting, there is no scarcity of the great civilizing factor—work, as is abundantly evident from all that I have said or shall yet say of the missions.

To some persons the very region of the Arizona missions, the desert country might render the prospect of living there dismal and repellent; and there are districts—sandy wastes with a few stunted cacti and scrubby bushes as the only vegetation—that would fully justify such an outlook. Arizona has been described as the devil's own country, and if there were any contenders for so unenviable a title, the fact that Arizona is the home of such post-paradisal creatures as the scorpion, the tarantula, the centipede, the rattlesnake, and the black spider, and that it has far more than its share of thorns and tistles, would be apt to throw cold water on the aspirations of its rivals. The heat, too, is another unattractive feature of the country. Almost daily during the summer months, the mercury registers from 95 to 100 degrees in the shade, while frequently it rises to 104 and 108 degrees and some-

times even higher. Most city people who have the means spend the summer in a cooler clime; even whole villages of Indians migrate to their summer homes where there is a supply of water; but the missionary remains at his post.

And then there is the Ford, which causes the missionary a world of trouble by itself. The reader that regards the automobile as a luxury may be surprised to find mention of the Ford among the inconveniences of the mission life, and I must admit that in comparison with the mule team and the saddle-horse it

roads usually makes repairs imperative when he returns home, and as he has only his own resources to command, most of his time at the residence is frequently consumed with preparation for the next trip. And if it were only at home that repairs are necessary it would not be so bad; but these machines have a way of getting out of order at most inopportune times and places. To ordinary mortals a punctured tire is always likely to be a little provoking, but when the gasoline gives out or the car is stuck in an arroyo on a dark night



An Arizona Missionary's Church and Trusty "Ford" at Blackwater

is undeniably a welcome improvement. A journey that formerly required two days can now be made in six hours. Thus the Ford is a great time-saver, and it also greatly increases the missionary's power for good. Indeed, for the work that is actually being done, it is indispensable; but, nevertheless, it remains true that it is a source of much trouble and the cause of a great deal of tedious labor. The great distance which the Father must cover in making the rounds of his missions together with the unevenness and tortuousness of the

five or ten miles from home, even the missionary's patience is sorely tried. Realizing, however, that whatever care the Ford requires and whatever trouble it causes, it is not more bothersome than horses or mules and can be put to the greatest strain without cruelty to animals, the missionary unani-

ously comes to the sentiment of the couplet:

"Now let us all with one accord  
Give thanks to Mr. Henry Ford."

But there is also a bright side to the life of the Arizona missionary. To a man of initiative this field

presents a splendid opportunity for the exercise of the most varied talents. In many places, the very first foundations must be laid, and he has a free hand to direct and to arrange things in the way that suits himself best. He builds his church, school, and club-house entirely after his own liking; chooses his own devotions and his own hours for services; selects his own textbooks and hymnal for school and church; in a word gives tone and color to the whole rising congregation. He is absolutely unhampered by outside interference or restraint, the sole outside influence exerted on him being wholehearted encouragement and support. In his own domain he is king, and with zeal, tact, prayer, and labor can accomplish wonders. The results already achieved prove this beyond cavil.

I dwelt before on the unpleasant features of the desert, but even here there are compensations. The popular conception of a desert as an utterly barren plain covered with sand as with snow, here and there wind-driven into undulating heaps, though true of some deserts, is not verified in the land of the Papagos. There the soil is mostly compact, and the vegetation is not only not so sparse as one might expect but as varied as it is curious. Not to speak of the numerous varieties of cacti with their pink, orange, crimson, yellow, and scarlet flowers, there is the pretty blossoming creosote-bush or grease-wood, the pale



Giant Cacti in Arizona Desert

green palo verde tree with its blossoms of gold, the ocatilla, whose slender branches seem tipped with flame, and the king of the desert, the mesquite tree, which yields a rich honey and a grateful, even if somewhat scanty, shade. One might think that it must be extremely lonesome so far from the busy world and with only one or two companions; but I never felt so for a single moment and the missionaries certainly do not look lonesome. Of that feeling of confinement sometimes so oppressive in cities, one experiences nothing in the desert. Step out of your little room adjoining the church, and the broad expanse of the desert stretches away before you to the brown hills or to the blue mountains. When the eye takes in such a scene, heart and mind can not but expand also, and one feels perfectly at home—at home with nature and with God.

Nor is the desert landscape with-

out its beauty. The everlasting mountains are everywhere visible, and though they are even more barren than the plains, their rugged contours possess unusual picturesqueness, and the combination of shadow and distance clothes them with the most varied hues. Besides, viewed from an elevation, which subdues the slight inequalities to a seeming level, the magnificent sweep of the desert has a grandeur all its own. I saw it once, late in the afternoon, when it looked astonishingly like a view of the distant sea. Whatever beauty, however, the landscape of the desert may lack, there is nothing lacking to the matchless majesty of its skies. Two-thirds of the days are perfectly clear, and when it does rain, the clouds usually gather and break rapidly. The cloud formations are exceptionally beautiful, and magnificent sunrises and sunsets are of frequent occurrence.

One word yet in regard to the heat. High as the temperature rises in summer, the extreme heat is never constant, and owing to the very low humidity in the desert, the average summer heat of perhaps 95 degrees is far more easily borne than a much lower temperature in more humid climes. A temperature of 100 degrees at San Xavier or San Solano is not more intolerable than a temperature of 90 degrees at St. Louis or Los Angeles. During nine months of the year the temperature is delightful.

Besides priests, the Arizona missions need, and sorely need lay brothers. Much of the work now done by the Fathers is of a nature unsuited to their sublime calling. Speaking from my own experience, by far the greater part of the work in which the Fathers were engaged while I was with them, was manual labor—and that, too, of a kind that seldom falls to the lot of a priest

outside the missions,—hard labor, labor that calls for a strong frame and sturdy muscles, labor that causes roughened limbs and grimy hands. It is true that many of the missionaries take to this kind of labor. They are born artisans, the work has to be done, and there are no laborers on whom to shift the burden. It is equally true that the performance of such work redounds greatly to the credit of the missionaries. Yet it is none the less work that lies outside the priest's proper sphere, and it deprives him of many priceless hours which could be devoted to missionary activity in the strict sense of the term—teaching, ministering, studying, praying. The only excuse for it is its necessity; and it is necessary simply because they have too few lay brothers and too little lay help in general.

It is a pity that the calling of the lay brother seems to command itself so little to the youth of America. The religious state which he embraces is the evangelical life of voluntary poverty, chastity, and obedience, to which attaches our Lord's promise of a hundredfold reward in Heaven. "Everyone that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting" (Mat. 19, 29). Admission into the clergy is not a condition of the promise; all that is required is to follow Christ by observing the evangelical counsels, and such is the life of the lay brother pure and simple. Holy Church makes no distinction between clerical and lay religious in granting her favors; all the numerous privileges of the religious life are shared alike by both classes. The very fact that the occupation of the lay brother is more humble and more hidden from the world lightens his burden and his respon-

sibility; and the irrevocable consecration of all his labor, his faculties of mind and body, to the service of God elevates him immeasurably above the ordinary workingman in the world. Added also to the merit of his own labor will be a goodly share in the merits of his fellow religious of the priesthood, whose higher labors he has facilitated by his service and seconded by his prayers.

Some young persons who hear Christ's invitation to embrace the religious life are deterred perhaps by the fear that their special talents may lack useful employment. Let me assure them that they need have no apprehensions on that score. There is a demand in the convent for talent of every kind. Whether your forte be cooking or gardening, cobbling or tailoring, carpentering or plumbing, engineering or architecture, drawing or painting, book-binding, cabinet-making, or any other useful art or handicraft, you will find ample opportunity as a religious to exercise it to good advantage; and if you come to the missions of Arizona, you will have a chance of becoming expert in them all. Though I have emphasized the need of lay brothers in the missions (and they are needed elsewhere, too,) no layman need conclude that his secular garb will debar him from laboring in that field. Any workman who possesses enough of the missionary spirit to share the life and labors of these Fathers and Brothers, especially if he is skilled in carpentry or farming, will be most gladly welcomed. His wages will of necessity be mediocre in comparison with what he might receive elsewhere, but if his earthly compensation be small, the greater will be his reward hereafter.

When the missionary has converted the Indians, and lay brothers, and laymen perhaps, have

helped him erect a church and a school for which benefactors have given the money, there still remains the important question, how and where to secure the services of competent teachers. Lay teachers, even native teachers, would gladly be engaged; but they are extremely hard to get—just as elsewhere. The solution of the problem, then, seems to rest with the superiors of our numerous teaching congregations. In the Papago country alone (I am unfamiliar with conditions elsewhere) the Sacred Heart Province pays the salaries of the teachers of five Indian day schools, besides contributing largely to the support of the missionaries themselves and defraying all their extraordinary expenses. I have wondered whether it might not be possible for some teaching congregations to emulate this example by furnishing teachers gratis for a few Indian schools. Though the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament founded by Mother Catherine Drexel are devoted exclusively to work among the Indians and Negroes, their number is too small for the needs of so many. That the scope of many congregations is comprehensive enough to include such work, is clear from the fact that some are already engaged in it. Nay, some have even sent volunteers to teach the natives in our island possessions. Should it be more difficult to obtain volunteers for missionary work here in our own America? It can not be doubted that the love of immortal souls which prompts priests to spend themselves in the missions, is aflame also in the hearts of these virgins consecrated to Christ; and I am confident that even more than the needful number would freely offer themselves, if only they heard the appeal and were given the option to respond.

Perchance some Superioress or

the Reverend Mother of some congregation will read these lines, and if so, I am sure her heart will go out to these precious souls for whom Christ gave His blood. But she may see obstacles in the way of sending help. Most assuredly she will; the work would not be the great and noble work it is, were it not set round about with obstacles. Should therefore her answer be: "Most gladly would we help, but we have no Sisters to spare," I would still plead, "Send them anyhow." The Franciscan provincials in the United States have no priests to spare: there is and has always been a scarcity of them in every department; yet somehow they have contrived to maintain Fathers in the Indian missions for years—in the North as well as in the Southwest, and only recently they extended their labors to another field. Had they waited until they really had priests to spare; hundreds and thousands of Indian souls must have been deprived of the grace of Baptism and been forever lost to Christ. The secret of the ability is sacrifice. Providence seems to apply the same law of compensation to the sacrifice of men as to the sacrifice of money. The more unstinted our alms, the more does God bless us even with earthly goods; and the greater our sacrifices for the missions, the more richly does God bless our endeavors also in other fields of labor. The five barley loaves were evidently insufficient for the multitude; yet they increased a thousandfold when the Apostles generously divided them among the people.

I hope the reader who is neither priest nor nun nor lay brother has had the courage to read thus far, because I am coming to him at last.

Great as are the needs of the missions dwelt on in the foregoing paragraphs, the greatest need is that which I have yet to name. You may send priests and brothers and nuns into every corner of the mission districts and dot the desert with chapels and schools,—without one ally the work will bear little fruit. That ally is prayer. What the indefatigable labors of the missionaries have achieved, they themselves ascribe to prayer, and they declare that if they prayed and fasted more, their efforts would no doubt yield even a greater harvest. Fortunately, this means of succoring the missions lies within the power of all. It is not given to everyone to labor in the missions either in the capacity of missionary, teacher, or manual laborer; neither can everyone lend pecuniary aid; but there is none so poor that can not pray for the missions and by so doing share the merit of those who actually evangelize the pagans and gather them into the fold of Christ.

I close as I began, in the hope that these articles will help in some measure to awaken practical interest in the Indian missions. The field is as vast as the scope is extensive; the harvest great, the laborers few. Many a want remains to be filled, many a problem to be solved. The universal means of satisfying all these needs is prayer. May this voice from the wilderness reach some who are both able and willing to send new laborers into the vineyard or to lend other substantial support. But above all may it move every reader, of whatever position or calling, daily to lift up his hands in prayer that the missionaries' labors may bring forth fruit a hundredfold.

## THE ONE WAY

*By Mary Eunice McCarthy, Tertiary*

**T**HE turning away from Him, my dear children, will never compel our Lord to lose his hold on you. On the contrary, often in trying to get farthest away from him you will run into his very arms."

"Would these foolish words of the priest never leave her in peace?" Helene angrily asked herself for the hundredth time, and for an answer she heard them ring again more loudly than ever in her tired ears. How bothersome it was, she thought, to have to remain in a convent boarding school, she, the daughter of a freethinker, who had taught her early and well that a dogmatic religion and all it stood for was an insult to the understanding of an intelligent being. Her mother had died so long ago that Helene could not even remember her, and her father had breathed his last just six months before she entered the school. It was her aunt and sole guardian who had sent her to this "prison," after discovering that the task of managing her wild and petted niece was for her an impossible one, and Helene avowed that she would never forgive her aunt for this act of tyranny. How she hated it all—the everlasting praying and singing and chapel-going! The Sisters, she grudgingly admitted, were quite likeable, the girls, very congenial, the surroundings and conveniences all that could be desired, but the rest—it was simply intolerable!

Once more the chaplain's words rang in her ears, and she nearly cried for vexation. But, little by

little,—for it was late at night and Helene had been lying awake for a long time trying in vain to fall asleep—the tormenting thoughts slipped away and her tired eyes noticed the placid, dark sky outside, spangled with bright stars and suffused with that indescribable, soothing beauty which no human being has ever yet fully understood. And then, with a calmness and deliberation that fairly awed her restless heart, she found herself repeating the chaplain's mysterious words. "There must be something to what he says, after all," she told herself, and her pulse beat faster as she made this concession, "otherwise, I should not always be thinking about it." Then she fell asleep.

The weeks passed quickly, and Helene realized one day with a start that December was already seven days old. That was a distinct relief; for she had learned from a Catholic companion that only November was devoted to praying for the dead. That had been one thing against which her whole nature revolted—the sickening, somber black drapery with which the chapel and altars were hung, the depressing hymns and tearful dirges, the mournful prayers and endless *Requiems*, how it jarred her blithe and sensitive soul! True, she had no definite ideas about the hereafter, but she certainly did resent the belief of those about her. "Why must they break one's very heart with constant reference to the dead?" she asked herself time and again. "Surely, you Catholics could never really have loved your

relatives and friends," she said one day to a companion, "if you now delight in reminding yourselves that they are gone and then praying for them to be delivered from a horrible place of torture! Oh, isn't it grawsome? Have you no feeling at all?" She was heartily glad that the dismal month of the Poor Souls was now a part of history and she began to look forward with joyous eagerness to the happy days of the Christmas recess.

But already in the beginning of the month that promised her so much happiness she was vexed to learn that another of their great Church festivals—they called it the Immaculate Conception, whatever that meant,—was to be celebrated with all pomp and that every pupil, Catholic and non-Catholic, would have to attend the services on that day, since no Sister could be absent from the chapel.

"Oh, Sister," she confided to her music teacher on the eve of the great day, "I just wish I'd get smallpox or something, so I shouldn't have to go to Mass tomorrow."

Immediately, though she would never have admitted it, she felt a little ashamed of what she had said, as behind the smile of amusement her characteristic outburst had brought to the Sister's face, she detected just a hint of pain.

"Why don't you try banging your head against the wall till it aches enough to keep you in bed?" the nun responded jestingly.

Helene's eyes became dangerously bright. "Thank you, Sisiter, for making fun of me," she answered tartly, and gathering up her music she stormed out of the room. She had gone only to the end of the cor-

ridor, when, seized by a sudden impulse, she turned back, almost running in her haste. Of all her teachers, Helene loved Sister Frances most; for she more than all others seemed to understand her and knew how to sympathize with her moods; and the thought that she had now treated the gentle nun so rudely pierced her to the heart. Sister Frances pretended to look severe as Helene burst into the room.

"Oh, Sister please,"—the words came tumbling out in her eagerness to make amends—"won't you excuse me for leaving like that?—I really didn't mean it—honestly, I didn't, and I'm sorry I was rude.—I—I—" and then as the Sister continued to frown, Helene stopped suddenly and her head lowered ever so little in unconscious humility.—"Oh, Sister," she managed to say at last, "you're not going to stay mad at me, are you? I'll—I'll, why I'll practice a half-hour extra every day if you'll only forgive me!" and she bit her lower lip most repently.

Here Sister Frances laughed outright, and Helene's worried look disappeared instantly.

One, two, three sounded the last warning taps in the dormitory. That meant only five minutes before the final bell.

"Oh, what a pile of nonsense this convent school life is." Helene mentally protested, "nothing but bells and signals and orders and lines and silence, a regular convict routine! And now this morning I must sit through that foolish Latin service when I could be spending the time on—oh, well, on my geometry, for instance," and for the first time in her life Helene became in-

tensely appreciative of higher mathematics. The last bell rang and hastily taking her veil, she hurried to her place in the ranks.

"Helene Kern,"—it was the voice of the Mistress speaking, "of course, you have to be different from every one else to-day. Put that black veil aside and get your white one."

Helene looked up in surprise and seeing the very evident grin on the girl's faces, she grew rigid with anger.

"Please, Miss Kern, I can not have any stragglers on a feast day."

Defiance gleamed in the girl's eyes but she obeyed. There was no alternative; and when finally she reached the chapel, she felt at odds with the whole world in general and with the Mistress and her aunt in particular. As she took her place, she was conscious of nothing but of her own troubled self and she sat through the first part of the Mass without noticing even the special singing for that day, which otherwise must have caught her ear with its sweetness. The music ceased, and suddenly she became aware of her surroundings. There before her was the altar, aglow with lights, covered with flowers, alive with an almost unnatural beauty; it struck her with a shock. She had often seen it before, but to-day it seemed so different. Swiftly she glanced about her—every head was bowed low as if in deepest adoration. The sound of a little silver bell reverberated sweetly from the groined ceiling and made the silence more pronounced. Helene looked again at the altar and saw the priest raising slowly and devoutly above his head

a small wafer of spotless whiteness—which she knew the Sisters and her Catholic schoolmates adored as their God. This sight, too, was not new for her, yet it seemed to affect her as never before. She waited breathlessly—something must happen, it all seemed so strange, so unreal, so mysterious. Then, as the priest replaced the jewelled chalice on the altar, the little silver bell ceased to ring; the heads of the silent adorers were raised; the Sisters, the pupils, the lights, the flowers—everything was just what it had been and nothing more—the magic of the moment was gone—the mysterious Presence that had soothed her troubled soul with such marvelous sweetness for but an instant had disappeared. But that eager, restless heart was strangely subdued.

Helene watched the rest of the Mass indifferently until Mass over, a long double file of Sisters carrying lighted candles passed down the aisle and knelt before the altar. For the moment, she wondered what it all meant, when of a sudden she recalled that the Sisters were about to renew their vows. Quietly the solemn words were spoken, as if the supreme sacrifice which they denoted were nothing out of the ordinary. Still Helene was thrilled to her inmost soul at the sight, as she realized in a vague way the momentous significance of the act and she half envied the brown-robed nuns that they were privileged to make such a sacrifice. Rapt in thought, she was startled as a loud joyous chord burst from the great pipe organ, and the triumph, the exultation of the *Te Deum* rang through the air and was taken up by the assembled congregation.

Helene rose to her feet with the rest. The long double file of nuns moved slowly from the altar down the aisle, their faces beaming with that indescribable peace and happiness that springs from sacrifice and self-denial. The magic of that unseen, but none the less real, Presence that had filled her being at the elevation, again made itself felt,—and her empty heart at last found its God.

The next two years at the convent school passed very quietly. Helene was now accustomed to being a Catholic; it seemed quite usual. Since that never-to-be-forgotten day in the chapel, no more highly sustained moods had come over her, not even during the first days after her reception into the Church. She wondered why she had lost interest in her religion, which before her conversion had so enraptured her with its supernatural beauty. That which had once warmed her heart with its spiritual fire, now left her cold and indifferent. She had expected to find something entirely different in the Church than she had found, and she was disappointed. She had been overpowered by the heroism of the sacrifices it demands of its children; but her life even as a Catholic in the convent school was anything but heroic. It was all a mystery to her; she could not understand.

One day, the usual quiet routine of school life at the academy was ruffled by a rumor that classes were to close an hour earlier. No one seemed to know why, and speculations were rife among the pupils.

"The honorable faculty must be ill," Helene suggested mischievously,

ly, "or else—" but she was interrupted by the one o'clock bell.

"You will all please go to the dormitory," the Mistress announced, "and make yourselves presentable, as Father LeClaire, the French missionary, will give you a lecture at two o'clock."

"So, that's it," thought Helene. "Oh, I hope it isn't going to be a regular sermon!" She was just a little weary of that sort of thing, and again the tempter set her a wondering whether all was true that the priest preached to them Sunday after Sunday. "Perhaps—oh, shut up, Helene Kern!" she told herself impatiently, putting the temptation manfully away, "you haven't any business wondering at all. You're a Catholic now and you're going to remain one whether you understand everything or not!" With this curt reprimand she began to busy herself with her toilet.

The lecture was well given, and the speaker of more than usual interest; since he told them that he was leaving the next day for Molokai. That evening, in the refectory, every one was voluble on the subject, every one but Helene, who barely tasted her food and snapped out a sarcastic answer to the friendly teasing of her companions.

"Helene, you little volcano, did the missionary put out your fire?" someone asked.

"No, that's not it," volunteered another, "she's thinking of going to Molokai herself on the next boat, or maybe you'll swim over the ocean in your hurry to get there, won't you dear?"

The girl's giggled, but Helene waited sulkily for the meal to close.

Then she asked permission to retire for the night.

"Shall I send Sister Placide to you?" asked the Mistress.

"No, thank you, Sister," she replied. "I'm not sick—I'm—I'm just tired."

Had the Mistress looked more closely, she would have seen a strange, weary expression in the girl's eyes, almost uncanny in one so young. All unknowingly, the missionary had solved Helene's problem, had shown her the way, the one way that could satisfy her troubled heart. Sacrifice was what had won her to the Church, sacrifice was what she longed for with all the ardor of her heart, sacrifice was life as she understood it. She was young, rich, talented, beautiful, popular, and the word "leper" struck her with all its repulsiveness. All through the night she fought her way to a decision. It was a long night, it was a hard-fought battle. When morning

slipped down the mountain side, its bright rays sent a thrill of joy to her soul. The battle had been fought and won.

Sister Margaret Kern had been working among the lepers for four years; yet never a day passed that found her used to her task. The horror of that terrible blight that made havoc of the human body, was ever present to her mind, and her sensitive soul revolted at the sight of its ravages among her charges; but never once did she regret her choice.

Early one day, with no particular thought at all, she was rapidly washing her hands for the day's labor of love. Suddenly, her heart gave a violent throb. Her hands bore the unmistakable, sinister sign! Looking up to where the little black and white crucifix hung on the wall, she said half-aloud and almost joyously, "Lord, it is consummated."



### AN APPEAL

THE BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS  
Washington, D. C., Nov. 6, 1918.

DEAR EDITOR:—Will you be so kind as to insert the following appeal in your next issue?

WM. H. KETCHAM, Director.

The recent Minnesota forest fires with the appalling loss of life and property caused by them are still fresh in all minds.

Among the sufferers are a large number of Catholic Chippewa Indians and their missionary, Father Simon Lampe, O.S.B., who lost not only his church and residence near Cloquet but most of his mission chapels. He says: "In Cloquet 1100 houses are in ashes; 40 Indian homes on the reservation have been devoured by flames; Holy Family, the best equipped of all my churches, is a total loss. St. Patrick's at Brookston is no more—nothing was saved. The Big Lake church also is gone."

Father Simon, as many others, barely escaped with his life. The Red Cross of Duluth ministered to him in his extreme personal necessities.

He estimated the mission losses at \$8,000.00, partially covered by insurance.

It will be seen that Father Simon needs help and needs it at once.

Kindly send in your contributions to the

Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions,  
1326 New York Avenue, N. W.,  
Washington, D. C.

## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.** St. Antony's College.—Our Most Rev. Fr. General celebrated the feast of St. Francis in Assisi with his Eminence Cardinal Giustini, the Protector of the Order, after which he held the canonical visitation of the two Umbrian Provinces.

Several of our friars assisted at the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius in Naples, on September 19. They are unanimous in saying that the fact of the liquefaction can not be questioned.

During the last week of September, our college was agreeably surprised by a visit of Rev. Fr. Severini Mambrini, O.F.M., who for many years belonged to the faculty. In 1915, he went abroad to study languages. When Italy entered the war, he passed over into England and assumed a chaplaincy in the Australian army, which post he still holds. Both on sea and on land he has had the most thrilling experiences, which on the invitation of Father General he narrated in a most interesting manner. After a brief visit with his aged parents, he returned to the front in France, where at present he is chaplain of an artillery corps.

At the urgent request of the Holy Father, our Father General has made every effort to procure a number of young priests of the Order as students of the new Oriental College, which opened its doors in November. He has succeeded in obtaining the promise of about ten candidates from various provinces. So far, but two have arrived, one of them from Canada. The others, mostly from Holland and Spain, will no doubt be delayed, on account of the difficulty in getting passports. The new college is situated close to the Vatican. The students are expected to enter the missionary fields in the far East after completing their course. The Holy Father's aim in establishing this college is the reunion of the schismatics and heretics of the Orient with the Church, for which reunion His Holiness deems the present time particularly propitious.

Classes were resumed in our college on October 7. On the following day, the Very Rev. Rector, Fr. Benedict Schmidt, was compelled to give orders to discon-

tinue the classes, as more than one half of the students, four of the professors, the master of clerics, and several members of the General Curia were suddenly taken sick with the Spanish influenza. Two of the clerics and one Father were so seriously ill that they received the last Sacraments. It seems, however, that all will eventually recover.

The Catholics of Italy are busily preparing for a worthy celebration of the sixth centenary of the renowned poet Dante, in 1921. Five years ago, the *Bulletino Dantesco*, a periodical published to further this project, was launched and at once received the hearty support of the highest dignitaries, including Pope Benedict XV himself. All true lovers of poetry are most desirous of seeing the author of the *Divina Comedia* honored as he so well deserves; nor should the Tertiaries forget that in singing the praises of Dante, they are honoring one of the greatest lights of the Third Order, who used his master-pen to glorify in a befitting manner the Seraphic Father St. Francis.

Admirers of St. Bernardine of Siena, one of the great lights of the Franciscan Order, will be pleased to learn that he has again been recommended to the authorities at Rome as worthy of the title of Doctor of the Church. It would be most appropriate, in our humble opinion, for Holy Church at the present time to confer this dignity on St. Bernardine, now that there is hardly a parish in Christendom that does not boast of a Holy Name Society, which owes its existence to him, who was the first to systematically spread the devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus.

**Milan, Italy.**—In commemoration of the third centenary of the beatification of St. Paschal Baylon, the Saint of the Eucharist, the Tertiaries of Milan held a solemn vigil of adoration in the presence of the Most Blessed Sacrament. His Eminence Cardinal Gaspari assisted at the edifying ceremony.

**Colombia, Bogotá.**—Word has reached us that on August 7, the well known and exemplary Tertiary, D. Marco Fidel Suárez, was inaugurated president of Colombia, after being elected to this ex-

alted dignity by an overwhelming majority. Known to his countrymen as a savant of the first rank, a prolific writer, a shrewd diplomat, and a high-principled statesman, his election to the highest post of honor and trust in the country has been universally applauded and the greatest hopes are being placed in his administration. Beneath the tri-colored insignia of the presidency, Marco Suarez will continue to wear the habit of the Third Order—the symbol of humility and true brotherly love—which he deems it an honor to wear publicly, lest envy or any other base passion mar the luster of his past stainless career.

**Harbor Springs, Mich., Church of the Holy Childhood.**—The Spanish influenza claimed among other victims in the Province of the Sacred Heart, the Rev. Fr. Luke Riederer, of Harbor Springs, Mich. Born in Ashland, Wisconsin, on June 22, 1889, he entered St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill., at the age of fifteen. After a brilliant college career, Charles, as he was then called, entered the Franciscan novitiate at Teutopolis, on June 17, 1908, and was henceforth known as Fr. Luke. Gifted with extraordinary talents, he was none the less zealous in applying himself to his books, and always found time for branches of study outside the regular curriculum. After his ordination, he received charge of the parish at Cross Village, Mich., near Harbor Springs. The post was a most difficult one, but Fr. Luke allowed no obstacles to dishearten him. On his arrival, he immediately set about learning the languages of his parishioners, Polish and Ottawa, and he succeeded in doing this in a remarkably short time. But his priestly labors were suddenly cut short. On November 7, he quietly passed to his reward at Harbor Springs. While sincerely regretting his premature death, we bow to the inscrutable ways of God, who judges our lives not by the length of our days but by our ardor in his service. Rev. Fr. Luke is survived by his father, four brothers, and two sisters, to all of whom *Franciscan Herald* extends most heartfelt sympathy.

**West Park, Ohio, Franciscan Monastery.**—The influenza-pneumonia epidemic has invaded also our community. The first cases were noticed at the monastery on October 9, when several of the student clerics and one lay brother were confined to their beds. Then the epidemic

spread rapidly to other members of the community. In all, we had some thirty cases among the clerics. Happily, most of them, owing to careful nursing, were soon able to leave their beds, but four of their number became so seriously ill that they were removed to St. John's Hospital, Cleveland. They were FF. Michael Kola, Boniface Habig, Silvanus Matulich, and Louis Johantges. Fr. Michael was the first to succumb, his death occurring Monday night, October 21. On Friday morning, a few hours after receiving the holy viaticum, Fr. Boniface quietly breathed his last. Both were perfectly satisfied to follow the call of the Master in the bloom of life, even before they had reached the goal they so ardently longed to attain—the holy priesthood, and they passed from this world with apparently no struggle. Both were among the most promising of our clerics and their loss is keenly felt. Fr. Michael hailed from Cleveland, O., where his bereaved parents are still living, while Fr. Boniface's parents live in St. Louis, Mo. To the sorrowing parents and relatives of both deceased clerics *Franciscan Herald* extends sincerest condolences.

**Washington, D. C., Mt. St. Sepulchre.**—The memory of the great Franciscan theologian and "Knight of the Immaculate Conception," the Ven. John Duns Scotus, was fittingly observed in our church on Sunday, November 10. The celebration was transferred from November 8, the day on which this saintly friar is commemorated in the Franciscan martyrology. Although no parish is connected with the Church of Mt. St. Sepulchre, a large concourse of the faithful was present at the solemn High Mass celebrated at 9 A. M., by the Very Rev. Fr. Ignatius, O.M.CAP., former provincial of the Pittsburg Capuchin Province. In the afternoon, at 3.30 o'clock, the spacious church was again thronged with people come to assist at Compline and Benediction. Right Rev. Bishop Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University, himself a Scotist, Very Rev. Dr. Dougherty, Vice-Rector of the University, Rev. Dr. Turner, Professor of Philosophy, and other members of the University, honored our community with their presence during the day. We trust that through the intercession of Mary Immaculate the prayer of all the lovers of things Franciscan for the solemn beatification of the Ven. Duns

Scouts may soon be heard.

**Dubuque, Ia., St. Francis Convent.**—Death, the grim reaper has claimed for himself Sister Mary Ruth, of our convent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Kane, of Fillmore, Iowa. During the recent epidemic in our city, she begged to be permitted to care for the stricken children in St. Mary's Orphanage. After working heroically among these little ones, she herself contracted the disease. Her illness was of short duration, and on Wednesday morning, November 6, shortly after midnight, the Divine Bridegroom, for whom she had so faithfully kept her lamp of faith burning with the sweet oil of charity, came and took her unto himself. Entering St. Francis Convent at the age of seventeen, in 1913, she soon became a universal favorite. Ever cheerful, generous-hearted, truth-loving, she was never too weary to comply with any request made by her novices, whose teacher she was for a number of years; and her edifying life and heroic death will long be an inspiration for them to follow in her footsteps. Although we have lost in her a teacher of extraordinary ability and tact and a fervent religious, we rejoice in the thought that she with countless other virgins is following the Lamb withersoever he goeth and is singing the hymn which they alone can sing..

**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.**—For the first time since the Third Order was established in this city, our regular monthly meeting, owing to the epidemic, could not be held as scheduled for November 3. Many of the Tertiaries had hoped that an open-air meeting would be convened; but our Rev. Director deemed it more advisable to cooperate fully with the board of health that had forbidden all public gatherings, and thus give our fellow citizens the example of true obedience to the laws of the State. This, however, did not hinder many Tertiaries from visiting the church on that day, and their number was so great that they completely exhausted the supply of Third Order scapulars and cords on hand.

**Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.**—Owing to the closing of the churches of the city during the three weeks of the epidemic, it was impossible to hold our monthly meeting in November. The members of our conference will please

take notice that the next monthly meeting will be held on December 1, at 3:45 P. M. Henceforth, our meetings will be closed with sacramental Benediction. This privilege, which has been granted in view of the steady increase in attendance at the meetings, will surely be appreciated by every member. December 26 of this year marks the opening of the golden jubilee year of the conference. For this reason, preparations are making for a grand annual meeting in February 1919, at which many important matters will be considered.

**Effingham, Ill., St. Antony's Hospital.**—Among the many persons whom death claimed as martyrs of charity during the past few weeks, are numbered also three members of our community. With tireless zeal our Sisters nursed the numerous victims of the "flu" that crowded our hospital, entirely forgetful of self in their loving ministrations, when suddenly three of them followed each other in quick succession into eternity. The first to succumb, was Sr. Mary Agnes Warwell, who died on October 25, at the age of thirty-five years, almost half of which she spent in the convent. The next day, Sr. Mary Antonia Dieterich, who had spent eight of her twenty-eight years in the cloister, laid down her young life in the service of the Master. She was followed the next day by Sr. Mary Regina Hanssen. On the preceding Sunday, she had celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her religious profession. After so many years spent in caring for Christ in the person of the poor and sick, she was deemed worthy to receive the imperishable crown of a never-ending jubilee in the land where sickness and pain are unknown. While recommending the souls of our dear departed Sisters to the prayers of the reader, we also beg him to pray God to replenish our ranks so unexpectedly depleted by their death.

**Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church.**—A very successful Third Order retreat was conducted at the Sacred Heart Church this city by the Rev. Commissary of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart, Rev. Roger Middendorf, O.F.M. The spiritual exercises began on Sunday, November 10, with the canonical visitation of the Tertiary fraternity and continued throughout the week. The services both in the morning and at night were surprisingly well attended, with the

result that at the closing ceremonies on Sunday, November 17, fifty-three new members were enrolled in the Third Order and twenty-five novices were admitted to holy profession.

**Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Solanus Monastery.**—The members of this community mourn the loss of a faithful, humble, saintly, and charitable frère in the person of our dear old Brother Paulinus Stotter, who for the past forty-nine years had been sanctifying himself in the retirement of the cloister as a Franciscan lay brother. He divided his time between prayer and work in the convent garden, and by his affable and unassuming manner he endeared himself to all. Born on August 16, 1843, he entered the Order on September 30, 1869, and was admitted to solemn profession on January 19, 1879. Seriously ill ever since the middle of September, he lingered and suffered patiently until he calmly expired at dawn at St. Mary's Hospital, on November 7. The funeral services were conducted at St. Francis Church on Saturday, November 9, by his Rev. brother, Fr. Herbert, O.F.M., pastor of St. Victoria Church, Victoria, Minnesota. Another brother of his is Bro. Wenceslaus, who is also stationed here. R. I. P.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.**—The raising of the epidemic quarantine on November 14, made it possible for the college to celebrate on that day the sign-

ing of the armistice between the belligerent powers by a grand patriotic parade through the streets of our village. The students, followed by the professors in decorated automobiles, marched in double file bearing small flags and pennants, singing the national anthem accompanied by the college band, and cheering lustily for Old Glory. The good citizens of Teutopolis joined loyally in the celebration, while the great bells of the parish church announced again to all the surrounding country that the World War was over.

At the close of the first quarter of the scholastic year, the following students carried off the honors of their respective class: II Academic: Lawrence Hug, \$9.50; III Academic: Raymond Gross, 99; IV Academic: Francis Kohlberg, 98.57; I Collegiate: Edwin Reyling, 98.86; II Collegiate: Jerome Reisch, 97.63; III Collegiate: William Wernsing, 98.

**Santa Barbara, Cal., Old Mission.**—For the first time in its history there was no public services at the Old Mission at Santa Barbara, Cal., during the Spanish influenza quarantine, which made it necessary to close the doors of California's famous old landmark. Throughout the years that have come and gone since 1786, when the Old Mission was established, the doors of the chapel never before were closed to worshippers. Travellers from practically every country and corner of the world have visited the Santa Barbara Mission.

## OBITUARY

**Harbor Springs, Mich., Franciscan Residence:**—Rev. Luke Riederer, O.F.M.  
**West Park, O., Franciscan Monastery:**—Rel. Fr. Michael Kola, O.F.M.; Rel. Fr. Boniface Habig, O.F.M.  
**Quincy, Ill., Franciscan Monastery:**—Rel. Bro. Paulinus Stotter, O.F.M.  
**St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Monastery:**—Rel. Fr. Pancratius Sloch, O.F.M.  
**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**  
*St. Francis Fraternity*:—Joseph P. Hanley, Bro. Francis; Jane Gannan, Sr. Care.  
*St. Louis Fraternity*:—Mary Carey, Sr. Agnes; Delia Finnegan, Sr. Elizabeth; Ellen Corcoran, Sr. Hyacintha; Elizabeth Murphy, a novice.  
*St. Elizabeth Fraternity*:—Anna Welerding, Sr. Frances; Rose Erhard, Sr. Mary; Philomena Krethling, Sr. Ange'a.  
**Chanhassen, Minn., St. Hubert's Church:**—Margaret Mason, Sr. Frances of Rome.  
**Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church:**—Julia Boehmer.  
**Joliet, Ill., St. John Baptist Church:**—Margaret Horschler, Sr. Frances.  
**San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:**—Dennis Crowley; Alice Cook; Catherine Smith; Mrs. Fitzgerald; Catherine Skelly; Seraphine Hunt; El'a Cooke; Louise Schmitt; Ellen Furlong; Martha Pickard.  
**St. Louis, Mo., St. Anteny's Church:**—Bernard J. Kniest; S. Bayon; Josephine Arand; A. Bell.  
**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Francis Church:**—Catherine Niemeyer.  
**Victoria, Minn., St. Victoria Church:**—Elizabeth Dietelhm.  
**Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church:**—Clara Schmitt, Sr. Agnes.

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